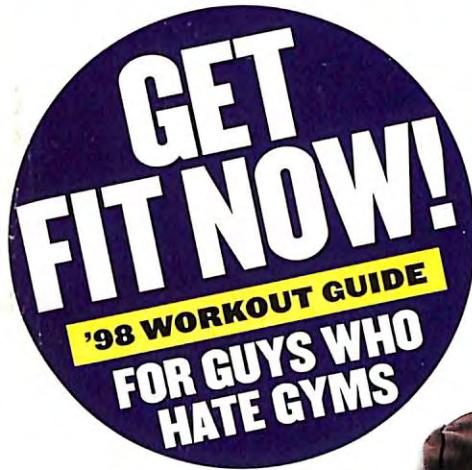


SEX ♦ SPORTS ♦ BEER ♦ GADGETS ♦ CLOTHES ♦ FITNESS

MAXIM

FOR MEN

JAN/FEB 1998



WHO'S THE
BEST NBA
TEAM
OF ALL
TIME?

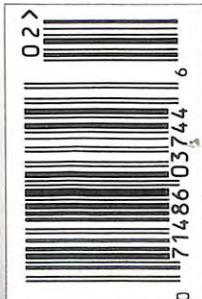
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FEATURING...

54

BOND GIRL MANIA!

Will it be Pussy Galore or Holly Goodhead? Vote for the best of our 25 Bond Girls and win some cool stuff.

64

SPECIAL: OUR GET-FIT GUIDE

Pump without pain: Try the *Maxim* workout and get the lowdown on exercise gadgets, calorie counting, supplements, and injuries.

PLUS: Personal trainers' wildest tales

74

TRAVEL: LAS VEGAS

A long weekend in Sin City, where the drinks are free and they give money away.

PLUS: Card counting made easy

82

THE ULTIMATE NBA CHAMPIONSHIP

We throw the eight best teams in NBA history into battle—with help from B-ball know-it-alls James Worthy, Spike Lee, Reggie Theus, and Tom Heinsohn.

94

100 REASONS IT'S GREAT TO BE A GUY

The Y chromosome rules. Here's why.

96

COVER GIRL FAMKE JANSSEN

This Bond babe almost squeezed 007 to death between her thighs, then went on to give us an exclusive interview about her upcoming big-screen antics.

100

LEGION OF DOOM

After 166 years, you can still run away to the French Foreign Legion—but does it live up to the legend?

Photos by Giorgia Fiorio



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This navel and more for zen masters to contemplate, p. 96

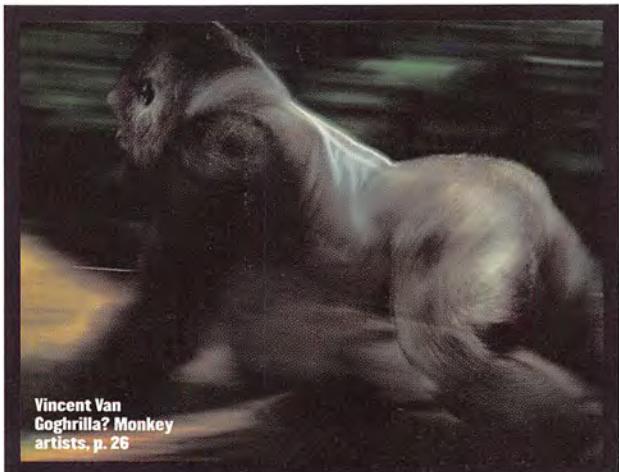


ON THE COVER:

Famke Janssen
Photographed by Andrew Eccles
Styled by Karen Shapiro
Hair & makeup: Rob Van Dorsen for Nubest & Co., Manhasset, NY
Clothes: available at Barneys, New York



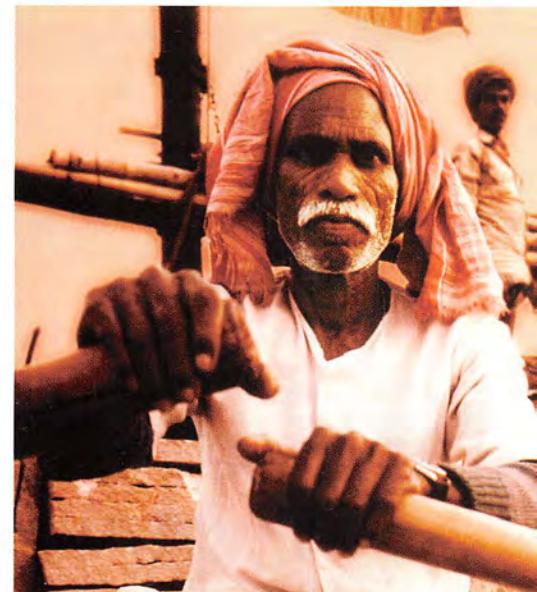
"I'm warm... and yet, I'm cool." Hibernation duds, etc., p. 106



Vincent Van Goghrrilla? Monkey artists, p. 26



In a past life I was a mermaid who fell in love with an ancient mariner. I pulled him into the sea to be my husband. I didn't know he couldn't breathe underwater.



I was a philosopher who believed the sun was carried across the sky on the back of a large turtle.

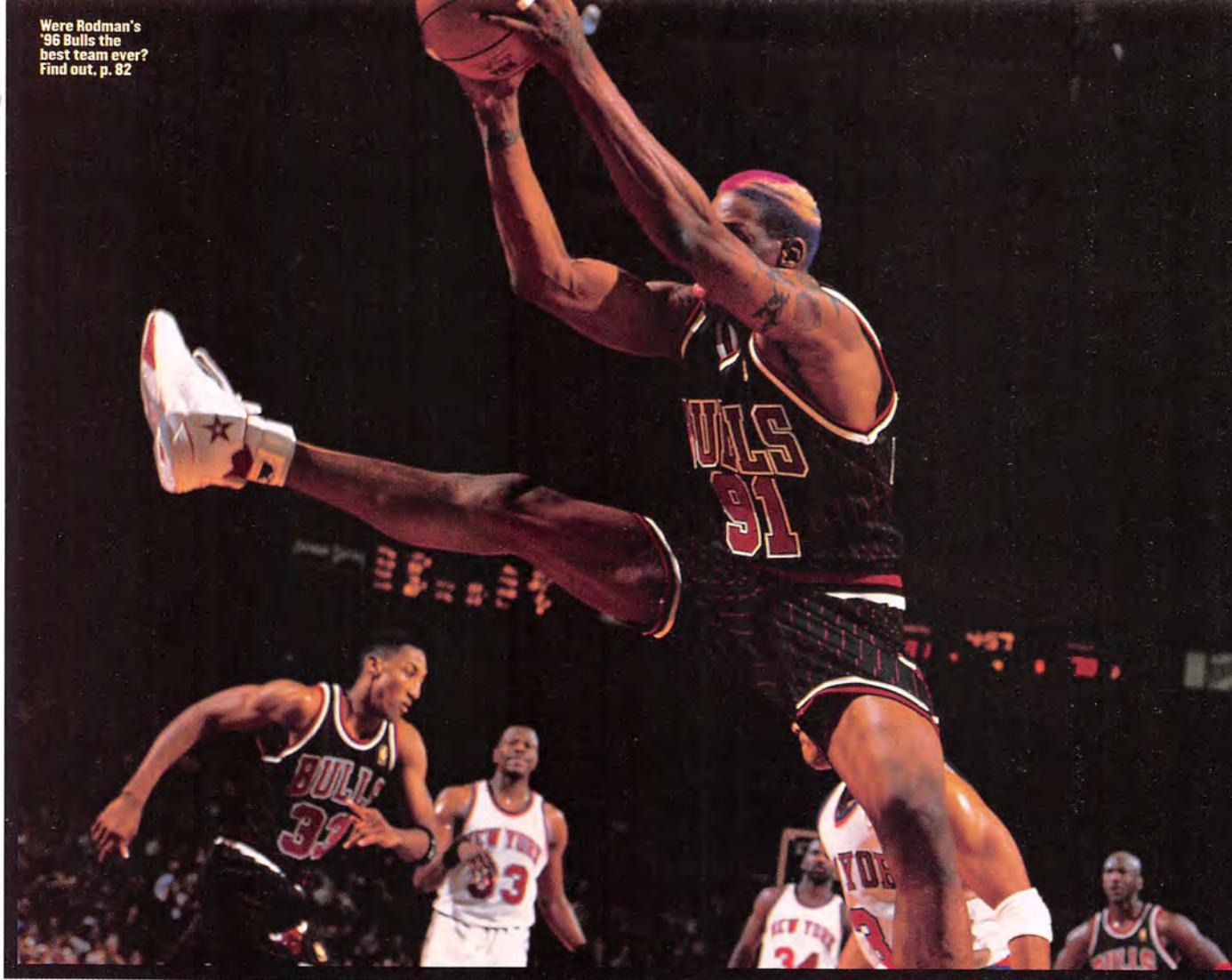


once i was a court jester.
'hated that damn hat.'



'i was pure,
glacial spring water.'

Were Rodman's
'96 Bulls the
best team ever?
Find out, p. 82



DEPARTMENTS

18

WAY OUT THERE

Maxim salutes duct tape and gorilla art, pits Garth (Brooks) against Darth (Vader), and designs cool stamps.

30

HOW TO DO EVERYTHING BETTER

Expert tips to give you the edge. In this issue: Talk your way into a nightclub, stop an assassin, and marry a rich girl.

40

BEING THERE

A quick ride—really quick—in a nerve-rattling, sand-smoking rocket car

43

CHICK CHAT

Insert, then play: Five real women tell what turns them on about erotic video. Your VCR will need CPR.

48

BUCKS

From Black Monday to Fat Tuesday: riding out pesky stock-market swings

50

SPORTS

Our roundup of the most hideous team uniforms ever



p. 20

106 CLOTHES

When it's too cold to go outdoors, chill out indoors with these warm winter duds. **PLUS:** A guide for updating your shabby, comfortable footwear

118

LOOKING GOOD

Want a first-rate first date? Assign yourself to grooming detail.

120

WINE & DINE

Maxim delivers four perfect pizzas.

125

STUFF

Snowboard gear, a vintage jukebox, and an upside-down NASA ink pen

133

HANG TIME

Our cut-through-the-crap guide to movies, TV, books, and music

144

IT'S A GUY THING

Why all the fuss about fly fishing and promise keeping? A writer debates their coolness.



p. 128



The juke's
on you,
p. 125



"Hands up,
pants down!"
Bond Girls, p. 54



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**CONTRIBUTORS****JAMES WORTHY**

One of the greatest players in NBA history, a three-time champion, Magic's right-hand man, and Jordan's mentor at North Carolina, Worthy helps *Maxim* pick the greatest hoops team in history (page 82).

**MAURA McEVY**

Manhattan-based food and travel photographer McEvoy, pictured here with dog Subi, shot our pizza recipes (page 120), but admits she and Subi are super-picky pizza eaters and only consume 'za from Lombardi's on Spring Street.

**MARK LASSWELL**

Lasswell explains why he's proud he has never gone fly fishing in our back page column this issue. The Missouri native has written for *The Wall Street Journal*, *New York* magazine, and *Allure*.

**SUZANNE SCHLOSBERG**

Schlosberg, coauthor of *Fitness for Dummies*, has cycled across the U.S. twice and says she likes to pop into gyms when she's traveling in exotic places as a great way to meet locals. The Oregon resident slowed down long enough to write our fitness special (page 64).

I hate to break it to you, but abs don't matter.

YOU SHOULD KNOW, if you're one of those guys who either have abs of steel and pecs of plutonium or dream of having them one day, that most chicks couldn't care less. Sure, we like nice buns, but only about as much as we like a warm cinnamon roll. Which is to say: A yummy surprise is nice, but we don't miss it when it's not around. If you haven't noticed, most of the people who drool over Arnold Schwarzenegger's bod are 14-year-old boys.

That doesn't mean women don't want their men to be in halfway decent shape. (For some tips on how to squeeze the most benefit from the time you invest in working out, see page 64.) But remember, we're too busy obsessing over our own physical plant to worry about yours. And if your beefed-up pecs make your boobs perkier than ours, *that means trouble, pal.*

Anyway, a lot of muscle means you're spending too damned much time pumping iron instead of doing relationship reps: lifting your head and asking us how we're doing, lowering your eyes and pretending not to see that fabulous babe strutting by, stretching your attention span far enough to hear our questions and answers all the way to the end.

If you can manage *that*, a woman may want you to do the ultimate heavy lifting: raising a baby. Soppy? Yes. True? You bet.

CLARE McHUGH
Editor-in-Chief

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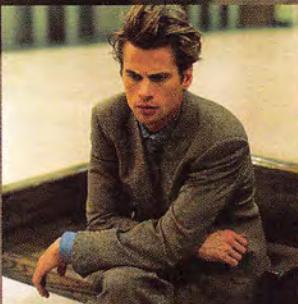
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Letters

Wow! SUPER-FANTASTIC, my favorite babe from that funky show *Baywatch* on the cover of *Maxim*: Thank you, thank you, very much! Beautiful and super-sexy Gena Lee Nolin is one of the prettiest and most delicious women in the world, and I'm very happy and thankful that you've showcased her beauty. Roses are red, violets are blue, I love Gena Lee Nolin, I really do.

Dennis Comstock

Muskegon, MI

Why don't you give her a call, (301) 555-3823? She'd probably love to hear from you.

I JUST FINISHED READING the second issue of my new *Maxim* subscription, and all I have are two words: love it. But methinks your feature story "Hell on Earth" (Nov/Dec), was penned by a couple of major-league bullshitters. How plausible is it that a British military type pulled from winter deployment in rainy Scotland hasn't mastered a major rule of survival: Stay dry? And why couldn't they trap a measly iguana or some indigenous, tasty morsel with their trusty parang? Just three words here: seriously doubt it!

J. Hoff

Providence, RI

Far be it from us to cast aspersions, but how do you think the British army pissed away their empire so quickly?

WHAT A PATHETIC, XENOPHOBIC, and insulting article ("C'est Time to Hate Ze French!" Nov/Dec). Don't forget, a fourth-rate nation whipped your ass clean 20 years ago. Humiliated by a handful of Vietcong. If you weren't so ignorant, you would know that France has won more wars than it's lost. Had it not been for the French, you still would be subjects of the queen, with her face on your money. Maybe you think they will eat anything, but at least they live longer than you hot dog-eating Americans.

Anonymous

New York, NY

We forwarded your letter to the CIA. Better start sleeping with one eye open.

YOUR MAGAZINE IS LIKE my sex life in that it only comes around once every two months. For the sake of your fine magazine and my sex life, let's do it every month.

Kurt Klarich

Phoenix, AZ

It's a deal—we're going monthly, starting with our March issue. Now it's your turn.

I HAVE A SUGGESTION for an article: celebrity female feet! Yeah, it sounds weird, but there are a lot of foot fetishists out there. Celebrity feet have numerous Web sites. This kind of article would make me happy. You could show pictures of hot celebs barefoot. Tell their shoe size, favorite polish, fantasies about their feet, and all sorts of hot stuff. Please a reader and subscriber and take this idea under serious advisement.

A.C.

Monticello, KY

Guess there's not a whole lot going on in Monticello, eh? Don't worry, we're hip to the feet thing.

YOUR MAGAZINE SAVED MY LIFE! I'm a student at American University, and I had to go into Washington, D.C., to take pictures of panhandlers and homeless people for a photojournalism assignment. As we were taking pictures and interviewing people, I noticed a man with his back to us who had also been there three blocks earlier. So I conducted a test which came directly from reading your "How to Shake a Tail" article (Sept/Oct). I started walking down the street, then did the ol' "double back" routine you outlined. He, of course, stopped, turned around, and then crossed to the other side of the street. I'm guessing he did this to avoid being noticed. I continued on my trek, and

MAXIM

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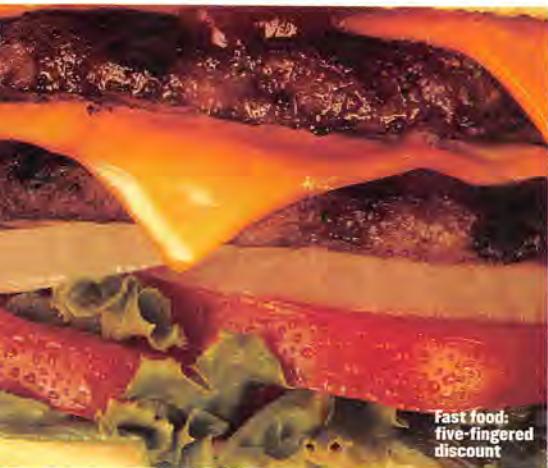
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he persisted in following me from the other side of the street. At this point we knew we were in trouble. This is when my mind really started to go back and re-read the article in my head. Since it was a photojournalism project, I had my camera with me, and I spotted a nearby U.S. marshal. I turned to the guy, screamed "What?" really loudly, snapped his picture, and ran to the U.S. marshal's truck. The guy started running away, and I got out of the situation without a scratch. Thanks a lot to whomever wrote that article and keep up the good work.

Eric Tilton
(via E-mail)

Thanks. Too bad we hadn't run our "How to Maim and Kill with a Comb" piece before your incident.



I FIND YOUR ARTICLE "Eat for Free" in the Nov/Dec issue to be extremely offensive. As an educator in the commercial foods industry, I can only hope that you were attempting to be humorous. As I spend countless hours trying to educate our youth of today, not only the aspects of the food service industry but ethical and moral values as well, you publish an article that condones theft. I often use magazine articles to reinforce instruction in the classroom, but I'm afraid I'll have to leave this edition at home. Once again, a very "tasteless" article.

M. Fritch
(via E-mail)

"Tasteless," that's funny. By the way, we killed our "How to Cheat on Tests" article.

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GOT ALL OF YOUR ISSUES, just wanted to say thanks for such a cool mag! I know you hear this all the time, but it's true. Your responses to the letters to the editor are always excellent, too!

Randolph Scott
(via E-mail)

The person who writes all those responses is an idiot.

COULD SOMEONE HELP me, please? The post office won't. My issue got hung up on one of their belt sorters and they still delivered it and it looks like crap. The postmaster said the magazine was in "the worst condition I've ever seen, but I can't help you." Can you believe that crap? Will you please send me another?

Michael J. Martin
Dallas, TX

Another crappy Maxim is on its way.

SOME OF THE TIPS on "How to Remember Everything" in the Nov/Dec issue were actually helpful. But why not try an easier way of remembering to bring home the milk, eggs, bread, and Alka-Seltzer? Any Trekkie would easily recall the acronym BEAM, whose initials stand for the four items you're supposed to get at the grocery store.

Jeffrey Jacobs
Westport, CT

Whoa, you've been standing next to the dilithium crystals a bit too long.

I ESPECIALLY LIKED the Nov/Dec issue and features on Gena Lee Nolin and *Baywatch*. It's refreshing to see glamorous women featured in a magazine instead of the recent trend toward grungy, unkempt models and actresses. There is definitely an element among American editors lately to keep beauty in the background. I say let the blond bombshells out of the closet again!

Jill Partner
Highland Park, NJ

Most men's magazine editors actually put men on the cover! It's really disgusting!

I WOULD LIKE TO SAY I really love your 1998 calendar. The only problem I see with it is on November 10th, you failed to mention one very important birthday. On that day, the United States Marine Corps celebrated 222 glorious years of congressionally-mandated ass-kicking around the world.

Bryan Boyd
Camp Lejeune, NC

Don't you guys think that Europe and Asia have been getting cocky lately?

I WAS ENJOYING the article on the NHL's 10-greatest hockey brawls when I made a stunning observation. Not once did the Broad Street Bullies (Philadelphia Flyers of the 1970s) appear on the list. Are we to believe this team that owns every penalty record in NHL history is not worthy of at least one mention? Is Dave "The Hammer" Schultz to be ignored?

Steven Seel
Atlanta, GA

You're right. We're gonna throw the writer a beating 'n' bust him up!

YOUR MAGAZINE is hilarious. I bought the first two editions and couldn't put them down. I'd like to subscribe but my wife won't approve—I have to do what she says because she has the vagina. Oh man, I gotta go, here she comes.

Anonymous
(via E-mail)

We shall overcome, we shall overcome...

I SENT A SUBSCRIPTION message through your Web page but didn't receive any return message or verification that my subscription request was processed. Is there any chance of getting one, or perhaps a notice that it didn't get processed? I'm looking forward to the next *Maxim*. I don't want to miss it because my subscription didn't get processed and I didn't know it!

Rod Taylor
Amsterdam, The Netherlands

We get our share of these types of letters and we strive to resolve them all.

I JUST WANTED TO SAY thanks for the great magazine and to beg please, please, please do not do what every other new men's title has done, which is to start out a cool magazine for heterosexual men and then gradually transform into a magazine for gay men. They might as well just change their names to *Gay Men's Health*, *Details for Gay Men*, etc. I don't know if anyone else has noticed. Please continue to "narrowcast" to the heterosexual male; there are still some of us out here.

Todd Hoyer
Chicago, IL

That's why we started Maxim. It takes guts to admit your preference for women: welcome to the club.

Letters should be sent to Editors, *Maxim* Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018; or E-mail us at: editors@maximmag.com.

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a lot cooler than others.



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Laugh Tracks

Tattoo You

A lady goes into a tattoo parlor and asks the artist to tattoo a picture of Robert Redford on her right upper thigh and a picture of Paul Newman on her left upper thigh. The artist does so and when he finishes hands her a mirror so she can inspect the work. She looks at the left thigh and says, "Wow! That's definitely Paul Newman. Just look at those blue eyes." Then she looks at the right thigh and complains, "That doesn't look like Robert Redford." The artist disagrees and says they need to find an impartial judge. They go to the bar next door and ask the first guy they meet to identify the tattoos. She raises her skirt and drops her panties, and he gets his face up close and says, "Well, ma'am, the one on your left thigh is definitely Paul Newman. He even has the blue eyes. The one on your right I'm not sure about—but the one in the middle is definitely Willie Nelson."

Joke 3:16

When the new patient was settled comfortably on the couch, the psychiatrist began his therapy session. "I'm not aware of the nature of your problem," the doctor said. "So perhaps you should start at the very beginning." "Of course," replied the patient. "In the beginning, I created the Heavens and the Earth."

Last O.J. Joke

A man is stopped in heavy traffic in Los Angeles and thinks, "Wow, this traffic seems worse than usual. We're not even moving."

Noticing a police officer walking down the highway between the cars, the man rolls down his window and says, "Excuse me, officer...what's the holdup?"

"It's O.J. Simpson," says the cop. "He's all depressed. He's lying down

in the middle of the highway and threatening to douse himself in gasoline and light himself on fire, because he doesn't have \$8.5 million dollars for the Goldmans. I'm walking around taking up a collection for him."

The man says, "A collection, huh? How much have you got so far?"

"So far...ten gallons."

A Lesson in Life

A bum asks a man for two dollars. The man says, "If I give you the money, will you just use it to buy booze?" The bum says no. The man asks, "Will you gamble it away?" The bum says no. Then the man asks, "Then will you come home with me so my wife can see what happens to a man who doesn't drink or gamble?"

The Voice

A guy gets home from work one night and hears a voice in his head, which tells him, "Quit your job, sell your house, take your money, go to Vegas." The man is disturbed at what he hears and ignores the voice. But the next day, the same thing happens: The voice tells him, "Quit your job, sell your house, take your money, go to Vegas." Again the man ignores the voice, but he's becoming increasingly upset, and the third time he

hears the voice, he succumbs to the pressure. He quits his job, sells his house, takes his money,

and heads to Las Vegas.

The moment the man gets off the plane in Vegas, the voice tells him, "Go to Harrah's." He hops in a cab and rushes over to the casino, where the voice tells him, "Go to the roulette table." The man does as he is told. When he gets to the roulette table, the voice tells him, "Put all your money on 17." Nervously, the man cashes in all his money for chips and then puts them on 17. "Now watch," says the voice.

The dealer wishes the man good luck and spins the roulette wheel. Around and around the ball caroms. The man anxiously watches the ball as it slowly loses speed until finally it settles into number... 21.

The voice says, "Fuck."

Indians They Ain't

Three blondes were walking in the forest one day. They saw a set of tracks and started arguing over what kind of tracks they were. The first blonde said, "I think they're deer tracks!" The second blonde said, "I think they're dog tracks!" The third blonde said, "Well, I think they're cow tracks!" They were still arguing when the train hit them.

He's Crafty

Leaving the poker party late, as usual, two friends compared notes. "I can never fool my wife," the first complained. "I turn off the car's engine and coast into the garage, take off my shoes, sneak upstairs, and undress in the bathroom. But she always wakes up and yells at me for being out so late and leaving her alone."

"You've got the wrong technique, my friend," his buddy replied. "I roar into the garage, slam the door, stomp up the steps, rub my hand on my wife's ass, and ask, 'How 'bout a little?' and she pretends to be asleep."

It's a Great Time to Be Silver!

Once upon a time there was an elderly gentleman suffering from Alzheimer's. His wife of 40 years loved him very much, but she couldn't handle him any longer. He would wander about, never knowing where he was or, sometimes, even *who* he was. She decided to take him to a nursing home.

At the nursing home, while the wife was filling out paperwork, a nurse had the gentleman sit in a chair. Suddenly the man started slowly leaning to his left. The nurse ran over and put a pillow on his left side to prop him up. A few minutes later, he started leaning to his right. The nurse ran over and put a pillow on his right side. Then he started leaning forward. This time the nurse strapped him into the chair. After completing the paperwork, his wife walked up to him and asked, "So are you sure this place is okay?"

"It's okay," he said, "but why won't they let me fart?"

Fatal Attraction

A blonde who suspects her boyfriend of cheating on her goes out and buys a gun. She goes to his apartment unexpectedly, opens the door, and, sure enough, finds him naked in the arms of a redhead. Well, now she's angry. She opens her purse and takes out the gun. But as she does so, she is overcome with grief and points the gun at her own head. The boyfriend yells, "No, honey, don't do it." "Shut up," she says. "You're next."

Eat Your Heart Out, Plato

If a man is talking in the woods and no woman hears him...is he still wrong?

Send us your own choice jokes, and if we like 'em we'll print 'em with your name and send you a *Maxim* T-shirt. Write us at Jokes, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com.





Turns out roughing up punks ain't really necessary. On account of most guys and gals hurt *themselves* by not getting enough calcium. So reach out for 3 glasses of milk a day. Your body will thank you. Especially if we don't have to tell you again.

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Way Out There

A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

SCORE MASTERS

THE BIG GAME

I Athletes and musicians can break the rules...even the rules of attraction. Such is the sexual cachet of these professions that even total zeros—utility infielders and bass players, random pickers and kickers, Lyle Lovett, for God's sake—land perfect 10s every time.

SPORTS

ANDRE AGASSI

Breathed colorful new life into tennis after Connors and McEnroe. But fat, balding, hairy in all the wrong places, and—lately, anyway—a loser

HIS RATING: 4



BROOKE SHIELDS

Brainy (a Princeton grad) and beautiful, with mile-long legs and an endearing goofiness.

Friends with Michael Jackson, but so what?

HER RATING: 10

AGASSI'S SPORTS BOOST: 6

WAYNE GRETZKY

Looks like Julie Andrews in drag, but he's the greatest hockey player of all time and probably one of the 10 greatest athletes ever.

HIS RATING: 8



JANET JONES

A former *Penthouse* model... and as she proved in that rink-side accident last fall, durable. A suitable trophy for

The Great One

HER RATING: 10

GRETZKY'S SPORTS BOOST: 2

RON GRESCHNER

A solid hockey player of the early to mid-'80s, but his face is a casualty of the NHL's bloody, slummy days.

HIS RATING: 5



CAROL ALT

A first-generation supermodel and a goddess in a swimsuit, with the best eyes in the biz

HER RATING: 10

GRESCHNER'S SPORTS BOOST: 5

JOE DiMAGGIO

A living legend, the Yankee Clipper is the classiest ballplayer ever. Not much to look at, but still Joltin'

HIS RATING: 9



MARILYN MONROE

Sex symbol of the century.

Addicted to pills and presidents, but set the bombshell standard

HER RATING: 10

DiMAGGIO'S SPORTS BOOST: 1

DAVID JUSTICE

Maybe not the dominant force he was once expected to be, but still damned talented, powerful, and, let's face it, good-looking

HIS RATING: 8



HALLE BERRY

Cuter than Alicia Silverstone in a roomful of husky puppies. Hell, she even has a cute name.

HER RATING: 10

JUSTICE'S SPORTS BOOST: 2

DENNIS RODMAN

A freak and a fool who blunts his amazing skills with childish petulance

HIS RATING: 3



MADONNA

A bona fide looker since she abandoned lace, fluorescent socks, and armpit hair. Oozes sex like sweat.

HER RATING: 10

RODMAN'S SPORTS BOOST: 7

SPORTS BOOST (AVERAGE): 3.8

MUSIC

SEAL

Cool voice, and he's cut like an Olympic sprinter. But adult-contemporary sound sucks...and too bad about the lupus scars.

HIS RATING: 6



TYRA BANKS

A full-bodied supermodel (see gratuitous cheesecake shot, right), and thus a rarity. Tyra's just about as perfect as they come.

HER RATING: 10

SEAL'S MUSIC BOOST: 4

BILLY JOEL

A fine rocker in his younger days. But short and pug-ugly, even before he became a graying dinosaur playing outdated classical crap

HIS RATING: 5



CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

The swimsuit model. Always will be. No question about it. She ditched him, sure, but the bedpost notch remains.

HER RATING: 10

JOEL'S MUSIC BOOST: 5

HARRY CONNICK, JR.

Some of his stuff cooks—like Cajun jerked Sinatra. Not bad looking, either, though the hair's too greasy

HIS RATING: 8



JILL GOODACRE

Not really a supermodel, but her angelic face makes the Victoria's Secret catalogue required reading.

HER RATING: 10

CONNICK'S MUSIC BOOST: 2

TOMMY LEE

Proof that beautiful women are insane. Looks better since he cut his hair, but that video revealed an ugly, bony side.

HIS RATING: 4



HEATHER LOCKLEAR AND PAMELA LEE

The poster queen of the '80s and the poster queen of the '90s. Who could ask for anything more?

THEIR RATING (AV: 10)

LEE'S MUSIC BOOST: 6

RIC OCASEK

The Cars sang catchy tunes, but that cadaver-chic look never really took off. The guy resembles Paul Shaffer on stilts.

HIS RATING: 5



PAULINA PORIZKOVA

Did more to encourage glasnost than Gorbachev and Reagan put together. Ugly teeth are a non-issue.

HER RATING: 10

OCASEK'S MUSIC BOOST: 5

ROD STEWART

Peaked decades ago and still has bad hair. But he fixed his honker, and his old glory alone is good for a few points.

HIS RATING: 7



RACHEL HUNTER

Gotta love redheads, especially Aussies. She has a swimsuit body, and you can bring her home to Mom!

HER RATING: 10

STEWART'S MUSIC BOOST: 3

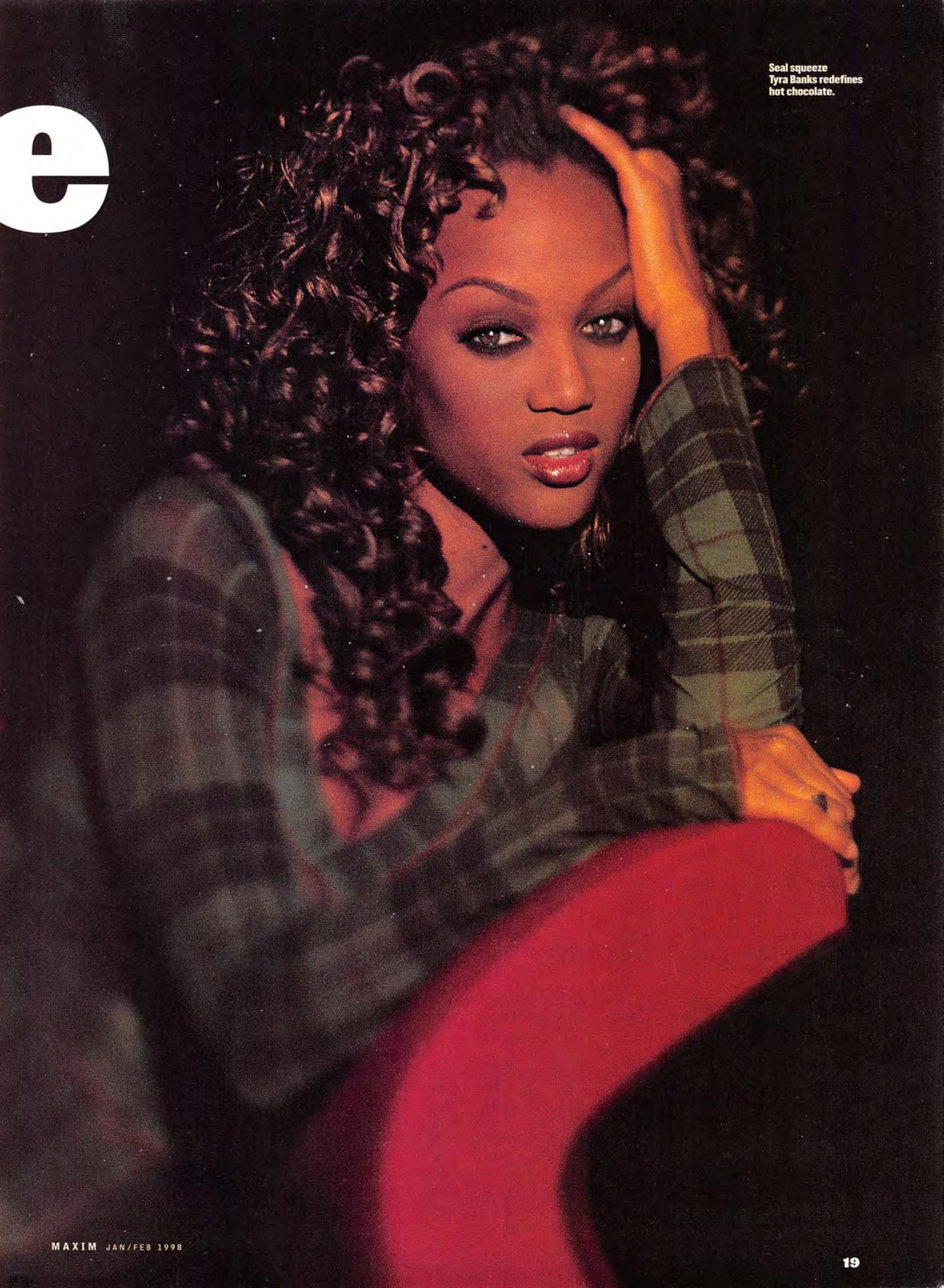
MUSIC BOOST (AVERAGE): 4.2

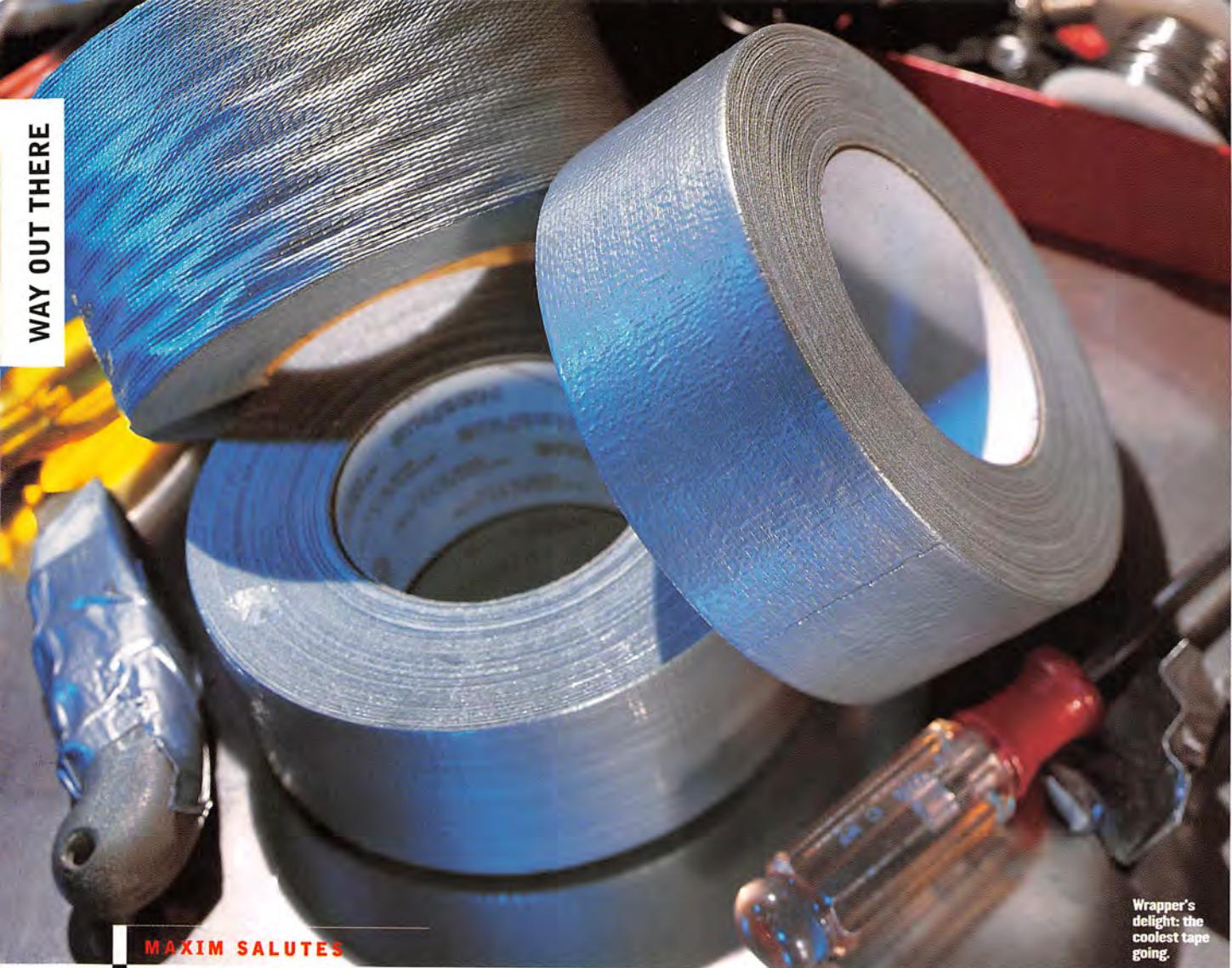
OUR CONCLUSION: Music is a bigger aphrodisiac than sports.

(MAXIM assumes no liability for additional Shaq albums that may result from this conclusion.)

e

Seal squeeze
Tyra Banks redefines
hot chocolate.





Wrapper's
delight: the
coolest tape
going.

MAXIM SALUTES

DUCT TAPE

AMERICA is a nation of individuals bound together by duct tape (no, not literally, wise guy). We use that magic silver roll to do just about everything: to patch our beanbag

chairs, to add weight to our Wiffle bats, to keep our uncooperative hostages in line. (The *Calgary Herald* once called duct tape "the tape of choice for terrorists and kidnappers.") Fashion photographers use duct tape to position models' breasts; race-car drivers use it to jury-rig quickie repairs. What invention better expresses those core American values of strength, tenaciousness, and flexibility?

Duct tape was created during World War II: too late to save the *Titanic* or shore up our defenses at the Alamo, but just in time for the invasion of France. The army needed a strong-but-rippable waterproof material to seal canisters, fix busted ammunition boxes, and repair cracked windows. It was the whizzes at Johnson & Johnson who came up with the solution, joining a supersticky adhesive to cloth mesh and

coating the combo with a rubbery, waterproof polyethylene shell. Johnson & Johnson's original tape was army green, but after the war, when it was put to use for connecting and repairing heating and air-conditioning ducts, they changed the color to match the gray of the sheet metal, *et voilà!*

Today duct tape has unrolled into a \$75 million industry and logged heroics way beyond such trivial home-repair jobs. When Hurricane Hugo threatened the Eastern seaboard in 1989, coastal residents storm-proofed their homes with more than 64,000 rolls of the stuff. (That's 33,000,000 yards—enough to encircle Roseanne's waist twice.) And it was duct tape, you'll recall, that saved the lives of the Apollo 13 astronauts when they used it to modify carbon-dioxide filters in their lunar module's filtration system. And remember that World Series-disrupting San Francisco earthquake in 1989? National Guardsmen along the San Andreas Fault kept the tectonic plates from sliding further apart by stretching a shitload of you-know-what across the gap. Sure, that's a bald-faced lie...but didn't it almost sound plausible?

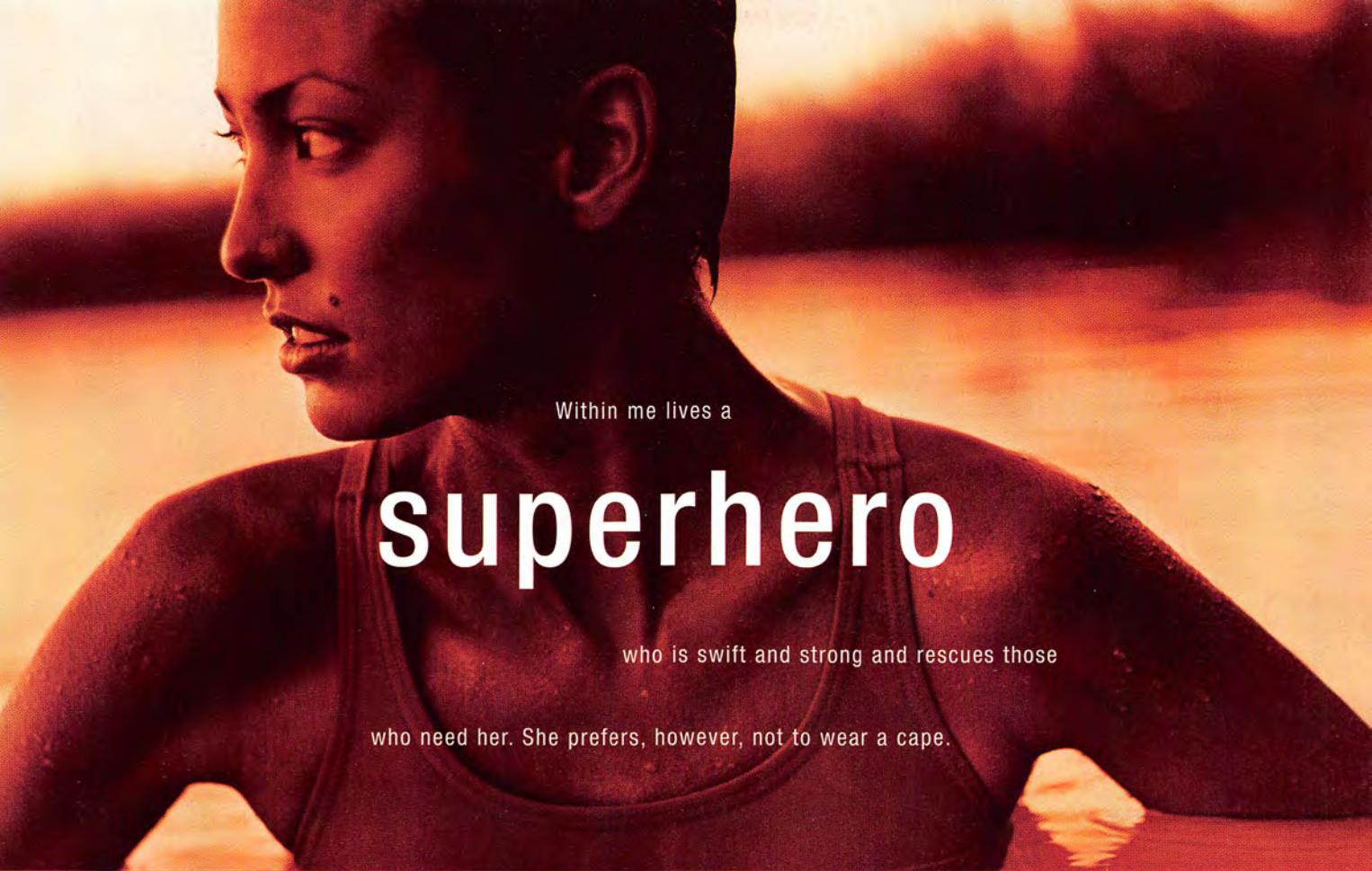
GOING POSTAL

STAMPS OF APPROVAL



Who decides which great chemists or second-tier presidents earn coveted spots on our nation's postage? As of February, you do: The U.S. Postal Service has announced it's opening the voting to civilians. Here are some unsung heroes we'd be proud to post.



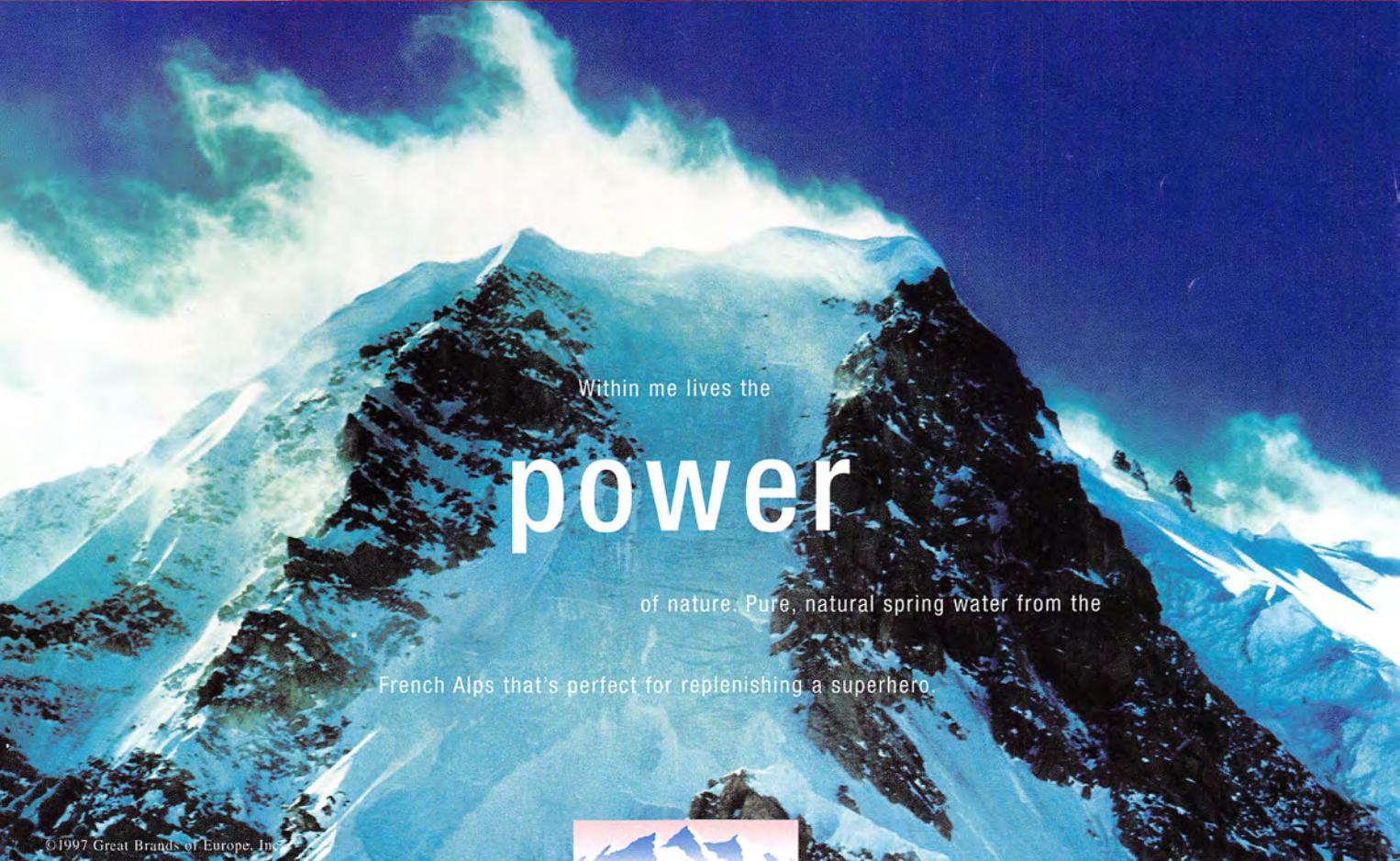


Within me lives a

superhero

who is swift and strong and rescues those

who need her. She prefers, however, not to wear a cape.



Within me lives the

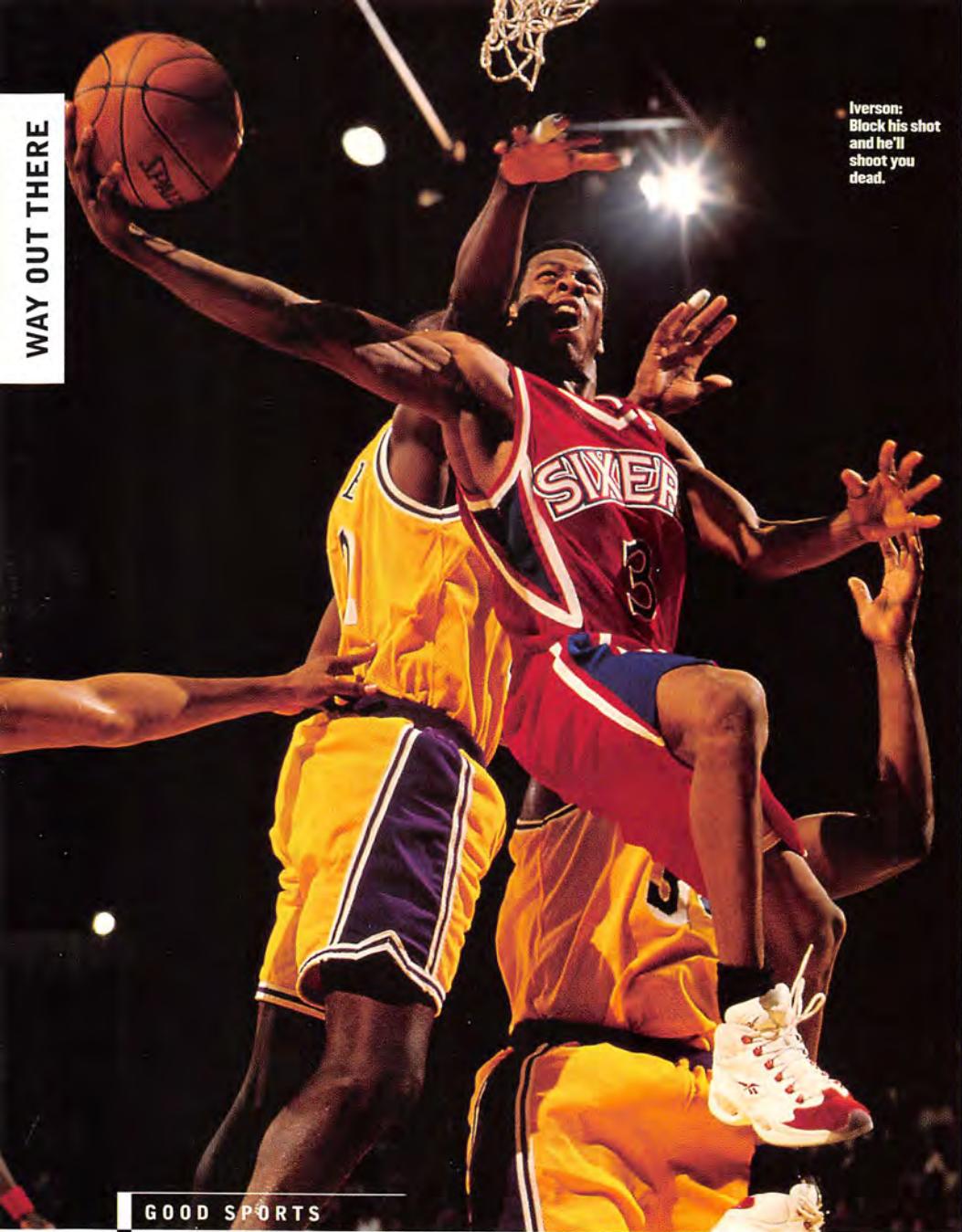
power

of nature. Pure, natural spring water from the

French Alps that's perfect for replenishing a superhero.

©1997 Great Brands of Europe, Inc.





GOOD SPORTS

POSSE GALORE

After tossing a 20-year-old heckler through a plate-glass window in October, antagonism magnet and Houston Rocket Charles Barkley was asked politely by the NBA to start traveling with an entourage of security guards to keep him out of trouble. It's a great idea: In fact, we think other NBA players could use specialized retinues as well. Some suggestions:



Player: Convicted gun-toting pot possessor/Sixers point guard Allen Iverson

Suggested entourage: A gang of burly off-duty parole officers and a public defendant



Player: Technicolor dreamboat/Bulls forward Dennis Rodman

Suggested entourage: A manicurist and five ladies in waiting

Dennis, anyone?

Player: Malnourished, 12'3" Mavericks stick figure Shawn Bradley

Suggested entourage: A team of armed pastry chefs

Player: Rapper, movie star, martial artist, celebrity endorser, and part-time Lakers center Shaquille O'Neal

Suggested entourage: Four celebrity look-alikes to stand in for O'Neal as necessary

Player: Greatest living basketball player and vanity-scent shill Michael Jordan

Suggested entourage: A double line of department-store perfume spritzers



Bradley: tapeworm trouble?

Iverson:
Block his shot
and he'll
shoot you
dead.



Playstation game console: Just add TV.

MINI-SURVEY

SPEAK UP AND WIN BIG

We've got questions...you've got answers. Answer this poll and you could win a Playstation console to destroy all your free time with.

This month's questions:
Q: Which of the following do you believe are real? (Check all that apply.)

- Alien life forms
- Telepathy (mind-reading)
- The abominable snowman
- Anna Nicole Smith's pontoons



Q: Who killed JFK? (Check one.)

- Lee Harvey Oswald, all by himself
- Lee Harvey Oswald and the grassy-knoll gunman
- A grassy-knoll gunman, all by himself
- Fidel Castro, personally

Q: What crashed at Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947? (Check one.)

- A spaceship from which the military secretly recovered alien technology and bodies
- A weather balloon
- Absolutely nothing
- Wonder Woman's invisible plane

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone/fax: _____

E-mail: _____

You are (check one): Married
 In a steady relationship Single

OFFICIAL RULES - NO PURCHASE REQUIRED:
HOW TO ENTER: To enter, simply fill in this brief entry form and mail it to Reader Poll, MAXIM Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. You may also enter by printing your name, address and zip code and the words, "MAXIM Reader Poll Giveaway" on a 3x5 piece of paper and mailing your entry to the above address. You may send as many entries as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 15th. MAXIM magazine is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected or late entries. WINNER SELECTION: Winner will be selected by MAXIM in a random drawing conducted by the staff. Odds of winning are based on the number of eligible entries received. ELIGIBILITY: Open to residents of the United States, the District of Columbia, and the territories and their families, dependents of the United States and Canada, 18 years of age or older (provided that their parent, guardian or other responsible person consents to their participation). All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States and Canada apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. PRIZES/VALUES: Prizes consist of one Sony Playstation game console. Maximum value of prize to be awarded, \$160. Unclaimed prize will not be awarded. NOTIFICATION/TERMS: Winner will be notified by mail. Prize winner will be required to execute a release of liability and a publicity release. MAXIM reserves the right to disqualify winners who do not comply with these rules. Except where prohibited, winner agrees to use of his/her name and likeness for publicity without additional compensation. Winner releases MAXIM Magazine and Sony Computer Electronics from all liability regarding prizes awarded. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. WINNERS LIST: For the name of the prize winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Reader Poll Winner, MAXIM Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Floor, New York, NY 10019 by April 15th (Vermont and Washington residents and any other states where prohibited by law may omit stamp).



THE SAME
SINCE THE
SIXTIES.

THAT WOULD BE
THE 1860'S.



Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof)
Distilled and bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor
Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 • Placed in the National
Register of Historic Places • Visit us at <http://www.jackdaniels.com>

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.



Critical project: A study to determine why prisoners want to escape from jail
Cost to you: \$27,000
Send thank-you cards to: The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration

Critical project: A study to find out whether tequila-fed sunfish are more aggressive than gin-fed sunfish, and other alcohol-based experiments
Cost to you: \$102,000
Send thank-you cards to: The National Institute on Alcohol Abuse

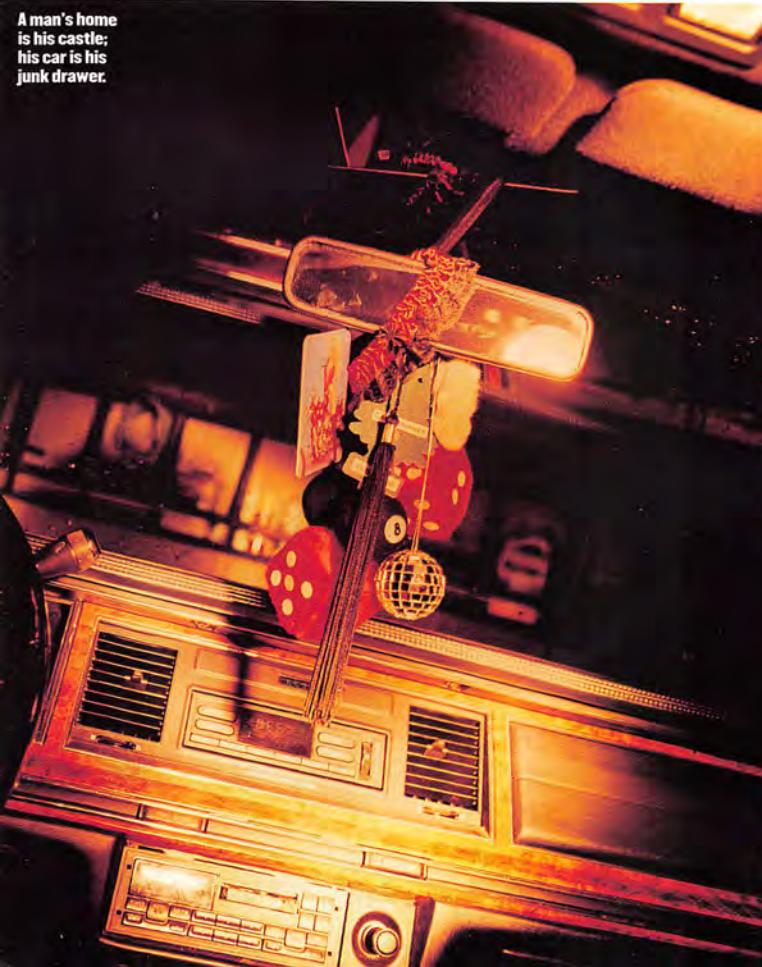
Critical project: A replica of Egypt's Great Pyramid, in Indiana
Cost to you: \$500,000



Send thank-you cards to: Congress

Critical project: Assessing Israeli reactions to Scud attacks during the Gulf war. (Conclusion: The

A man's home
is his castle;
his car is his
junk drawer.



TAX AND SPEND

WASTE MANAGEMENT



Pity your poor congressman: Disposing of billions of tax dollars, year after year, calls for Herculean creativity and a superhuman lack of vigilance. As exposed in *Great Government Goofs!* by Leland H.

Gregory III (Dell, \$9.95), here's a sample of high-dollar items and boondoggle projects that clear out the government's coffers each year to make room for more truckloads of your hard-earned cash.

attacks bothered them.)

Cost to you: \$161,913

Send thank-you cards to: The National Institutes of Health

Critical project: A study of the contents of owl vomit

Cost to you: \$180,000

Send thank-you cards to: The Illinois Department of Conservation

Critical project: Developing a sweet potato that can be grown in outer space

Cost to you: \$200,000

Send thank-you cards to: NASA

Critical project: A census of all the dogs and cats in Ventura County, California

Cost to you: \$384,948

Send thank-you cards to: The Department of Labor

Critical project: Converting a Baltimore ferryboat into a crab restaurant



Cost to you: \$3.1 million
Send thank-you cards to: Congress

Critical project: A study to determine the amount of methane gas in cow farts

Cost to you: \$19 million

Send thank-you cards to: Congress

Critical project: Building a prototype toilet for the space shuttle

Cost to you: \$30 million

Send thank-you cards to: NASA



Critical project: A study to find out how long it takes the mail to be delivered

Cost to you: \$23 million

Send thank-you cards to: The U.S. Postal Service

Critical project: A study of the sex life of the Japanese quail

Cost to you: \$107,000

Send thank-you cards to: Congress

REAR WINDOW

MIRROR IMAGE

The girl you met at the grocery store is finally lowering her delicious ham steaks into your front seat when she stops. "Sorry," she says. "I just can't do this." What happened? Could she have seen something hanging from your rearview mirror and picked up an unintentional message? Watch out for deal-breaking danglers like these:



A garter belt says:
I'm dating a hooker.

An eight ball says:
I'm a cocaine wholesaler.

Fuzzy dice say:
I don't have any friends.



COOKIE OF THE MONTH

PETA THE GREAT

One of the perks of being an evil villain is being hunted by a sexy agent who has a bullet with your name on it. Enter Peta Wilson, a 27-year-old, 5'10", athletic beauty who plays the title role on USA Network's *La Femme Nikita*. We caught up with Peta in her hotel room to ask her the burning question: **If you got in a fight with Xena, who'd win?** "I'd have to get the first punch in," began the leggy Australian beauty, curled up in her bathrobe and, quite probably, nothing else. "Then it would be all over. But if I didn't get the first punch in, she'd make mincemeat of me. Xena's a warrior," she reminded us, taking a bite of chocolate cake and wiping her delicious mouth on her sleeve. She then added, thoughtfully: "But if all that failed and she was beating the shit out of me, I'd just pull out the .45 and tell her what's up."

POP QUIZ



ACTION FIGURES

Think you know your action movies? Prove it. If you can't score at least six out of 10 on this quiz, count yourself a *Beaches*-loving girlie-man. (*Answers, page 26*)

1. Name the movies in which Arnold punned:

- (after breaking the neck of a fellow airplane passenger) "Don't disturb my friend...he's dead tired."
- (after cutting bad guy in half with a chainsaw) "He had to split."
- (shooting a missile from which a bad guy hangs) "You're fired."

2. Who made his debut in a porn film called *Party at Kitty and Stud's?*

- Sylvester Stallone
- Steven Seagal
- Arnold Schwarzenegger

3. Which Schwarzenegger movie had the highest gross death toll?

- True Lies*
- Commando*
- The Terminator*

4. Match the action movie with the city it's set in.

- a) *Die Hard with a Vengeance*
- b) *The Last Boy Scout*
- c) *Rocky*
- d) *The Specialist*
 - i) Philadelphia
 - ii) Miami
 - iii) Los Angeles
 - iv) New York

5. In which movie was Hans Gruber the mad terrorist?

- a) *Die Hard*
- b) *Lethal Weapon*
- c) *Con Air*

6. What was Rambo's given name?

- a) James
- b) Jack
- c) John
- d) Mary Louise

7. In which film did Clint utter the immortal line "Go ahead...make my day"?

- a) *Dirty Harry*
- b) *Sudden Impact*
- c) *Magnum Force*
- d) *The Bridges of Madison County*

8. In *Speed*, Sandra Bullock had to keep the bus moving at least this fast to keep it from exploding.

- a) 45 mph
- b) 40 mph
- c) 50 mph

9. What was Steven Seagal's profession before "acting"?

- a) Chef
- b) Aikido instructor
- c) Lifeguard
- d) Quantum physics professor at Yale

10. Match these movies to their posters' tag lines:

- a) *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*
- b) *Point Break*
- c) *Deliverance*
- d) *The Road Warrior*
- e) *Aliens*
 - i) "Only one man can make the difference."
 - ii) "This is the weekend they didn't play golf."
 - iii) "This time it's war."
 - iv) "It's nothing personal."
 - v) "100% pure adrenaline."





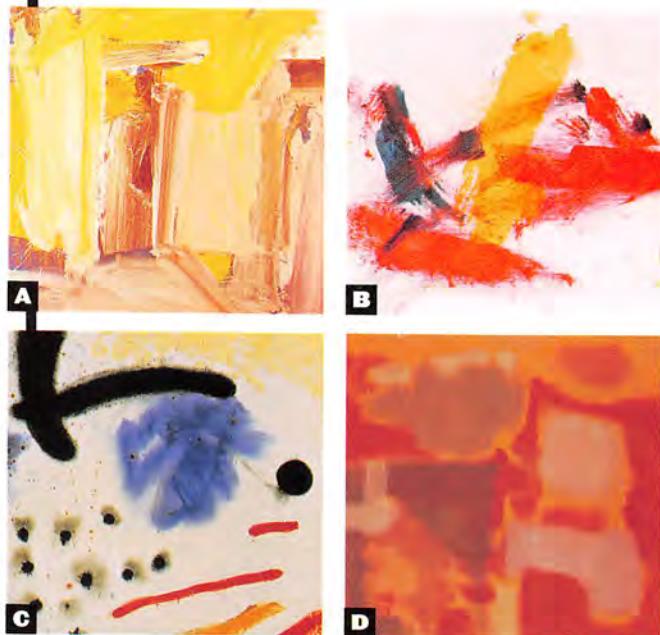
"Koko cannot work in zees primitive conditions."

PALETTE OF THE APES

BANANA OILS

One of the paintings below is the work of Koko, a western lowland gorilla whose collected works can be found at www.gorilla.org/Art/. (Through sign language, Koko's even provided titles for his works, like *Apple Chase* and *Stink Gorilla More*.) The other three, believe it or not, are by humans: breathtakingly expensive artists, in fact. Can you spot the monkey spatter?

(Answers at right)



WEIRD SCIENCE

- The Earth is .02 degrees hotter during a full moon.
- A standard jet engine is designed to ingest, chew up, and cook any bird up to four pounds in weight.
- 3.5 million Americans believe they've been abducted by aliens.
- There are one million times as many atoms in a glass of water as there are seconds since the Big Bang.
- Bald eagles are excellent swimmers, with a fascinating-to-see wing-over-wing butterfly stroke.

HEAD-TO-HEAD

GARTH VS. DARTH

They're big men in black hats, and they're both well on their way to taking over the universe. But who wins the man-to-man battle?



BLOWHARD TITLE

The King of Country

EDGE: GARTH

The Dark Lord of Sith

SISSY REAL NAME

Troyal Garth Brooks

EDGE: GARTH

Anakin Skywalker

EDUCATION



Majored in advertising at Oklahoma State University.

Trained as Jedi Knight under the master, Obi-Wan Kenobi

EDGE: DARTH



FAMILY VALUES

Threw his future wife out of a nightclub for fighting

EDGE: GARTH

Plotted to kill his own kids, Luke and Leia



SOURCE OF POWER

Fan support; barbecued pork rinds

The "dark side" of the Force

EDGE: DARTH

CONNECTIONS

Has "friends in low places."

Is right-hand man of evil emperor Palpatine

EDGE: DARTH

HEADGEAR

Big black cowboy hat that disguises bald and abnormally large cranium

EDGE: GARTH

Big black bug-eyed dura-steel helmet that disguises massive scar tissue and blind-cavefish complexion

FOUR-FOOT PHALLIC ACCESSORY

Acoustic guitar

EDGE: GARTH

Light saber

SELF-APPRAISAL

"Oh, I'm shameless, shameless as a man can be/You can make a total fool of me"

— "Shameless"

To Obi-Wan: "When I left you, I was but the learner. Now I am the Master!" *Star Wars*

EDGE: DARTH

PRIMARY VEHICLE

HBO concerts

The Death Star

EDGE: DARTH

EVIDENCE OF WORLD DOMINATION

\$33,584,636 — total ticket sales from 1996 tour

\$45,470,437 — total domestic ticket sales from 1997's *Return of the Jedi Special Edition*

EDGE: DARTH

AND THE WINNER IS

DARTH

You can
switch down
to lower tar
and enjoy the taste.
Go for it!

Yes, you!



You've
got
MERIT



© Philip Morris Inc. 1997
Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.2 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

The Big Picture

LIFE'S A SNAP

MAXIM Surfing the Sky

It may look like Wile E. Coyote chasing the Road Runner off a cliff, but this is actually World Cup snowboarder Zach Horwitz, 22, taking flight from Mount Hood, Oregon (11,245 feet). The fearless freestyle hopes to make a February landing in Nagano, Japan, where snowboarding makes its Olympic debut as a medal event. For cool snowboards and a roundup of great boarding gear, turn to page 128.



How To

DO EVERYTHING BETTER



"Can we borrow your ID?"

HOW TO

GET INTO A NIGHTCLUB

Cross a college athlete who never made it to the pros with a sadistic Los Angeles cop, and you get a bouncer. Cross a failed model who can't orgasm with Sally Field, and you get a hostess. Pair the two of them up at the door of a nightclub, and you could be facing hours of standing in the rain watching Eurotrash waltz on in past you. Doesn't have to be that way: Here are our proven tactics to help get you past the velvet-rope squad.



"Says here you're a 45-year-old black man."

AVOID RAT-PACKING

The Catch-22 for clubs is that they need men to drop big dollars but they don't want to let too many of them in. So dilute your testosterone: If you're going with a bunch of guys, break up into pairs; if you spot some ladies heading the same way, ask if you can go in with them.

STOP BEGGING

Don't claim to know the bartender or to be on the guest list. Bouncers know that you don't know anybody, that you *are*

nobody, and that if you really were on the list, well, you'd be on the list. These guys are told to keep a crowd outside the place to make it seem happening, and they'll let beggars languish all night.

GREASE THE WHEELS

Yeah, you know about this ploy, but you've always been too cheap or too much of a wuss to try. It works—big time—and you'll look cool if you're with a date. Go up and ask the bouncer how long the wait is, to which he'll reply, "Don't know." Calmly ask him how much it'll cost to *not* wait all night. (Rule of thumb: Most bouncers want \$20 a head passed to them with a sly handshake.) Tell him you'll be right back. If there are two of you, walk away and fold up a \$10 bill inside a twenty. Return to the door, say hi, and slip him the money. He'll act like your old friend, put the cash right into his pocket, and wave you in—never knowing you stiffed him 10 bucks.

CRACK THE GUEST LIST

Send one of your friends to hang by the door and listen for two or three names given by people on the guest list. With the names in hand, chill for an hour at a nearby bar, then head back to the club. After a while these lists become pretty marked up and you should be able to get in with an old name. The only risk here is getting busted and having the bouncer snap your neck like a chicken's.

LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE TALKING

Call the place around 5 P.M. and say you're phoning from one of the more popular music or lifestyle magazines (but not *Maxim*—that's *our* scam). Tell them a couple of writers are in town and ask if they'd mind putting them on the guest list. To sound more authentic, ask if they would like a formal request on letterhead. (If they do, you can spend the evening bowling.) This ploy is only as good as your ability to bullshit, so be convincing. Good luck.... See you inside.



"Damn. My jumper cable's in the trunk."

HOW TO

START A COLD CAR

EVEN IN AN ANTARCTIC SNOWBANK

For a car to start, gasoline and air must meet, combine, vaporize, and ignite. And it's those last two steps—vaporizing and igniting—that get fouled up when Mother Nature turns frigid.

► If your car is more than a decade old, it probably has a carburetor. And when cars with carburetors don't start, there's a specific trick you can pull. According to Rick O'Brien, a technician at McKenney's Service Center in South Portland, Maine, "It's a matter of stepping on the gas pedal half to two thirds of the way down. This closes the choke [ensuring a rich mixture of air and fuel, which ignites faster] and pumps some gas into the manifold. Then take your foot off the pedal before you turn the key."

► If you have a newer car, with fuel injection—the computerized system that mixes gas and air according to temperature and exact atmospheric readings—and you're still having trouble starting in the cold, the slow start is your own fault. There's really nothing you can do except bite the bullet and get the damned thing tuned up.

► If the tune-up doesn't help, O'Brien offers one more piece of advice for the snowbound: "The higher the octane in your fuel, the harder it will be to vaporize the gas to start the car." So fill don't up with an octane higher than the manufacturer recommends. You're not always doing your car a favor with high-test 94.

► Finally, always keep a bottle of brandy in the glove box. It won't help start your car, but it'll make the wait a little easier.



Step One: Acquaint him with the Acme Corporation.

HOW TO

THWART AN ASSASSIN

Maybe you plan to become president, a rock 'n' roll god, a cult leader. But are you ready to become a target for every crackpot looking for 15 minutes of fame? Don Crutchfield, author of *Confessions of a Hollywood P.I.* and former bodyguard for Marlon Brando and the president of Mexico, has some hints for dodging the snipers.

BODY DOUBLES

Let a twin take the fall. It works: In the early '60s, Crutchfield kept the Beatles in a Beverly Hills bungalow while four look-alikes stayed in a big house in the 'burbs, attracting all the attention. Look-alikes are easy to come by; just do a Hollywood casting and a background check on your candidates.

DIVERSIONS

To make it hard for potential assassins to home in on your scalp, surround yourself with a boisterous entourage. Perhaps your own cheerleaders or a few Spice Girls.

STEALTH

Don't walk anywhere, and always travel in a bulletproof car or sit on the floor of the car you have. Send out decoy cars.

BODY ARMOR

Crutchfield says bulletproof clothes are usually unnecessary. In special cases, however, he will suggest that his clients wear a vest (at least 15 layers of Kevlar—anything less is tissue paper) beneath their clothing.

DISGUISES

If you insist on going out in public, don't wear stately robes or psychedelic Nehru jackets. Dress down—jeans, sweats, baseball cap, sunglasses—and walk quickly. Also, drive the kind of car you thought you'd left behind, a nondescript Honda with tinted windows.

POSSES

Don't underestimate the usefulness of a quintet of musclebound ogres, particularly musclebound ogres trained in personal protection. Just make sure you give them all the PowerBars or White Castle burgers they desire. "Anyone stupid enough to treat their bodyguards like shit ought to know that the bodyguards won't take the bullet for them," Crutchfield says.

PREEMPTIVE STALKING

Have your bodyguards stalk the stalker. "We did a reverse stalk on a guy who threatened Judy Garland," Crutchfield recalls. "We went everywhere he went. We sat next to him in restaurants and leaned over and said, 'Are you going to behave yourself today?' We ran him ragged until he just gave up."

HOW TO

SCAM A BETTER AIRPLANE RIDE



Cramped seats, bad food, and that damned "This is how the seat belt works" demo... Here's how to improve your in-flight hours.

FLY FREE. Almost, anyway: Save up to 85 percent on a regular airline ticket to any place in the world, and even scoop up an occasional free ticket, by offering your services as a courier. All you have to do is give up most—sometimes all—of your allotted baggage space.

(Many firms find this method cheaper and quicker than the regular air cargo route.) You're generally not allowed to touch the freight the company is shipping, and you're not liable for the contents. You're on board simply to provide the courier company with room in the hold of an airliner. One caveat: Find a legitimate courier service (call the International Association of Air Travel Couriers: 561-582-8320). Another route to a cheap ticket: Let the airlines come to you. Sign up at http://travel.epicurious.com/travel/c/planning/02_airfares/email/signup.html, and American, Continental, TWA, USAir, and Cathay Pacific will E-mail you low fares that become available at the last minute, when the airline realizes a flight is not completely booked and discounts fares by up to 70 percent.

UPGRADE TO FIRST CLASS. Got a coach ticket to Vacation Land, but can't stand the thought of getting stuck next to an overweight woman with a snoring problem? Since you can't trust the vapid crew at the gate to realize

you're the person most deserving of an upgrade, try the following: Wear a suit to the airport to look businesslike (and, let's face it, wealthy). Hang around just beyond the waiting area until everyone else has boarded and it looks like they're about to close the gate door. Then dash up to the counter, hand over your ticket, and sprint down the loading ramp. Sit in the first first-class seat available, huff and puff, and say to no one in particular that

you're relieved to have made your flight. Ask the stewardess for a Bloody Mary before she even suspects you're pulling a fast one. Your panic, combined with your authoritative calm and nice clothes, will convince anyone that you belong in the lap of luxury.

GET OUT OF A BAD SEAT. If you're already in coach and have been plunked in a confined space next to a demon child, muss up your hair, look as drawn as possible, and find a stewardess (stewards lack the sympathy-for-men gene). When she approaches, wheeze, "Could you put me somewhere quiet? I'm not feeling well." If this doesn't work, toss off the fact (or fiction) that you're a frequent flier. Any stewardess with half a heart will set you up in a business-class recliner. (Like all these scams, this is less effective if you're wearing paint-stained, cutoff overalls).

WATCH THE MOVIE FOR FREE.

Four dollars for the headphones? Tell them to take a flying leap. Most airlines provide a second jack in the armrest so passengers can listen to the free radio broadcasts on their Walkman headphones, and no one has figured out a way to block the movie sound track from the Walkman jack. So bring your own headphones, plug into the movie sound track, and it's showtime.



You always wanted to be tall, dark, and handsome. We can help you with tall.

Who wouldn't like to be taller? I'm 5'11", and even I notice that at parties or in social situations, the tallest guy seems to have an advantage. For years I thought about this problem. It's a shame that surface impressions matter, but the fact is they do.

I know you appreciate foot comfort.

Over the years, we've sold hundreds of thousands of cushioned insoles. Then the idea hit me. Why not create an insole that enhances comfort, but also gives a boost to a person's height?

After researching a number of U.S. engineering firms, I picked the best qualified and gave them an exciting challenge: Create an insole that provides cushioning, cooling, and makes you almost 1" taller.

You feel energized.

We finally settled on a tough but shock-absorbing polymer. Its high resiliency gives you a "bounce back" with each stride — literally putting a spring in your step. You feel energized as the insoles help cushion your spinal column and heels from the impact of walking on hard sidewalks.

They also incorporate a unique forced-air cooling system. With each step, air circulates around channels molded into the insole and out through perforations in the top layer of soft, breathable leather.

Add almost an inch!

The moment you slip them into your shoes, you'll feel a commanding difference. Although your friends and associates may not consciously detect the change, you'll instantly feel the alteration in mood. Your eyes are at a new level.

Walking up to a group of people is a new experience. You'll immediately perceive and enjoy the difference. The fact that no one consciously notices makes it even better. Only you will know.

You'll also look slimmer, as your weight is distributed over a taller frame.

The insoles come in men's full sizes 6 to 13. Please specify size when ordering. If you wear a half size, please order the next smaller size.



Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

I invite you to try the PowerFlow™ Insoles for yourself. Please order today with my personal guarantee of satisfaction. You must be delighted by the comfort and enhanced stature, or return them within 60 days for a prompt, no-questions-asked refund.

Richard

Richard Thalheimer, Founder

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STEP 1: MAKE YOUR ITINERARY PRISON-FRIENDLY.

No one expects to get locked up on vacation, but if you're a bad boy who's going to get into trouble abroad no matter what, consider going to Tijuana, whose Baja California Norte state penitentiary, or La Mesa, is a comparative country club. If you've got the cash to bribe your guards, you can get private, furnished quarters. It's better than many local hotels.

STEP 2: SET A FIRM RETURN DATE.

Open-ended tickets are wonderful things. But the American one-phone-call law isn't global, and you may want to tell a responsible bud when you're planning to fly back, or you could rot in the pen until the jailer bothers to notify the U.S. consular officer. "There is not much we can do to ameliorate a prisoner's situation," admits a U.S. State Department spokeswoman. But they'll be able to monitor your circumstances, protest any mistreatment, and supply vitamins and occasional food. Most important, they can pressure foreign courts to review your case—which in some countries takes eons, according to the spokeswoman. "For example, there's an American in Honduras who has been in prison for four years without being formally charged or brought to trial." The sooner someone realizes you're behind bars, the fewer cockroaches you have to eat.

STEP 3: KEEP SOME CASH ON HAND.

There's only one truly international language, and we're not talking about love. In prison, greenbacks can get you anything from better food to sex. (Yes, with women). A bribe may even get you released: That's how U.S. petroleum engineer Al Levine got out of a Saudi Arabian prison. (The charge? Possessing and distributing obscene videotapes—



"Please tell me you know Johnnie Cochran."

HOW TO

SURVIVE A FOREIGN JAIL

You're on your way to a much-deserved vacation in Singapore when airport security finds a pack of Big Red in your pocket and throws you in a dank, dark hole. Or you overextend your MasterCard in Greece, and bam!—into the slammer. Fact is, more than 3,000 Americans are detained abroad each year (and half of those sentenced serve multiyear terms). Here, *Maxim* shows you how to make it through your own version of *Midnight Express*.

the titles in Levine's collection were no worse than what you'd see on cable TV. Facing four years, Levine was told that if he paid a "fine," he'd be released. Money talked; Al walked.

STEP 4: DO WHAT THE GUY WITH THE BIG STICK SAYS.

A good rule of thumb is to check your American bravado at the cell door. Misconduct could get you exotic punishment ranging from a Singapore caning to the Russian rubber shirt, a notorious Kharkiv Prison procedure in which the guards slip a rubber shirt on you, then douse it with water. The rubber shrinks, contracting against your chest and breaking your ribs.

STEP 5: MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR TIME OFF FROM WORK.

Now that you're away from the pressures of the office, learn a foreign language with the help of your idle comrade in the next cell. Or study local etymologies and create your own version of Morse code. At least scratch all the words to *Led Zeppelin IV* on your wall so the next American jailbird will feel more at home.

GLOBAL WARNING

American misdemeanors that'll get you hard time Over There.

MEXICO

Get in a fender-bender and you'll be imprisoned until *all* parties have been compensated. Get caught driving a car not registered to you and it'll be confiscated forever.

PERU

Beware when buying souvenirs: Customs officials will detain you for having anything that even looks like an artifact—and you'll be held in prison until you finally go to trial.

**NORWAY**

Driving with blood alcohol as low as .005 percent (half the U.S. limit) will earn you three weeks in a Scandinavian slammer.

**AFGHANISTAN**

Under Islamic shari'a law, you'll be jailed for having alcohol, videotapes, cameras, and for "social activity between the sexes."

**CHINA**

Embrace the local culture, but know that foreigners have been jailed for "improper sexual relations" with Chinese citizens. Translation: Think twice before inviting a local fortune cookie back to your hotel.

**CAMEROON**

What would vacation be without all those Kodak moments? Beware: Here, as in other African countries, police can detain you for photographing things like riverbanks and bridges.

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HOW TO

MARRY A MILLIONAIRESS

You've tried working, but it doesn't seem to be paying off like you'd hoped. The lottery's a pipe dream, and armed robbery can entail serious logistics. Why not just marry your money? Here's some counsel from experts on securing cash the cold-hearted way.

SHED YOUR INTEGRITY...and your name. Marrying for money is not for the timid or excessively moral. To help you cast off your inhibitions and perfect your ruthlessness, Ginie Polo Sayles has spent 10 years teaching an adult education course called "How to Marry the Rich," and has written a book with the same title. She recommends dumping your name and acquiring a new one. "You'll feel your whole being shift into someone else," she says.

BE INFORMED: Your library can provide you with two important reference volumes. First, the annual issue of *Forbes* listing the 400 richest men and women in America. Second, Helen Bergan's *Where the Money Is: A Fund Raiser's Guide to the Rich*. Though meant for high-minded institutions, it will serve you nicely in your efforts to line your own pocket.

LOOK THE PART: On the hunt, Native Americans wore skins, and gold diggers should make similar efforts to blend in with their prosperous prey. On the exact disguise, however, the experts disagree. Sayles counsels wearing different outfits in different regions. "In the East, the preppy look is dependable—say, a navy blazer and khakis. In the West and Southwest, you can go with the dark blue jeans, white starched shirt, and expensive belt. For California, a black T-shirt and blazer, without socks." Marty Westerman, author of *How to Flirt: A Practical Guide*, is more succinct, saying, "With a tan and an Italian suit, you can do anything." We go with Westerman here: Being slightly but tastefully overdressed is much less risky than possibly looking like the cabin boy, J.R. Ewing, or *Miami Vice*'s version of a drug kingpin.

MOVE UPTOWN: "The first rule," says Sayles, "is to live where the rich live, even if you have to live in an attic." Other experts on marrying women for the wrong reasons concur. Even in the right neighborhood, however, you'll have to make an effort to mingle. Sayles suggests volunteering at a charitable organization, working in a museum, or taking painting classes. Westerman recommends attending vintage car rallies, polo matches, art auctions, and—to find the rarin' widow—afternoon tea at the best hotels. He also advises crashing A-list parties: "Come in a tuxedo, with a bottle of champagne, and on crutches. No one will ever turn you away, and once you're there, you'll have no problems starting a conversation."

UNDERSTAND THE HUNTED: Sharyn Wolf, the author of *Guerilla Dating Tactics*, suggests taking a year to prepare to deal with the wealthy. "You'll definitely need to know how to tango," she says, "so take some lessons before you start your dating." Westerman warns that the one thing moneyed women want is to be entertained. "Being rich," he says, "often means being bored."



"Ivanka, my little Trump princess, we don't need a prenup."

REEL HER IN: Once you've started your relationship, you must get her so caught up with you that the only logical step is marriage, preferably without a prenuptial agreement. Sayles advises that you let her shape you in whatever way she desires. "Be a problem to her. She'll want to fix you, and you'll have her hooked." Also, "It practically goes without saying that you have to give her great sex."

AND, LAST, HONOR THE FATHER: This man can trip you up. "A woman's first marriage is always to a version of her father," says Westerman, adding that the more you understand *him*, the more thoroughly you'll be able to ensnare *her*. But even after you seal the deal, fathers can still be a problem. Joe Bolker, a divorced L.A. real estate broker, married Christina Onassis in 1971. She was 27 years his junior and heir to Aristotle Onassis' megafortune. Nine months later, Bolker got another divorce. "When a billion dollars leans on you, you can feel it," he said.

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HOW TO

STOP SNORING

Waking the neighbors with your nocturnal rumbles? Bypass dorky contour pillows and breathe-right strips, says Dr. Laurence Barsh, who runs Quiet-Sleep, an educational agency devoted to curing snoring and other sleep disorders. His advice:

Spoon her and sleep on your side. Dozing on your back lets your throat muscles and tongue relax too much, narrowing your airway so that inhaling makes your tonsils, soft palate, and uvula vibrate. Next thing you know, you're snoring—possibly out on the couch. One key, therefore, is staying off your back: Some experts suggest stuffing a tennis ball in a sock and pinning this to the back of your nightshirt, so the pain of rolling over will keep you on your side. Some experts, frankly, are a little weird.

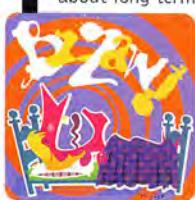
Pass up last call. Alcohol, drugs, and sleeping medications before bed also relax the musculature of the throat (among other things), making it more likely that you'll snore.

Skip the nacho cheese. Eating or drinking dairy products within two hours of bedtime increases the production of mucus in your throat and blocks your air passage further.

Don't get fat. Snickers may satisfy you, but they leave their mark over time, adding flab around your neck and around the tissues in your throat.

Get a mouthpiece. Dr. Barsh, who works with physicians to create mouthpieces for snorers, describes two basic types: "One holds the tongue forward, and one brings the lower jaw forward during sleep. Both keep your airway open." Try not to drool on her neck.

Consider drastic measures. If none of these tactics works, talk to your doc about long-term options, such as a nasal mask, which provides continuous air pressure, and laser surgery to remove or shrink extra skin in your airway.



HOW TO

CANCEL PLANS WITH SOMEONE

You're locked into plans you can't break. Or are you? Let *Maxim's* weasel flow chart help get you out of that unwanted rendezvous.

To cancel plans with Your Best Friend

Blame: The Family

Because: He has one too: He knows the drill, the guilt, the hell of not being an orphan.

Just say: "Sorry—if my mom was a better cook, I'd invite you over for chow."

Never say: "I'm sure this'd be easier for you to understand if your family wasn't so screwed up."

To cancel plans with The Workout Buddy

Blame: Your Best Friend

Because: It's an accepted rule: Best Friend always trumps the casual kinship of Workout Buddy.

Just say: "My best friend's been going through a rough time—you know how it is."

Never say: "Actually, I gotta go meet my *real* friend tonight."

To cancel plans with the Family

Blame: The Boss

Because: They're out of your work loop, so they'll believe you. Plus, they want nothing more than for you to remain gainfully employed.

Just say: "I've taken on more responsibility at the office, and procrastinating will just make it worse; you taught me that!"

Never say: "Sorry, but work is just a little more important."

To cancel plans with The Boss

Blame: The Girlfriend

Because: A mythical funeral in her family will get you out of anything, and you don't have to fake being upset!

Just say: "It's a tremendous loss. Her Great-Aunt Gertie was, well, her spiritual mentor. I have to be there for her through this difficult time."

Never say: "Her old man bought the farm, so I have to stay home and play snot rag."

To cancel plans with The Girlfriend

Blame: The Workout Buddy

Because: She can't complain if you're exercising: After all, she doesn't want you to have a doughboy gut, does she?

Just say: "I'm glad you care enough about my health to reschedule. Besides, it's hard keeping up with your beautiful body!"

Never say: "Check out *this* muscle, baby."

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I think it's just a pen.
(I hope it's just a pen.)

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ThrustSSC's record-breaking gas guzzler

"Come on! The video store closes in two minutes!"

Speed Racer

Weld a driver's seat to a pair of jet engines, add a touch of corporate sponsorship, and you've got yourself a rocket car. Pat Pawling takes a spin in one of the fastest machines on earth.

I CHANGED MY MIND. Get me out of this thing." They probably can't hear me over the roar of the engine. "Hey, really, get me out of this thing, right now."

And then...bang. In less time than it took me to say that last sentence at my moderate, southern New Jersey clip, the North American Eagle jet car—bastard child of a Formula 1 racer and the space shuttle—has launched from a standing start to a nuts-rattling speed of more than 250 miles per hour.

Let the record reflect that I wasn't crying, no matter what you think.

**FOR AN INSTANT, YOU
WONDER WHETHER YOUR
FLAME-RETARDANT SUIT IS
URINE-RETARDANT TOO.**

should the car decide to become an aircraft. I chose the scenic New Jersey shore (next-day, morning delivery), ashes to be deposited into the ocean where I used to windsurf before I got the crazy, stupid idea to hop aboard one of the fastest cars in the world.

How did a regular schmo like me hitch a ride in a gleaming metal behemoth powered by an engine that belongs in an F4 fighter? Marketing, baby.... It's a beautiful thing. Optimistically hoping to be the first to take an earthbound vehicle supersonic—a feat that, tragically, would be achieved by the Brits

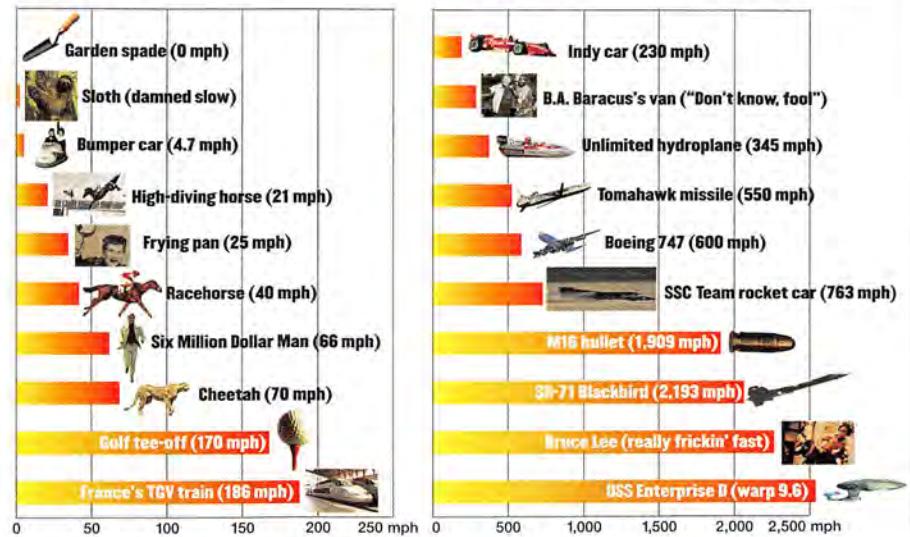
(see sidebar, next page)—the North American Eagle's designers were well stocked with brains and balls but short on money and recognition. In desperate need of a publicity-generating gimmick, these Chuck Yeager-meisters threw in a back seat, making their beast available to give passenger rides to potential sponsors—and to at least one reporter who knows a fun story when it's about to kick him in the ass.

For me, the anticipation started as soon as I knew I might have a chance to get into the thing. But after traveling 3,000 miles and sleeping in my rental car to make it to the show, by the time I was actually watching it roll out of the trailer—40 feet long, all engine and attitude—I found myself facing more practical concerns, such as how the hell they were going to keep it on the ground. The answer was that they weren't sure, because they're still *testing* the thing. Turned out they hadn't done any wind-tunnel tests (no money for that), and they hadn't built a model with a fancy-pants CAD program (no money for that either). "You build it horizontally and vertically stable, and that's it, pretty much," shrugged Rick Kikes, the car's designer. "You can overcomplicate things," he added, unconvincingly. I started wondering whether the guys even drew it in the dirt with a Popsicle stick before they fired up the welder.

But as I soon learned, this is no bunch of under-funded backyard bolt-jockeys. These guys are

JUST HOW FAST IS FAST ENOUGH?

On October 15th of last year, the British ThrustSSC team set a land-speed record of 763.035 mph. To help put this in perspective, here are the speeds of some common fast-moving objects.



old-fashioned hot rodders who love jets for their simplicity and brutal power. The North American Eagle is the seventh jet car Kikes has built (I was afraid to ask what happened to the other six), and everybody on the Seattle-based Eagle team, from Kikes to project manager Ed Shadle to the lowest-on-the-totem-pole grease boy, has run supercars at the Bonneville Salt Flats, built dragsters or funny cars, or otherwise proved his road chops. The driver, Les Shockley, is experience itself: a semiretired grandfather of five who's probably logged more jet-car runs than anybody in the world and whose jet-truck driving recently earned kudos as the best air-show act in the country.

I'll be the first to admit that 250 mph isn't all that fast, by jet-car standards. The impressive part is how quickly you get there. The Eagle accelerates faster than a top-fueler or a jet fighter in afterburner—faster, really, than just about everything else on earth. The General Electric J-79 engine develops some 48,000 horsepower out of the box. (A top-fuel car, juiced to the max, might put out 5,000 horsepower, but not for long...and you'd need a case of kitty litter to clean up the oil.) Kikes and Shadle figure it'll take a 15-second burn, maybe less, to accelerate them up over 700 mph, and I have no reason not to believe them. Just going to 250 mph, we figure to pull about 2.5 G's, which is roughly equivalent to a catapult shot off an aircraft carrier.

At the starting line, looking down a runway that appears to be far too short, it's extremely quiet. When the engine lights, it doesn't race, it moans—a creepy noise that makes the guttural grunting of a Harley V-twin sound like bunny farts. Gradually both the pitch and the volume begin to climb, and every increase goes right to that special place in your brain that produces adrenaline. As the driver continues to add rpm, your body pours on more and more adrenaline and horse sweat. The engine sucks oxygen, the turbine blades mash it, the mixture lights, the moan rises higher and higher, the car inches forward, and now the engine's cry sounds like a demonic shriek.

Then Shockley releases the brakes and lights the afterburner. This dumps aviation fuel into the back of the engine, which, frankly, explodes. That's what the ride is, essentially: a controlled explosion, consuming around 10 gallons of fuel a second. Instantly, gravity becomes a horizontal phenomenon; five seconds later we're slamming 250 mph and I'm saying, "...out of this thing, right now."

When you're pinned to your seat, feeling your

internal organs against your back, the rush is overwhelming: For an instant, you wonder whether your flame-retardant suit is urine-retardant too. But just about the time you're getting your bearings and are able to start enjoying the ride, Shockley shuts down the engine and deploys the parachute, so as not to slam into the rock wall at the far side of the desert, and the forward jolt slams all your guts back to where they started. All too soon you're back at the pits, where cousin and granddaughter volunteers are already pumping fuel for the next run. In the end, this is not rocket science, just a fun group of hot-rodding friends and family out for a weekend of hell-raising.

"It's a big, bad boy," Kikes says proudly.

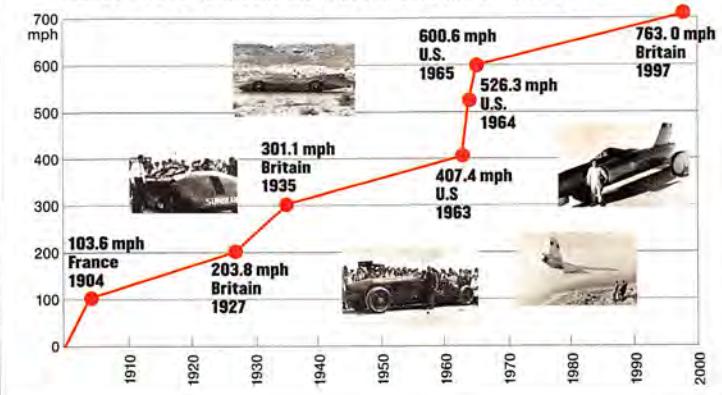
No, it isn't, Rick: It's a friggin' beast. And I'll never be happy at 55 mph again. M



"It's a small, miserable island near Europe."

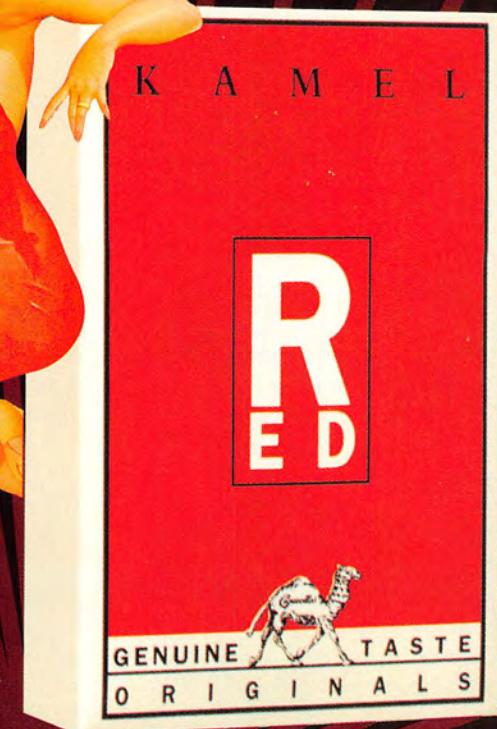
ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE RADAR GUN

ThrustSSC's feat pushed the official land speed record over 700 miles per hour. Here's a look back at yesterday's land speed record milestones—we're confident the U.S. will beat the Brits to 800.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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KAMEL
cigarettes



THE GIRLS

Sandy, 23, a public relations coordinator, owns porn tapes and watches them with her boyfriend.

Kristin, 28, a social worker, is married but gets more turned on by women's bodies than by men's.

Hillary, 30, a boutique owner, says she's traditional and sometimes likes soft porn on cable.

Melissa, 32, a real estate broker, gets turned on by watching aggressive sex.

Wendy, 25, an advertising copywriter, has porn mags hidden under her bed.

GO TO THE VIDEOTAPE

Sex is a little like sports: Watching the action is almost as fun as playing. Listen in as five real women explain why they enjoy the spectator sport of porn—and how it makes playing even better.

FIRST ENCOUNTERS

Sandy: The first time I saw porn was at a friend's house in fifth grade. I knew that good girls weren't supposed to like things like *Playboy*, but I was totally drawn in by all the naked women and fantasy poses in the magazine.

Wendy: I was baby-sitting when I saw them. I systematically checked out all the women's breasts, hoping I'd develop like that.

Kristin: Not me—the huge boobs looked so alien! I remember this woman had nipples three inches long and I thought, *Hey, mine don't look like that*. My dad used to subscribe to *Playboy*, and I'd look at them and wonder what it would feel like to pose naked and have my picture taken. Remember getting excited before you knew anything about sex?

Wendy: Yes; you just got all tingly inside.

Melissa: I remember seeing those magazines when I was young enough that my body was still a stick, and I wanted to see what it was about grown-up women's bodies that men found sexy.

Hillary: I came across magazines when I was baby-

sitting, too, but they just made me feel weird. It seemed depraved: I couldn't figure out why a happily married couple needed stacks of porno magazines. Or erotic videos.

Sandy: I didn't see X-rated videos until college; someone would always whip one out at the end of a party.

Melissa: And all the girls were supposed to be grossed out and say, "Ooh, no, not that!"

Wendy: But really, we couldn't tear our eyes away; we just pretended to be grossed out. And we never talked about it afterward; it was so taboo.

Sandy: Exactly. I always put my hands in front of my face during the weirdest parts—like when a woman was getting it from two guys—but of course I was peeking through my fingers.

Kristin: In high school my boyfriend took me to this movie house that showed soft porn. We would try to act all cool, but we felt ridiculous. Still, we went like five times in six months.

Hillary: Sometimes I was turned off by it. I didn't like seeing those extreme close-ups of guys' woodies and their hairy backs.



**TUNING IN**

Sandy: I watch videos with my boyfriend pretty regularly, about twice a month.

Wendy: God, the video store clerk must know you well!

Sandy: No, no, no: We don't rent; we own. Once you find a good video, you want to watch it over and over. Besides, I live in a small suburb, so I'm scared I'd run into my boss or someone.

Melissa: I know—I couldn't face being caught in that room at the back of the store, browsing in the spanking/domination section.

Hillary: So when do you watch them?

Sandy: We'll start talking about it in the car on the way home—that alone gets me all hot—or we'll just be spending an evening in and feel like being entertained. Sometimes just thinking about putting it in gets you excited.

Wendy: I'm too embarrassed to rent, and my boyfriend and I never talk about it. But I have a couple magazines under my bed—I can't believe I'm telling you this—and I've looked at some of those nudie Internet sites.

Melissa: Before I got divorced, my husband and I got really into movies, especially when our sex life started to seriously wane.

Hillary: See, that seems lousy to me. But then, I almost never watch it. It wouldn't turn me on

"I'D PUT ON A DRESS WITH NO UNDERWEAR, TURN TO THE SPICE CHANNEL, AND WATCH IT SCRAMBLED, THROUGH THE LINES."

unless it was really soft porn, like one of those Showtime movies that's on at 3 A.M.

Melissa: Oh, believe me, it was lousy. Now I'm careful just to watch a video for a little while with my new boyfriend, and then we turn it off and have sex.

Kristin: I rarely watched porn in the past; but we're trying to get pregnant, and when I'm ovulating we do it whether I'm in the mood or not. I realized what an arousal-shortcut porn can be when we were at a hotel and turned on a pay channel. The one I liked took place at a massage studio where a guy kept visiting this girl and convincing her to do more and more things to him each time. That was totally sexy.

Wendy: There was a time when I lived alone and I had this little ritual: I'd put on something cute, like a sexy dress with no underwear, and turn to the Spice Channel and watch it scrambled, through the lines.

Hillary: Could you even see anything?

Wendy: You could sort of tell what's going on, and listening to the noises they made was enough to do me right.

PLOTS AND POSITIONS

Sandy: Well, it helps if they have some sort of plot, so you're not just watching some pump-a-mation display.

Melissa: But some have such bad plots, like pizza-delivery-guy-gets-invited-to-join-the-party or repairman-seduces-housewife. They're so boring. It's great to rent classics like *Behind the Green Door* or *Last Tango in Paris* that have an actual story.

Sandy: In college I was always like, "Guys, rewind! What's going on—are they sisters or just friends?"

Kristin: I'm fine as long as it has some story line. They don't have to establish that these two people are in love, but it helps if they establish that the people actually know each other. I like it when the woman is real, not some weird psycho slut tied to a bed. It's hard to identify with that.

Hillary: Yeah, I'd prefer something where the woman is having fun—where it's just a woman and a man having really nice sex. I like sweet scenes, like that commercial with the guy wrapped in a white towel holding the baby. I really don't want him to take the towel off. I like the mystery. ▶



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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.



Wendy: That's too mundane. I enjoyed this one scene where the woman has to do everything men tell her and she can't talk back.

Sandy: I know what you mean. It can be hot when someone's having forbidden sex, when a woman is held down and struggling but not in pain.

Hillary: I did get turned on in a soft-porn movie once by a big chase scene.

Wendy: I love the women-on-women scenes, but I

don't want to have sex with a woman. I just think it's a turn-on when you're watching someone's nipples being kissed, because you think about your own nipples, and then if there are two women, that's even more nipples... nipple-rama!

Kristin: And the women's bodies are more of a turn-on in the videos, because they're usually more attractive than the men.

Sandy: My boyfriend loves that I like to watch the women, too.

Wendy: I like the orgy scenes, because the more people there are, the less it matters that they're sort of ugly.

Hillary: True. The guys seem so hairy and weird-looking, or too pretty and gay.

"FAST-FORWARD, PLEASE!"

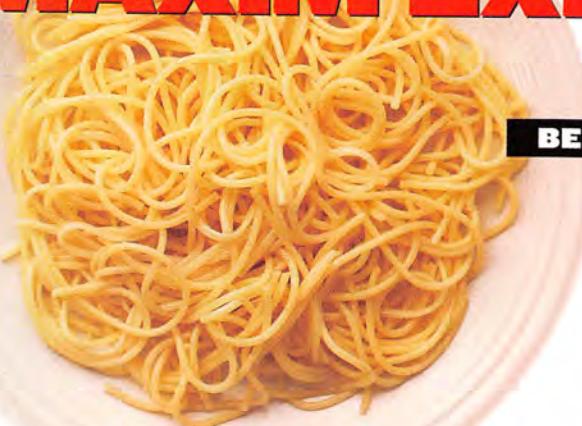
Melissa: The worst is getting a bad video. It can almost turn you off sex.

Kristin: I remember watching one where the people were really ugly and everyone screamed as they were having sex. It was disturbing.

Wendy: Once on the Internet I saw two women having sex with a horse. I can't even explain how psycho

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AFTER



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it was. I thought I would never have sex again.

Hillary: I don't want to see two women getting it on, or any toys or aids. That's a little weird.

Melissa: Guys have asked to videotape us having sex, and I always say no. I know I'll look weird to myself and it might make me self-conscious in the future.

Kristin: I wouldn't mind scenes with two men and a woman, but if a guy is saying something blatantly misogynous, I don't like it.

Hillary: What grosses me out are the magazines where the women have their legs spread way apart. I don't even want to see *myself* like that.

Melissa: And why do all the women have bad mall hair?

"WE STARTED OUT LAUGHING AT THE VIDEOS—BUT THEN WE STARTED TAKING OUR CLOTHES OFF"

Hillary: I suspect guys don't notice those kinds of details with all the moaning and bouncing breasts.

THE PORN PROPOSAL

Melissa: The most uncomfortable thing can be talking about porn with a guy.

Kristin: Yes, because if he acts too intense about it, you wonder if he's a porn addict or something.

Melissa: A guy should bring it up, but in a casual

way so that she can say no without feeling like a priss. Who knows, she might get curious and say yes later—so it's better to just play it cool at first.

Wendy: Yeah, it's good if a guy is nonchalant about it. This guy who I thought was too conservative for me at first mentioned one night that he rents a porno about once a month. It intrigued me, and it made him seem confident about the whole sex thing.

Sandy: But I really think humor is the key. My boyfriend and I started out just laughing nervously at the videos—but then we started taking each other's clothes off!

Kristin: It's better if it's a mutual interest, so that it's "our" idea instead of "his" idea.

Hillary: My friend's husband watches it alone, and that seems creepy. It would be better if he said, "Do you want to watch them together?" If she doesn't, then he could ask if she minds if he watches alone.

Sandy: But he should reassure her that his favorite thing is having sex with her.

Wendy: Right. You don't want to hear that you could be replaced by a video.

Kristin: Yeah, it's just foreplay and new ideas. If I'm already in the mood, I don't want to watch a video, I want to go ahead and do it! But if I'm tired or something, the video rules: You can't help but get turned on watching those things. ■



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Riding the Storm Out

It's tough to stay calm when the Dow jumps over the moon...then sinks like a stone. But as Alexander Haris explains, profits always prevail.

With a broad-based investing strategy, you'll win the Wall Street war without fighting the day-to-day battles.

Are you feeling like a chump right now? A lot of fools made a lot of money by investing in stocks in 1995, and they made even more doing the same in 1996. And a lot of smart folks—like you?—have been sitting out the boom market with two months' rent languishing in a savings account earning 3.5 percent interest, a.k.a. 50 bucks a year.

Two years ago, that probably seemed prudent. Then came all the front-page headlines, morning news shows, and magazines devoting more and more space to stock-market investing. Even if you haven't read or watched very much of the hoopla, you've probably picked up on the notion that stocks are the best place to park your money for the long run, and you're ready to join the party. But this bull market's getting a bit long in the tooth. Have you missed it?

A fair question. As last October's bucking-bronco ride suggested, stocks can't and won't go straight up forever—not even in this sunny economic climate. When you're playing with real money, you don't want to be the sap buying in the day before a crash. But divorce yourself from emotion: It's not too late, and you're not a sucker, if you begin investing now, even if stocks *do* fall next week. The reason is, they'll eventually go back up—they always do. And by the time you're 65, the good years will have far outgunned the bad ones.

Nobody knows when the stock market will tumble, and Wall Street is littered with embarrassed experts who have been sitting around waiting for a crash before buying. It's called market timing, and it doesn't work. People who invested right before the crash of 1987

made their money back by the spring of 1989, as long as they didn't panic and sell during the turmoil. By 1997, they had more than tripled their investments. Sure, it would have been better to have sold in September 1987, then bought back in after the crash. Some savvy investors did. But then, thinking they were so clever, many of them tried to time the market again and got out—thereby missing the raging bull market of the past two years.

In January 1997, John Bogle, chairman of the Vanguard mutual funds, gave an interview on *Money Line*, a business show on CNN, saying he thought stocks would go down in 1997. He hastened to add, however, that he would still invest in them. Sounds ridiculous, right? Isn't he telling you to send him money even though he thinks he'll lose it for you? Well, it wasn't so foolish. His bearish prediction proved wrong when stocks were up 24 percent through the end of October. But his strategy—essentially, ignore your own market predictions and just go with stocks for the long term—was sound.

Now, when Bogle advises you to invest in stocks, he means all stocks—or, at the very least, a sample of stocks broad enough to mimic the fluctuations of the market as a whole. The manager of Bogle's Vanguard Index 500 fund will allocate your money among the stocks included in the Standard & Poor's 500, an index of 500 stocks that reflects the general condition of the market. If market prices go up, so does your investment in the Index 500. If market prices go down, you lose. It's as simple as that.



"If I stay cool, will my stocks go up?"



Indexing has one important advantage over other mutual funds, which pick and choose from a select group of stocks to find ones that grow faster than the market: You don't have to pay for managerial expertise. Although there is some skill involved (the manager of an index fund can't just take equal stakes in all 500 companies the second he gets your money; it takes finesse), fees for index funds are much lower than those for funds that are actively managed. Vanguard's operating expenses, for example, are 0.3 percent of assets. On a \$10,000 account, that comes to \$30 a year. To invest in mutual funds that employ managers, fees run much higher—the average is 1.2 percent of assets—and the fund manager has to pick a lot of winners to make up for his own fees. Most don't. Typical mutual funds that invested in U.S. stocks returned an average 32.7 percent over the 12 months through the end of last September. Van-

that rent money you can't afford to lose, you can try the T. Rowe Price index fund (1-800-638-5660). The minimum investment in the Price fund is \$2,500, but you can get around that if you commit to sending a minimum of \$50 a month, which you can have deducted from your checking account automatically.

Even if you have enough for the minimum, force yourself to send regular contributions. Maybe it's \$50, maybe it's \$100. There's a reason to maintain such discipline. If stocks do fall right when you enter the wonderful world of stock market investing, the following month you'll be buying at the new, low prices. It's called dollar cost averaging. Say you buy a stock at \$100 a share and it falls to \$50. If you invest the same amount again, now good for twice as many shares, the stock only needs to climb back to \$67 for you to break even. (Buying one share for \$100 and two shares for \$50 each is equivalent to buying three shares at \$67 apiece.)

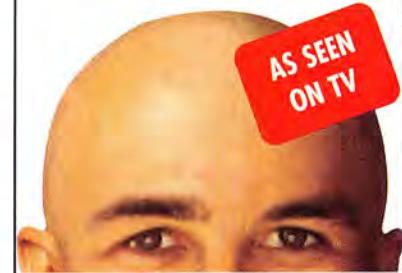
If you're still squeamish about stocks in a volatile market, bonds can be a fairly safe way to hedge your bets. To oversimplify, the bond market tends to rise when stocks fall, and vice versa. During the stormy end of October, for instance, government-insured Treasury bonds surged while stocks took their temporary, but thrilling, nosedive. T-bills never deliver eye-popping returns, but they're great for protecting part of your nest egg during market, ah, corrections. **M**

guard's Index 500 returned 40.4 percent. Over the past 15 years, the average mutual fund returned 15.7 percent versus 18.3 percent for the index.

Here's how to follow Bogle's advice in 1998 and beyond. You can invest in Bogle's own Vanguard 500 (1-800-662-7447), which requires a minimum commitment of \$3,000, or, if all you've got is

If you're squeamish about the ride, there are safe ways to hedge your bets, like T-bills, which can protect at least a piece of your nest egg.

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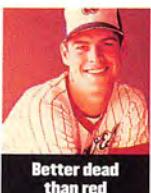
If only Rollie Fingers could pitch his way out of this



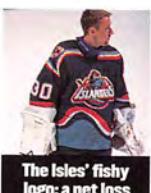
The Flyers, caught with their pants down



Metallic toe trucks: just say no.



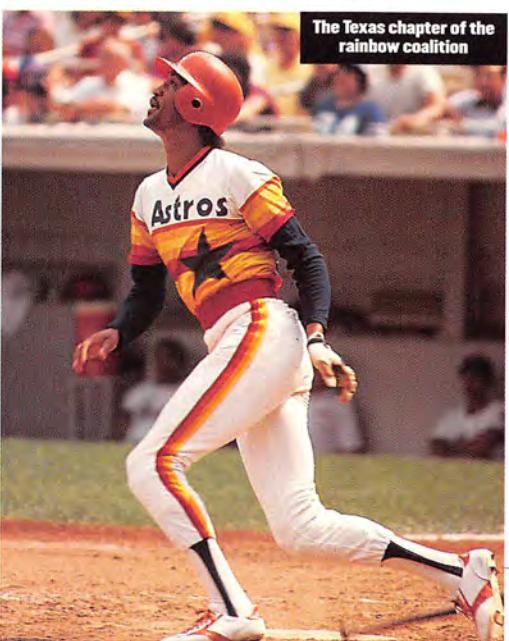
Better dead than red



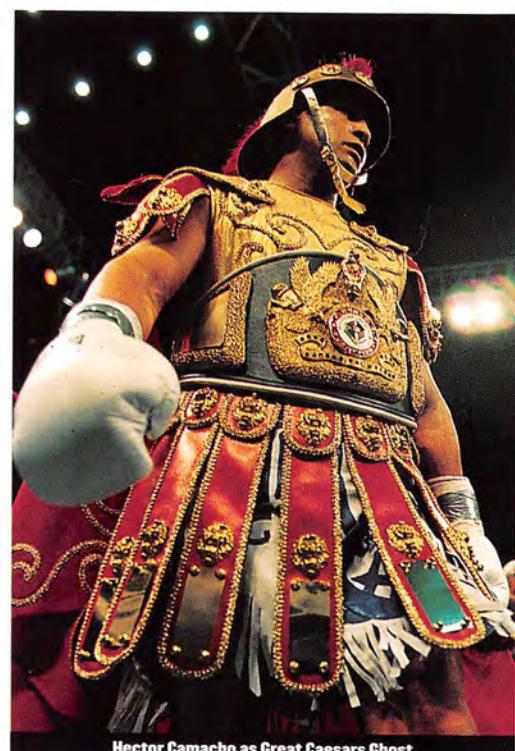
The Isles' fishy logo: a net loss



Houston, we have a problem.



The Texas chapter of the rainbow coalition



Hector Camacho as Great Caesars Ghost

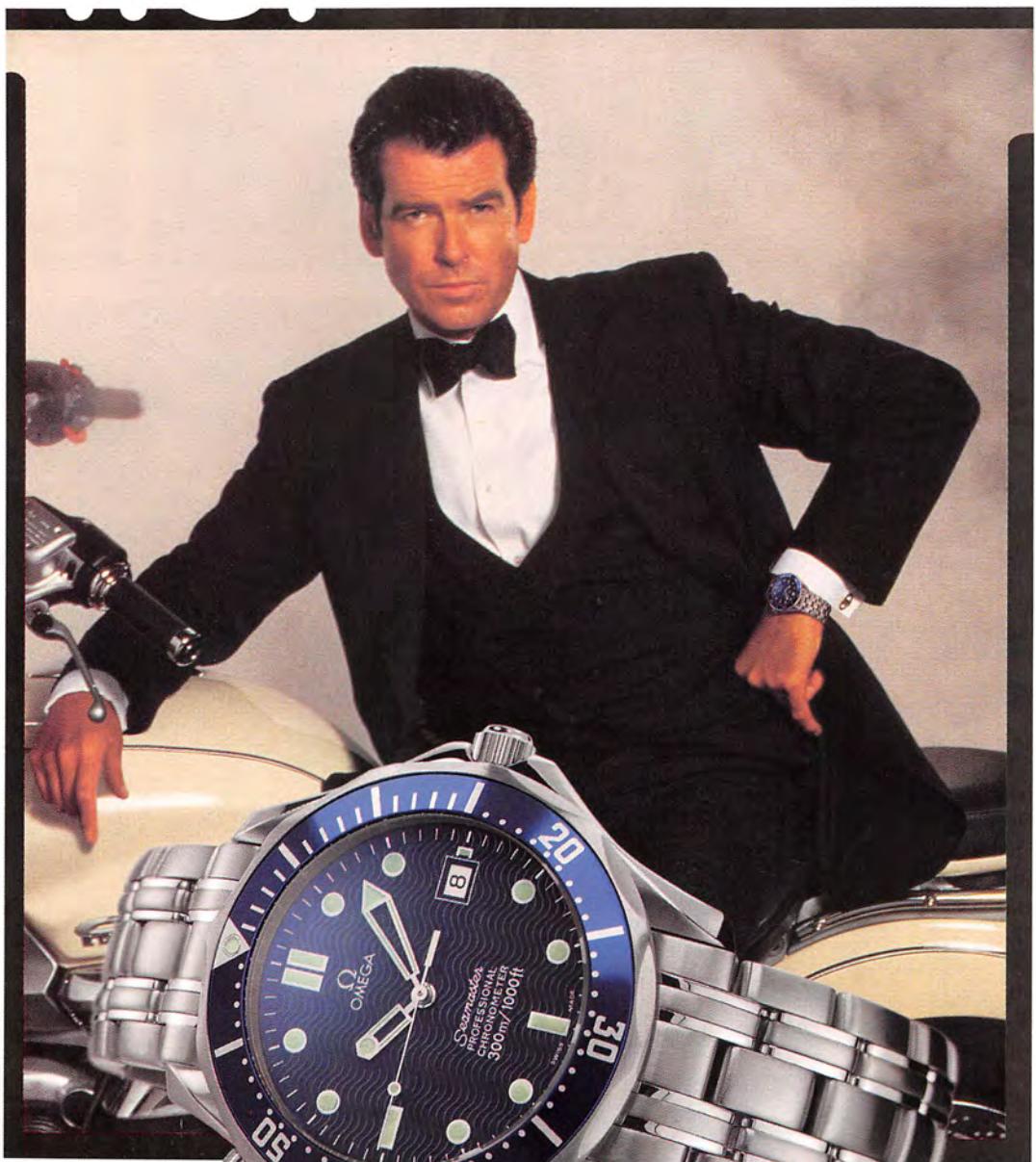
OFFENSIVE TACKLE

The ugliest uniforms in sports history. (Even Agassi can't touch these.)

A GREAT UNIFORM should stand for something. Tradition. Respect. Dignity. Maybe even grace. It should inspire you to stand tall and cheer for the players who wear it. But sometimes, uniforms go shockingly, horribly, vomitously wrong. Take the outfits displayed here: The only thing they inspire is a nightstick beating from the fashion police. What could these teams have been thinking? This goes way beyond the innocent brown-belt-with-black-shoes faux pas most of us make. This here is treason! Sure, athletes like Charles Barkley are paid millions of dollars to perform, but they shouldn't have to wear clown suits. Here's our roundup of the worst uniforms ever.



James Bond's choice



Seamaster Professional
Automatic chronometer.
Water-resistant to 300m/1000ft.
OMEGA — Swiss made since 1848.

007
Tomorrow Never Dies

Ω
OMEGA
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Prime Time

OUR FEATURE PRESENTATION



Wanna see?

Our winter lineup

has more bite than a toupeed sportscaster. In the next pages:

■ Holly Goodhead, Pussy Galore, and the rest of the best of the Bond Girls. **007th Heaven**, p. 54

■ New-year news: The Santa Belly is out. Fear not—we'll slap you into shape with *Maxim's No-Sweat Workout* guide, p. 64

■ Got money to burn? This is the place to torch it. **Las Vegas**, p. 74

■ Eight of basketball's best-ever teams collide in our **Dream NBA Tournament**, p. 82

■ No salads... and the clicker's all yours! **100 Great Reasons to Be a Guy**, p. 94

■ Cover babe **Famke Janssen** spills all, p. 96

■ Tired of running from the man? Join the **French Foreign Legion**, p. 100

Warning:
Ejector Bikini!
Press Red
Emergency
Button!



THIS PAGE: REX; NEXT PAGE: FROM TOP: EATON; SPRINGER/CORBIS-BETTMANN;
BACH; REX; BIANCHI: ARCHIVE PHOTOS; AUGER: ARCHIVE PHOTOS

**MARY GOODNIGHT
THE MAN WITH THE
GOLDEN GUN (1974)**

Bond Babe brief: The hopeless little spy who tries to help Bond retrieve the Solex Agitator from Scaramanga
Played by: Former Rod Stewart squeeze Britt Ekland

Points in her favor: Gets cute when she's jealous. Wears a bikini to the dinner table. Easy to find: Has a homing device sewed into her dress.

Points against: Her nightie leaves too much to the imagination. Bumps into "emergency" buttons with her problematically curvy butt. Falls into car trunks. Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 69 min., 27 sec.

Bonus points: Ekland was once a respected toothpaste spokeswoman! **Inspirational quote:** "My hard-to-get act didn't last very long, did it?"

THE OFFICIAL MAXIM BOND GIRL SWEEPSTAKES



007th Heaven

They're lovely, lethal, and notoriously sore losers. So how we gonna pick the Best Bond Girl Ever? By making you guys do it for us! Vote early and you could win spy-worthy stuff!



YOU HAVE AN IMPORTANT MISSION before you. You will be required to stare at 25 of the most fiendishly seductive Bond Girls of all time—including the latest, from *Tomorrow Never Dies*. Then, facing personal risk, you'll be asked to select the best (and worst) Bond Babe of all time. It won't be easy. Not only are these gals armed, legged, and dangerous (beware the harpoons!), they also have distractingly raunchy names and wardrobes that defy common sense.

You haven't seen all 19 Bond flicks? Not to worry: We've prepared a mini-dossier on each Bond Babe who made the finals in our preliminary (slightly drunken) judging. In true 007 fashion, your mission isn't all work and no reward: If you send your ballot in by March 15, 1998, you might win 007's Omega watch, an Alpine CD player for your car, or a Complete Bond Video Library!

See sweepstakes details on page 63.





"One more word outta you and I'll uproot this tree!"

FATIMA BLUSH

NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN (1983)

Bond Babe brief: The exotic vixen who tries alternately to kill and to screw 007 before getting blown to smithereens by Bond's miniature-missile-launching pen

Played by: Nicaraguan-born Barbara Carrera

Points in her favor: Wears hot nurse's uniform with matching white garter belt. Performs acrobatic water-skiing moves wearing a red thong. Holds her own in a high-speed chase.

Points against: The rest of her wardrobe evokes Joan Collins on *Dynasty*. Her accent evokes Speedy Gonzalez. *Never* wasn't made by the series' longstanding production team, so it isn't considered a "real" Bond film.

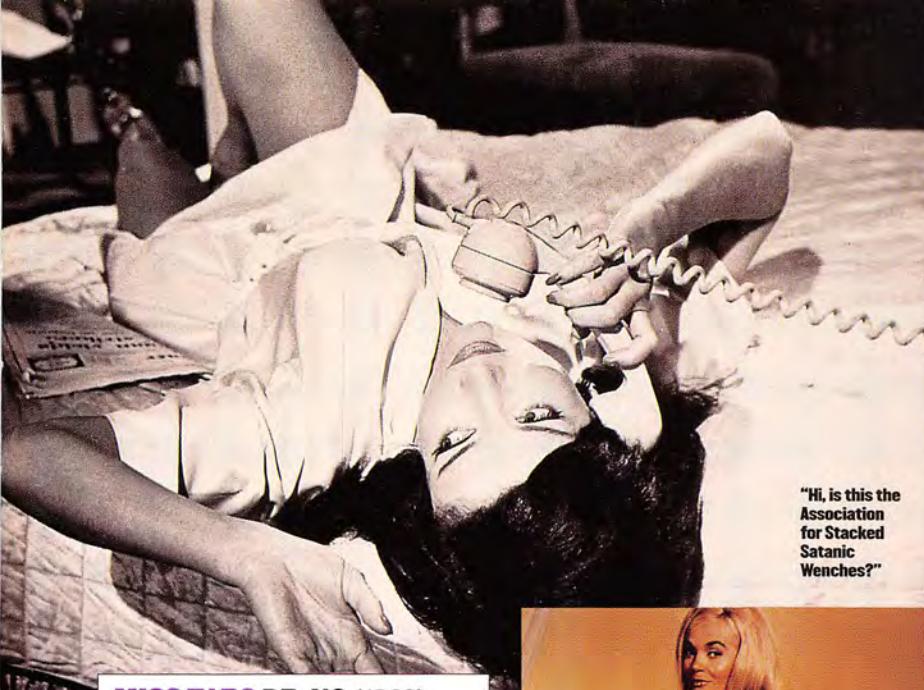
Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 46 minutes, 7 seconds

Bonus points: Has a mighty impressive ego: Holds Bond at gunpoint while insisting he write a letter declaring she was his best lay ever.

Inspirational quote: "Spread your legs."



"Vat do you mean I've got 'bed-head'?"



MISS TARO DR. NO (1962)

Bond Babe brief: The exotic, file-stealing double agent disguised as a shapely secretary that James juices in Jamaica

Played by: Kenyan-born Zena Marshall
Points in her favor: Puts out on the first date. Packs a double whammy in her tight pink shiny frock. Gives new meaning to the phrase *taking shorthand*.

Points against: Underestimates Bond by assuming that her hired guns can waste him. Is overly feisty and prissy ("Watch out—my nail varnish!")

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 58 minutes, 42 seconds

Bonus points: We suspect it was Miss Taro's deeply nasty character that provoked the Vatican to officially deplore the film's moral standpoint.

Inspirational quote: "I like cooking!"

"Hi, is this the Association for Stacked Satanic Wenches?"



JILL MASTERSON GOLDFINGER (1964)

Bond Babe brief: The gal who helps Goldfinger cheat at cards at a swanky Miami hotel. Winds up dead, covered in gold spray paint, but only after a little secret servicing from Bond.

Played by: Starlet Shirley Eaton (who was suffering from flu at the time)

Points in her favor: Is moral-free. Lets Bond sleep with her promptly. Remains an enduring 24k sex symbol, though she is on-screen less than four minutes.

Points against: Doesn't know that Dom Pérignon mustn't be drunk above 38°F. Is too big to be turned into jewelry.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 13 minutes, 52 seconds

Bonus points: The image of Eaton's gilded corpse made the cover of *Life* magazine.

Inspirational quote: "You're like no other man I've ever met."



AKI YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE (1967)

Bond Babe brief: The slinky Japanese agent working out of the Secret Service's Tokyo office who's assigned to protect Bond by whatever means necessary

Played by: Akiko Wakabayashi, a staple of cheapie Japanese spy flicks

Points in her favor: She's athletic and sultry, gives great massage, and maneuvers sports cars like a demon. Best of all, with impeccable Asian politeness, she dies for our hero by drinking the poison meant for him. What devotion!

Points against: Substandard Bond Girl moniker. Why not go with something like Touchi Mawawa or Plenty Ficky-Fick?

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 34 minutes, 15 seconds

Bonus points: Her 35-231/2-35 figure

Inspirational quote: "I think I will enjoy very much serving under you."



TATIANA ROMANOVA FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (1963)

Bond Babe brief: The Soviet sex kitten who's instructed to find Bond and do whatever he wants—thereby unwittingly sabotaging her own country!

Played by: Italian Daniela Bianchi, a Miss Universe runner-up

Points in her favor: After she sleeps with Bond, she wants to have sex with him "all the time." Enjoys modeling lingerie. Bravely endures the mind games (and caresses) of Russian ultra-dyke Rosa Klebb.

Points against: Listless. Dopey—allows herself to be drugged. Unintelligible—her lines had to be dubbed by a British actress.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 51 minutes

Bonus points: Bianchi also appeared in the Italian film *Operation Double 007* (1967), starring Sean Connery's shameless younger brother Neil.

Inspirational quote: (Attempting to explain a decoder) "The mechanism is...oh, James, James...will you make love to me all the time?"

OCTOPUSSY

OCTOPUSSY (1983)

Bond Babe brief: The gorgeous, fabulously wealthy jewelry smuggler with her own luxurious island and all kinds of curvaceous help to run it

Played by: Swedish actress/model Maud Adams

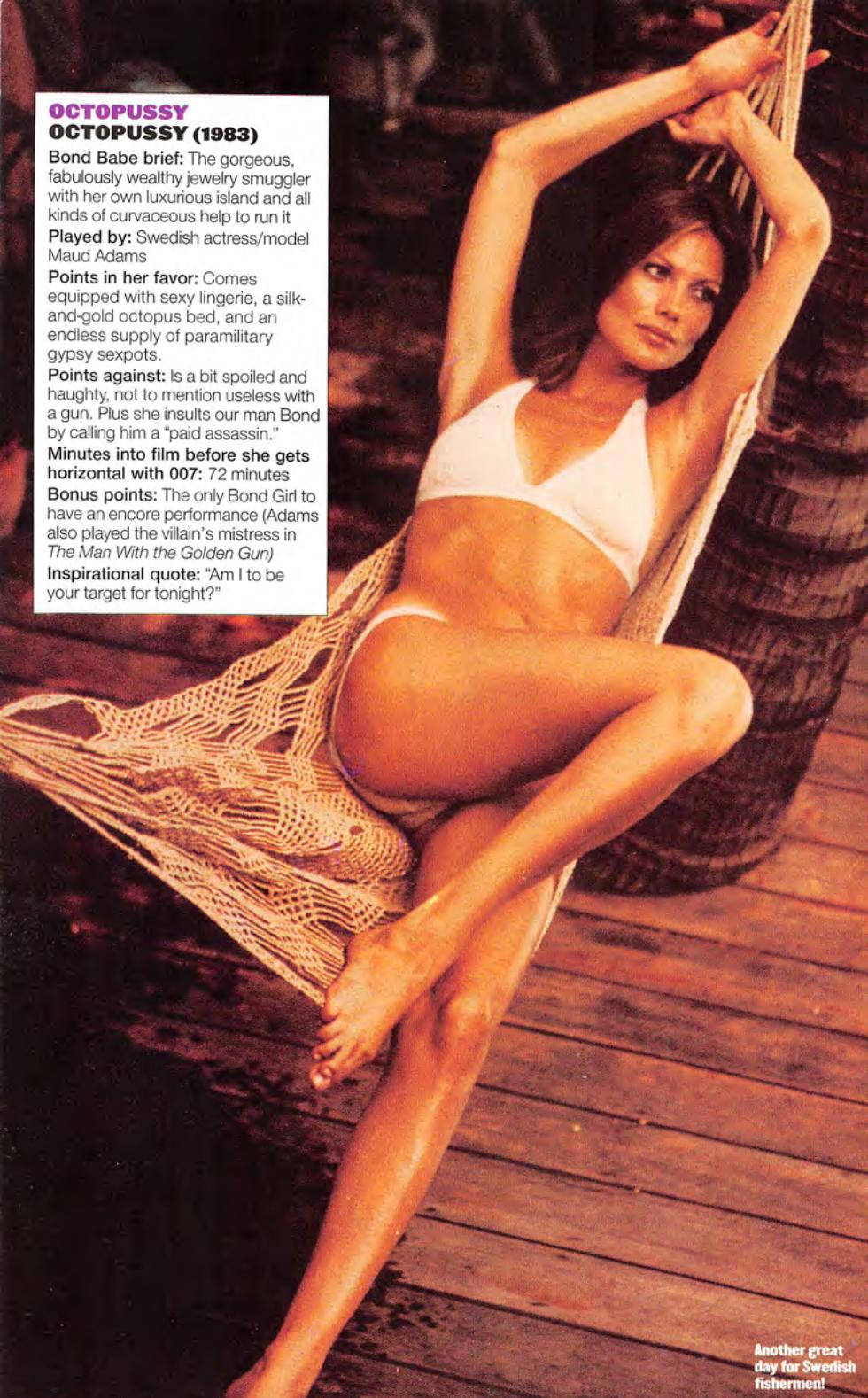
Points in her favor: Comes equipped with sexy lingerie, a silk-and-gold octopus bed, and an endless supply of paramilitary gypsy sexpots.

Points against: Is a bit spoiled and haughty, not to mention useless with a gun. Plus she insults our man Bond by calling him a "paid assassin."

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 72 minutes

Bonus points: The only Bond Girl to have an encore performance (Adams also played the villain's mistress in *The Man With the Golden Gun*)

Inspirational quote: "Am I to be your target for tonight?"



Another great day for Swedish fishermen!

TIFFANY CASE

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER (1971)

Bond Babe brief: The slutty, practically naked diamond smuggler who assists Ernst Blofeld, cat lover and builder of genocidal satellites

Played by: Jill St. John, actress and future author of *The Jill St. John Cookbook*

Points in her favor: Shows more cleavage than the San Andreas fault. Conducts business meetings in see-through lingerie. Waits quietly on beds for Bond to return.

Points against: A dizzying number of wigs and costume changes distract attention from her own priceless gems.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 40 min., 2 sec.

Bonus points: Unlike her foreign predecessors, St. John, the first American Bond Girl, was able to deliver her own dialogue coherently.

Inspirational quote: "I don't dress for the hired help."



XENIA ONATOPP

GOLDENEYE (1995)

Bond Babe brief: The lusty Russian rebel who, when not thieving high-end military weapons, enthusiastically crushes men to death between her mighty thighs

Played by: Dutch actress Famke Janssen

Points in her favor: In the sack, gives and receives pain with identical grunts of pleasure. Has a pair of legs that could crack a coconut.

Points against: Wants to pulverize all men. Commits the cardinal sin of not having sex with Bond (just as well, all things considered).

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 68 minutes (dry humping only)

Bonus points: *Famke* is Frisian for "little girl." **Inspirational quote:** (Attacking Bond by the pool for a bout of her trademark rough sex) "You think you can break me?"

Are you looking for your pet ostrich?



For an interview with our cover girl, Famke, see page 96



COMTESSA TERESA DI VENCENZO

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE (1969)

Bond Babe brief: The reckless, imperious Mafioso's daughter whom 007 marries in the series' formula-busting sixth film.

Played by: Avengers star Diana Rigg

Points in her favor: Is noble yet nubile. Intrigues 007 enough to make him say the L-word. Unknowingly enters a stock-car derby—and wins!

Points against: Her excess braininess makes Bond seem dimwitted. Robs 007 of his swinging bachelorhood. Delivers snippy ultimatums.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 100 minutes

Bonus points: Gets shot by a lesbian on her wedding day!

Inspirational quote: "Teresa was a saint. I'm known as Tracy."

HONEY RIDER DR. NO (1962)

Bond Babe brief: The tough but naive orphan who emerges from the sea with a knife strapped to her bikini bottom in the film that kicks off the series

Played by: Swiss-born creature Ursula Andress

Points in her favor: Fairly low-maintenance, as she never went to school (but has read through T in the encyclopedial). Is willing to have sex outdoors. Loses her pants in an unusually daring escape.

Points against: Says the word *no* to Bond five times. Doesn't put out until the final scene. High gullibility factor: Believes in dragons.

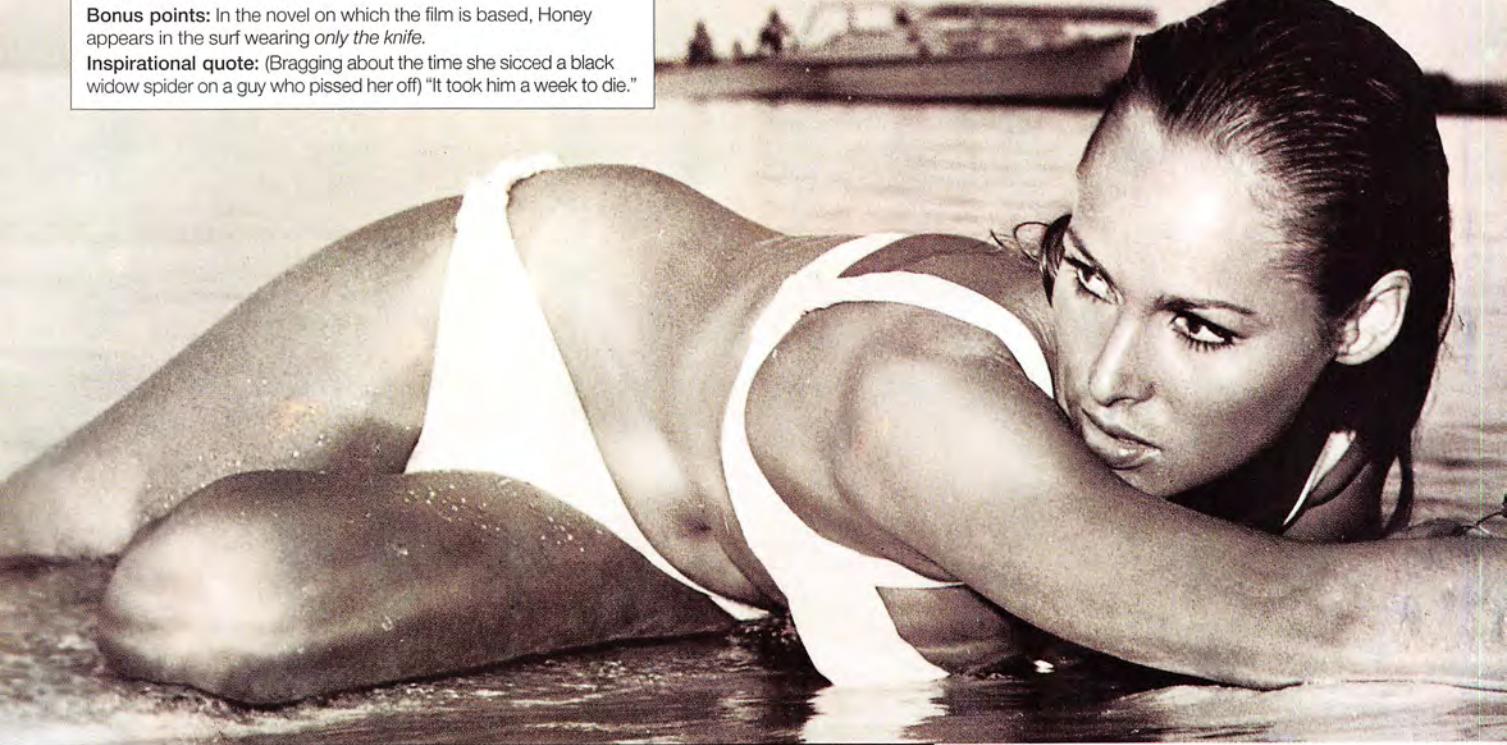
Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 102 minutes, 2 seconds

Bonus points: In the novel on which the film is based, Honey appears in the surf wearing *only the knife*.

Inspirational quote: (Bragging about the time she sicced a black widow spider on a guy who pissed her off) "It took him a week to die."



"Boobs...too... heavy! Can't... raise...body!"



fecting the
active
d Girl
h-up

LUPE LAMORA LICENCE TO KILL (1989)

Bond Babe brief: The bad guy's abused gal-pal, who falls hard for 007 and double-crosses her main man

Played by: Model/actress Talisa Soto

Points in her favor: Smoulders steamingly. Befriends reptiles. Wriggles on beds in teensy red outfits. Says very very little.

Points against: When she pipes up, she does so in a grumpy mall-rat monotone, as if heavily sedated. Gets dumped by Bond. Her saggy boobs underscore her low self-esteem.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 96 minutes, 35 seconds

Bonus points: Soto is currently starring in *Mortal Kombat: Annihilation*.

Inspirational quote: (Stating the obvious) "You could stay here with me!"



DOMINO DERAL THUNDERBALL (1965)

Bond Babe brief: The cagey cutie kept as eye candy by shark-loving villain Largo

Played by: Former Miss France Claudine Auger

Points in her favor: Can make love underwater. Keeps Bond on his toes with her sassy, full-lipped mouth. Efficiently dumps her lover with a Dear John harpoon.

Points against:

Sleeps with the man who murdered her flyboy brother. Gets caught using Geiger counter, leading Largo to threaten her with a "fire and ice" torture.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 93 minutes, 50 seconds

Bonus points: At least two. Seems Julie Christie was originally slated for the role, but rumor has it that producer Cubby Broccoli found Julie's chest unfulfilling.

Inspirational quote: "What sharp little eyes you've got." (Bond: "Wait till you get to my teeth.")





MELINA HAVELOCK FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (1981)

Bond Babe brief: The stuffy, stuck-up archeologist determined to avenge her parents' murders—with a little help from our man Bond

Played by: Frenchie actress Carole Bouquet

Points in her favor: Has *amazing* legs, and the common decency to wear a thin white T-shirt when being thrown into the ocean. Saves Bond's life (doesn't everyone?).

Points against: Spends most of the movie pissed off and hardly even flirts with Bond until near the end.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: A painful 118 minutes

Bonus points: Inspired the famous movie poster of Bond firing a gun between a monumental pair of muscular female legs.

Inspirational quote: (Slipping out of her robe) "For your eyes only, darling." It's a shame Roger Moore (then 54) had forgotten his bifocals.

ANYA AMASOVA THE SPY WHO LOVED ME (1977)

Bond Babe brief: The Soviets' top spy, Agent XXX, who joins forces with Bond to infiltrate Karl Stromberg's evil oceanic hideout

Played by: Former model Barbara Bach

Points in her favor: Smart. Tough. Fights as effectively in a low-cut evening gown as Bond does in a tux. Lives up to her triple-X rating. Saves 007's life.

Points against: Becomes a pushy pain in the ass when she's riding in the passenger seat of Bond's submarine Lotus. Her bulgy eyes suggest a thyroid problem.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 60 minutes, 30 seconds

Bonus points: Bach went on to marry Starr...Ringo Starr.

Inspirational quote: "Why don't you lie down and let me look at it?"



"E.T... phone home!
E.T... phone home!"

MAY DAY A VIEW TO A KILL (1985)

Bond Babe brief: The Amazonian mutant working for Zorin, the psychotic, pale-faced industrialist bent on destroying Silicon Valley

Played by: Frightening '80s disco diva Grace Jones

Points in her favor: Practices martial arts in a thong and leather boots. Succumbs to one of the quickest seductions of Bond's illustrious career. Does it on top. Says little. Saves the entire computer industry.

Points against: Her hard, flat body is, well, hard and flat. The Arsenio Hall coif is a definite turn-off.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 43 minutes, 45 seconds

Bonus points: The irrepressible Jones once slugged a British talk-show host on the air.

Inspirational quote: (Commenting on her deathly silent lovemaking style) "What's there to say?"



Bond Girl
shown slightly
smaller than
actual size



HOLLY GOODHEAD MOONRAKER (1979)

Bond Babe brief:
The monotone-voiced astro-physicist, NASA

astronaut, and undercover CIA agent who crosses paths with 007 while trying to prevent deadly celestial orbs from wiping out mankind

Played by: Tall Texan Lois Chiles

Points in her favor: Is upwardly mobile. Unbeknownst to the rest of the world, was the first woman in space. Can fly a space shuttle and enjoys having sex in a gravity-free environment.

Points against: Her looks aren't in the same league as her brain. Lab smocks and astronaut garb obstruct a good look at her orbs.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 51 minutes, 51 seconds

Bonus points: Chiles, who got the part by sitting next to a Bond-film producer on a plane, went on to play J.R.'s evil nemesis on *Dallas*.

Inspirational quote: (Embracing Bond) "Could this be the right moment to pool our resources?"



SOLITAIRE LIVE AND LET DIE (1973)

Bond Babe brief: The foxy—yet—virginal tarot-card reader who uses her psychic powers to help drug lord Kananga outwit Bond
Played by: Jane Seymour, known gratingly to '90s audiences for her starring role in *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*

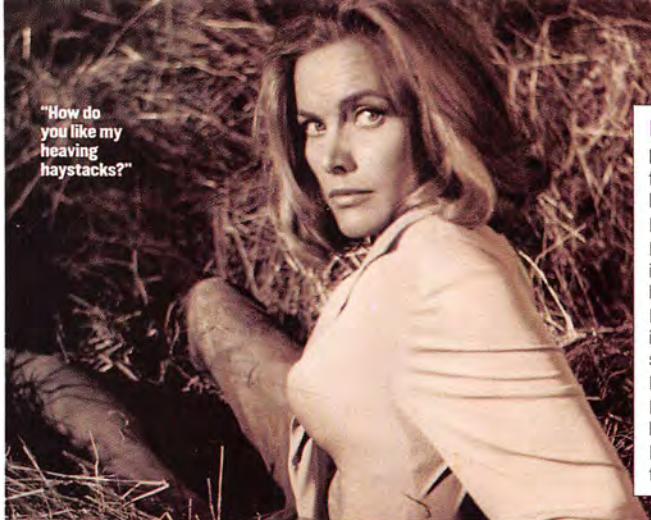
Points in her favor: Has cool supernatural skills. Shuffles well. Reveals cleavage while revealing the future. Once Bond pops her cherry—robbing her of her powers—she becomes pleasingly sex-crazed.

Points against: After being deflowered, she lets herself be sealed in a Hide-A-Bed. Travels in a Pimpmobile. Makes annoying mystical pronouncements such as "He comes over water!"

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 48 minutes, 15 seconds

Bonus points: Seymour was born Joyce Frankenberger, yet soldiered on.

Inspirational quote: (To Bond in bed, post-despoilment) "For the first time in my life, I feel like a complete woman!"



"How do you like my heaving haystacks?"

PUSSY GALORE GOLDFINGER (1964)

Bond Babe brief: The high-flying bad girl who's training a band of top-heavy female pilots to release a deadly gas over Fort Knox—until a roll in the hay with Bond brings her to her senses

Played by: British actress Honor Blackman (a seasoned 39 at the time)

Points in her favor: Combines the manners of a Southern belle with raw killer instinct. Speaks in a deep, throaty purr. Has the smuttiest name in Bond Girl history. (It was nearly changed to "Kitty" by nervous producers.)

Points against: Although Pussy's an ace pilot with good fighting skills, her limited knowledge of guns is a serious shortcoming in an aspiring assassin. We see no skin.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 86 minutes, 2 seconds

Bonus points: In the original Fleming novel, Galore was actually the leader of a lesbian gang.

Inspirational quote: "You can turn off the charm; I'm immune." (Turns out not to be the case.)



PAM BOUVIER LICENCE TO KILL (1989)

Bond Babe brief: The gun-toting CIA agent who teams up with Double-O to foil a drug lord with really bad skin

Played by: Carey Lowell,

a 5'10" Ralph Lauren model

Points in her favor: Is ballsy but obedient. Leaves rooms by blowing huge holes in walls, yet fetches Bond martinis; converts evening gowns to miniskirts with one swift rip; can honk speedboat horns with her ass.

Points against: Adopts geometric Sheena Easton hairdo; frequently dresses like a secretary on safari, in dismal beige clothing and sensible shoes; her freakishly broad shoulders suggest heavy steroid use.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 123 minutes, 57 seconds

Bonus points: Permits herself to be seduced by Wayne Newton for mankind's greater good.

Inspirational quote: "Relax! It's a bullet-proof vest. This Kevlar's great!!"

KARA MILOVY

THE LIVING DAY-LIGHTS (1987)



Bond Babe brief: The sexy, cello-playing defector who heroically follows Bond wherever he goes

Played by: Maryam d'Abo, who went on to star in *Leon the Pig Farmer* and other, um, classics

Points in her favor: Has the button nose, stunning smile, and bouncy hair that officially classify her as "perky." As a cellist, is used to spreading her legs.

Points against: Her tiresome attachment to her cello almost gets them both killed; she drugs Bond, allowing villains to nab him; she shows very little skin, even when she and Bond finally get it on.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 61 minutes

Bonus points: D'Abo actually learned the cello for her role and performed her own cello-related stunts (e.g., riding cello case down icy hill to escape villains).

Inspirational quote: "All I can think of is how we would be together." (Bond: "Don't think. Just let it happen.")



PARIS CARVER TOMORROW NEVER DIES (1997)

Bond Babe brief: The shapely wife of evil media magnate Elliot Carter (Jonathan Pryce, a.k.a. that Brit who kept trying to sell you *Infiniti*). She shares an illicit past with Bond which, naturally, has to be rekindled.

Played by: Teri Hatcher, best known as Lois Lane in the now defunct ABC series *Lois & Clark* and the woman whose "spectacular" breasts make Jerry deeply suspicious in a cherished *Seinfeld* episode

Points for/against: As release schedules would have it, we weren't able to pre-judge Hatcher's character. Though the buzz from test audiences was pretty foul, see the movie and decide for yourself whether Paris burns or sputters out.

"Are you ready to see my 'special' stunt?"



"Wanna watch 'Ellen' tonight?"



ROSA KLEBB FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (1963)

Bond Babe brief: The haggard super-lesbo who conspires with Ernst Blofeld to snag a decoder.

Played by: Singer Lotte Lenya

Points in her favor: Orders Tatiana Romanova to "do anything [Bond] says." Tries to stab J.B. with a cool venom-coated blade on the front of her shoe.

Points against: Just that she's mean, old, ugly, and not at all interested in men.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: Only thing she does horizontally is die.

Bonus points: Slugs an agent to test his moxie.

Inspirational quote: (Admiring Tatiana) "Turn around. You are a fine-looking girl."

CAST YOUR VOTE!

Complete this ballot and get it to us before March 15, 1998, and you'll be eligible for the official *Maxim* Bond Girl Sweepstakes draw. Check out the booty!

Grand Prize: The Omega Seamaster professional diver watch (as worn by Bond in *Tomorrow Never Dies*). Value: \$1,750



Grand Prize: 007's watch!

Second Prize: An Alpine CD Player/Receiver for your car with 4-channel amplifier and coaxial 2-way speakers. Value: \$1,100



Second Prize: Tunes to go!

Runners-up: Three (3) lucky readers will score a Complete Bond Video Library to bone up at home. Value: \$150.

My vote for Best Bond Girl Ever is:

My vote for Worst Bond Girl Ever is:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

Phone _____

E-mail Address _____

Mail your ballot to: **MAXIM** Bond Girl Sweepstakes, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018. Or fax it to: (212) 302-2635. The results of the voting will be published in an upcoming issue.



STACEY SUTTON A VIEW TO A KILL (1985)

Bond Babe brief: The ingénue geologist and oil heiress who finds herself entangled in Zorin's plans

Played by: Tanya Roberts, one of *Charlie's* last-dregs Angels

Points in her favor: Is quick to don a negligee, break family heirlooms on Bond's behalf, and shed layers of clothing while fleeing bad guys.

Points against: Faints at inopportune moments, burdening Bond with her limp albeit well-formed body.

Minutes into film before she gets horizontal with 007: 122 minutes, 3 seconds.

Bonus points: Roberts was the first choice to star opposite Dudley Moore in *10* (the Bo Derek role).

Inspirational quote: "Do you know what I'm sitting on?"

WAI LIN TOMORROW NEVER DIES (1997)

Bond Babe brief: Bond's tough-as-nails ally, who brings him safely through danger after danger in the latest Pierce Brosnan-era flick

Played by: Michelle Yeoh, Jackie Chan's little and lethal, ah, sidekick in movies such as *Drunken Master*. A bizarrely agile martial arts expert, she often leaves us stupefied (she's the only gal Chan's allowed to perform her own stunts). She's also a former Miss Malaysia and one of *People's* 50 Most Beautiful People of 1997.

Points for/against: We were unable to preview her performance at press time, so you'll have to tally up the pros and cons yourself. Rumor has it that the Wai Lin character was an overwhelming fave with test audiences, beating out 007 himself.

OFFICIAL RULES - NO PURCHASE REQUIRED
HOW TO ENTER: To qualify, fill in the ballot entry form and mail it to MAXIM Bond Contest, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Floor, New York, NY 10018. You may enter as many times as you like, as long as you fill out the MAXIM Bond Girl Sweepstakes ballot on each entry. You may send as many entries as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 15, 1998. MAXIM Magazine reserves the right to disqualify any entry.

WINNER SELECTION: Winners will be selected by MAXIM Magazine in random drawings conducted by the staff. Odds of winning are determined by the number of eligible entries received.

ELIGIBILITY: Open to residents of the United States and Canada, 18 years of age or older, except employees of MAXIM Magazine, the MAXIM Publishing Organization, companies that owns the James Bond name and film rights, their respective parent, companies, subsidiaries, affiliates, and their advertising and production agencies, are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws regulation of the MAXIM Sweepstakes and contest will govern.

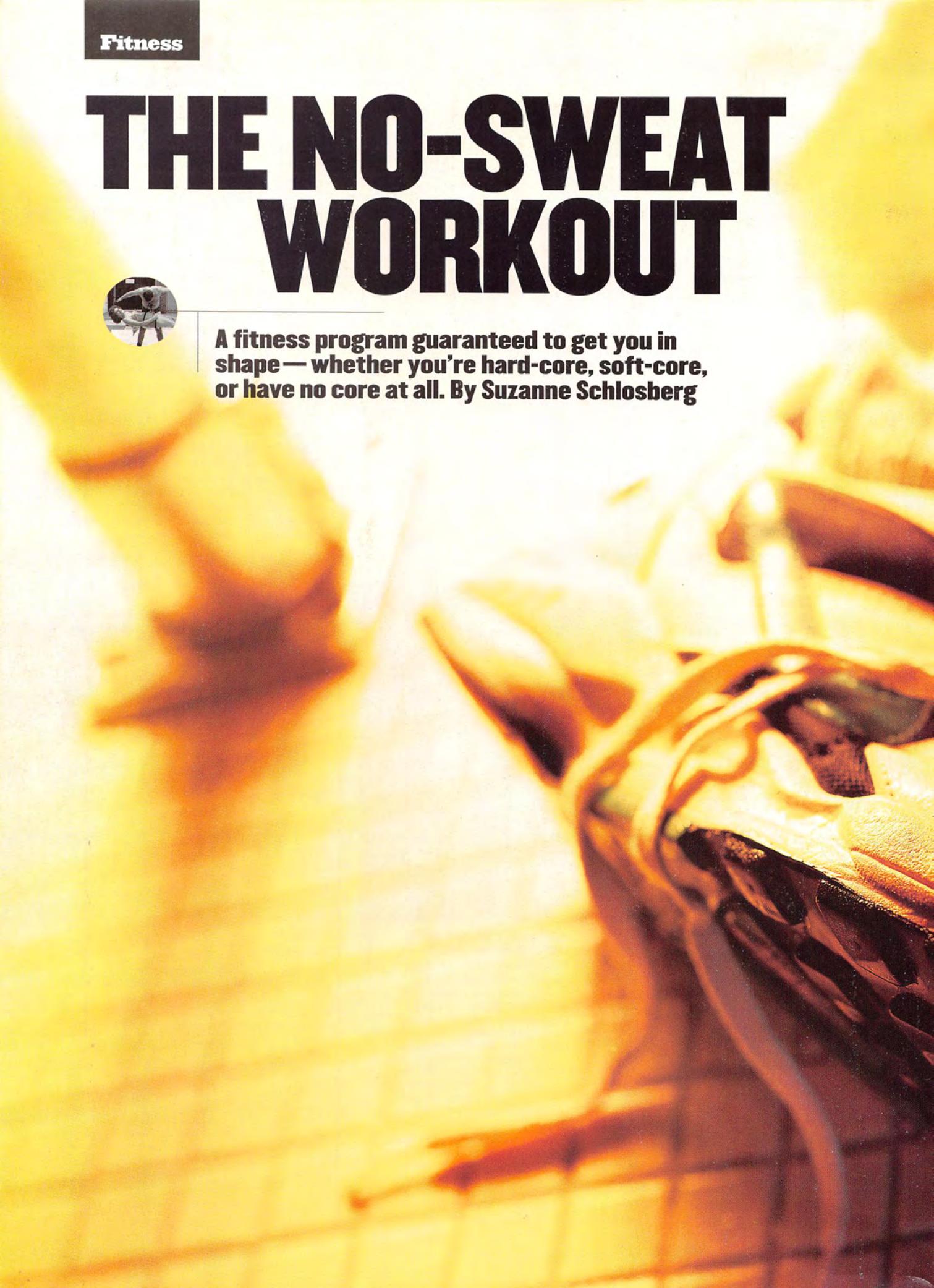
PRIZES/VALUES: Prizes consist of a grand prize, an Omega Seamaster Watch; a second prize, an Alpine CD Player; and third prizes, each consisting of one complete James Bond Video Library Set. Maximum value of total prizes to be awarded, \$1,750.00. Unclaimed prizes will not be awarded. No duplicate winners.

DISCLAIMER: Winners will be required to execute and return an affidavit of eligibility and release within 21 days of date of notification or alternative winners will be selected. Except where prohibited, winners agree to use their names and likenesses in connection with the MAXIM Sweepstakes and MAXIM Magazine. MAXIM Magazine and Judging Organization from all liability regarding prizes awarded. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winners. **WINNERS LIST:** For the name of the first prize winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: MAXIM Magazine by June 30, 1998 (Vermont and Washington residents and any other states where prohibited by law may omit stamp).

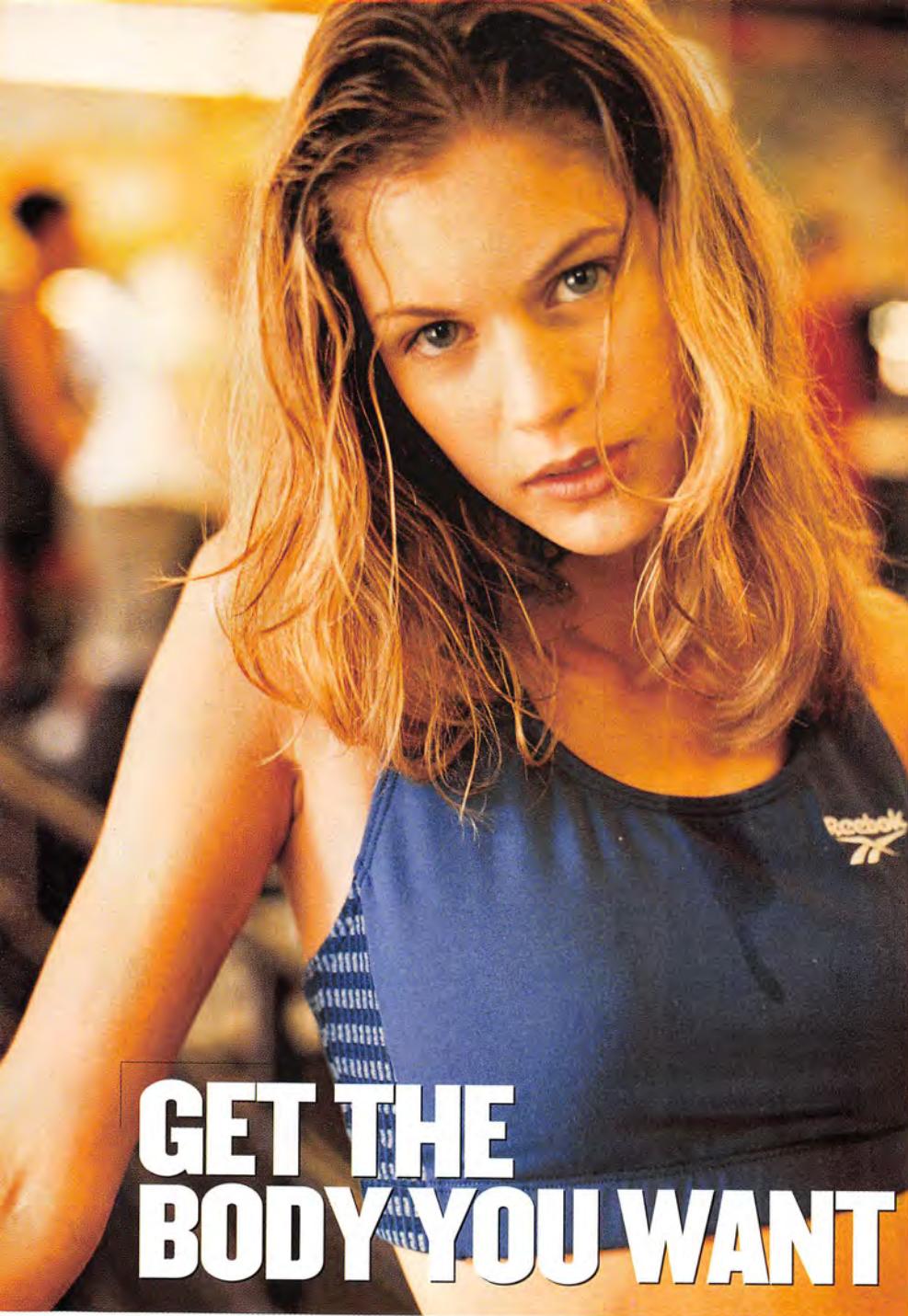
THE NO-SWEAT WORKOUT



A fitness program guaranteed to get you in shape — whether you're hard-core, soft-core, or have no core at all. By Suzanne Schlosberg





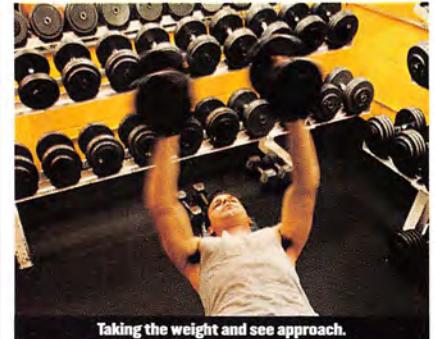


GET THE BODY YOU WANT

How do most guys usher in the new year? With a handful of aspirin and a pair of resolutions: "I'll never mix Cuervo and gin again" and "This year, I'll get back in shape." The result of number two, of course, is the annual six-week health kick.

Let's just say, for argument's sake, that you're going to take that resolution seriously this year. Let's say you're going to train hard, trim your fat, boost your energy, and add a few hours to your life. Nothing wrong with lofty goals, but let's be real here: You're not going to spend 12 hours a week in a skanky gym to achieve them. You've got more important things to do—places to go, beer to drink, sleep to sleep.

Which is why we've developed the Get-Fit Workout, a routine that will give you a firm body with just two short weight sessions a week and a couple of half-hours on the cardio machines. The Get-Fit Workout will do the job because we've chosen exercises that work your muscles efficiently. We've also included two extreme routines: for those who are truly, madly, deeply committed to a rock-hard bod, the Get-Huge Workout; and for guys who think this whole fitness thing is bound to blow over, the Get-a-Beer Workout. The usual advice—check with your doc before you get near a gym—applies.



Taking the weight and see approach.

CHEST

THE GET-HUGE WORKOUT

Bench press: 4 sets (12, 10, 8, and 6 reps)

Incline press: 2 sets (10 and 8 reps)

Cable crossover: 3 sets (10, 8, and 6 reps)

THE GET-FIT WORKOUT

Chest fly: 3 sets (10, 8, and 6 reps)

The fly is the perfect chest workout because it isolates the pecs; the traditional bench press, on the other hand, allows your triceps to support some of the weight. What's more, flies don't require a spotter, so you don't have to waste precious time piling on weight plates, watching your partner grunt, and waiting for him to finish his set. Just grab a pair of dumbbells, and lie



with your back on a bench and your feet flat on the floor. Press the weights directly over your chest, palms facing each other, elbows

slightly bent. Maintaining that bend, spread your arms, lowering the weights until your elbows are just below your shoulders. Now lift the dumbbells back up, imagining—briefly—that Rosie O'Donnell is lying on your chest and you're hugging her.

THE GET-A-BEER WORKOUT

The stereo fly: 2 sets (3, 3 reps)

Stand in front of your stereo cabinet, with your feet flat on the floor, eyes straight ahead. Stretch both arms in front of you but be careful not to lock them out. Your arms should be parallel to the floor, palms facing each other. Open the doors wide, so your arms form a 120-degree angle. With left and right hands, adjust treble and bass. Then, with a smooth, controlled



motion, close the doors. Take a long, deep breath; try not to overexert yourself. (A pulled pectoral muscle could have you listening to the same CD for six weeks.) Repeat exercise every 45 minutes, or when the CD is done.



For beefy biceps, belly-up to the bar.

BICEPS

THE GET-HUGE WORKOUT

Barbell biceps curl: 2 sets: (10, 8)
Preacher curl: 2 sets (8, 6)

THE GET-FIT WORKOUT

Barbell biceps curl: 2 sets (8, 6)

The biceps are relatively small muscles, so they don't require a ton of attention. Biceps curls will give you a great set of guns mainly because this exercise forces you to use proper technique (tucking your elbows along your sides); other exercises let you cheat the weight up. Hold a barbell with both hands in an underhand grip; your hands should be shoulder-width apart. Let your arms hang so the bar is in front of your thighs. Stand tall with your abs pulled tight and your knees relaxed. With your elbows motionless, raise your arms to curl the bar almost—but not quite—up to your shoulders. Then *slowly* lower it nearly to the starting position. Letting the bar drop to your thighs like it's a sack of rocks will decrease the tension on the muscle. That's bad.

THE GET-A-BEER WORKOUT

12-ounce curl: 6 to 8 sets (15, 10)

Most men don't store muscle-obscuring fat on their arms, which is why the biceps respond well to weight training. The perfect exercise, of course, is the 12-ounce curl (TOC). For one thing, it's extremely versatile: It can be done



Back in action

standing or sitting, at home or away, bottle or can, domestic or imported. With your arm at a right angle, slowly lift the weight toward your lips. Your arm should be contracted; this will ensure that the target muscle is fully loaded. Maintain that pose for a count of three glugs. Note to beginners: Do not attempt a 16-ounce curl—or a pint glass—until you're confident in your form.

BACK

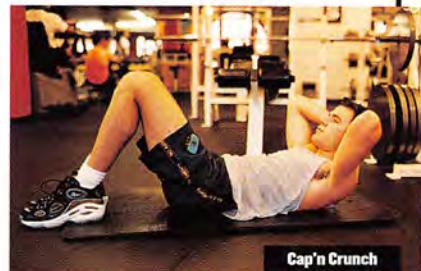
THE GET-HUGE WORKOUT

Pull-up: 2 sets (15, 10)
Lat pull-down: 3 sets (10, 8, 6)
Seated cable row: 3 sets (10, 8, 6)

THE GET-FIT WORKOUT

Lat pull-down: 3 sets (10, 8, 6)

Who needs a back wider than a barn door? Three sets of the lat pull-down will work your lat muscles as well as the beef between your shoulder blades, giving you a bit of that V shape, and some



Cap'n Crunch

AB-SOLUTE EXERCISE

FACT: Doing ab exercises—zillions of them, even—will not make you go "from flab to abs," as those infomercials claim. Flab and abs are separate entities. Yes, abdominal exercises tone your ab muscles, but you'll only notice the results if you don't have layers of flab obstructing the view. Sorry: A low-fat diet is the key to a washboard stomach. Still, ab exercises can make you look better, mainly by improving your posture.



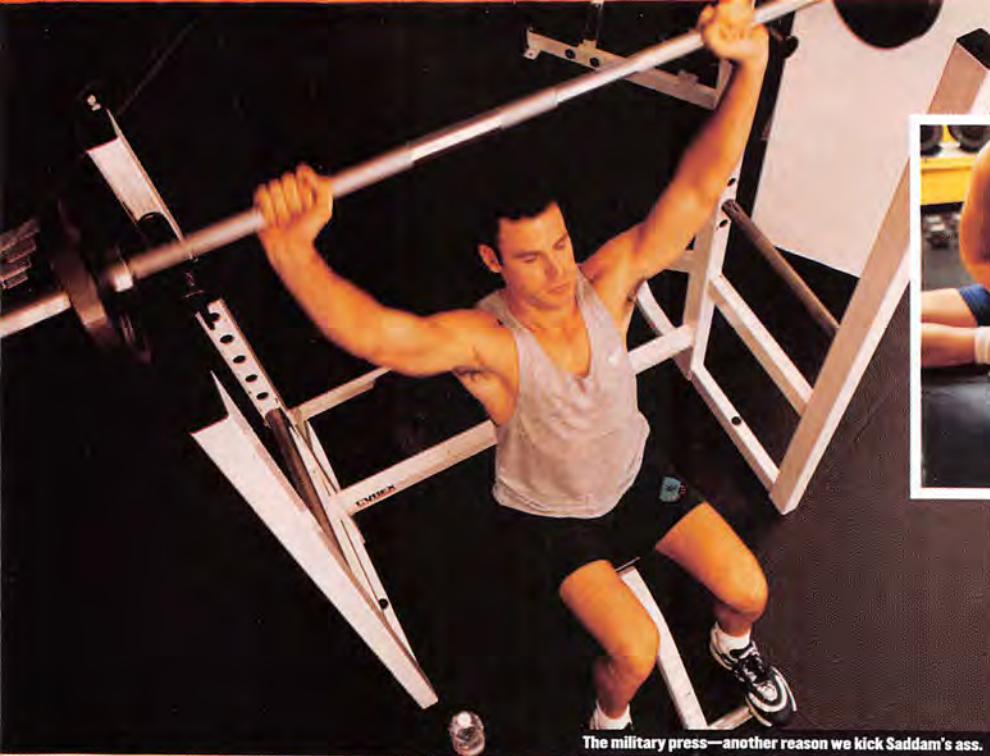
THE BASIC CRUNCH—the simplest and most complete ab workout around—will keep you plenty firm. Lie on your back with your knees bent, feet flat on the floor. Place your hands behind your head, but don't interlace your fingers. Keep your elbows out to the sides. Tighten your abs and curl up so your head, neck, and shoulder blades lift off the floor. Hold briefly, then slowly ease back down.

bulk, without sending you to the Big & Tall store for a new wardrobe. And the pull-down is easier to master than the pull-up. Grasp the bar with both hands in an overhand grip, and sit down. Lift your chest and lean back slightly. (Leaning way back will give you better leverage and allow you to lift more weight, but you won't isolate the back muscles.) In a fluid motion, pull the bar down to the top of your chest. Hold it there for a few seconds, then *slowly* let the bar up. Don't pull it behind your neck. Don't rock back and forth in an effort to yank down more weight than you can handle. The idea is to rely on muscle power, not momentum.

THE GET-A-BEER WORKOUT

Back extender: 1 set (1)

One long, low-rep set of back extenders, done religiously every weekend, should get your back in fighting shape. With the TV remote grasped firmly in your dominant hand, lie flat and fully extended on the couch. Your feet may dangle over the arm; you may also slide a pillow under your head. Take a deep breath, and stay there. Shift your position slightly every 20 minutes. Occasionally, you can shout "More Chee-tos!" into the other room. ▷



The military press—another reason we kick Saddam's ass.



Flexible hamstrings will help you down the stretch.

SHOULDERS

THE GET-HUGE WORKOUT

Military press: 2 sets (10, 8)
 Front raise: 2 sets (10, 8)
 Lateral raise: 2 sets (10, 8)

THE GET-FIT WORKOUT

Military press: 2 sets (10, 8)

Militaries work every muscle in your shoulder: the whole deltoid, not just the front, rear, or side angle. That's a claim few shoulder exercises can make. And just two sets a session will pack on plenty of meat. Sit on a bench that has back



10 REASONS TO LEAVE THE GYM EARLY

- ① 50 varieties of B.O.
- ② Naked women...in the shower next door...that you can't see.
- ③ Hairy guys with fake tans
- ④ Having to look at your sorry ass from every imaginable angle
- ⑤ Having to sit/lie in other people's sweat.
- ⑥ Fat guys grunting
- ⑦ Muscleheads have horrible taste in music.
- ⑧ You say Snickers. They say Nature Bar.
- ⑨ Every guy wants to know what you're benching.
- ⑩ Every woman sees what you're benching.



support and a barbell set on stanchions higher than your chest. Lift the bar off the safety rack in an overhand grip and slowly press it up. Then lower it toward the top of your chest until your elbows are just below your shoulders. Lower the bar behind your neck, and your shoulder joints may never forgive you.

THE GET-A-BEER WORKOUT

Point-shrug superset: 2 sets (14, 14)

The point-shrug superset not only works the entire range of muscle fiber in the shoulder, but efficiently targets the deltoid as well. Sit in front of the TV set, watching your favorite team. When the ref makes a shitty call, lift your arm and point vigorously at the screen. Look straight at the ref, raise your voice slightly, and say, "Are you fuckin' blind?" and then shrug your shoulders.

TRICEPS

THE GET-HUGE WORKOUT

French press: 2 sets (10, 8)
 Rope press-down: 2 sets (8, 6)

THE GET-FIT WORKOUT

Rope press-down: 2 sets (8, 6)

Beefy triceps are key: You've gotta give a girl something to grab when you take her to see *Scream II*. The rope press-down will do the trick because it allows you to extend your triceps further, and in a wider range of motion, than bar-based exercises. And since it's performed on a cable-and-pulley system, it doesn't require time-wasting setup. Standing with your feet parallel, grasp the rope attachment. With your elbows bent at a right angle, pull the attach-

ment down until your forearms are parallel to the floor. Keeping your elbows close to your waist, push the rope down, cock your wrists, and spread your hands a few inches apart. Hold it there for a few seconds. Still keeping your elbows by your side, let the rope rise slowly until your forearms are slightly above parallel to the ground.

THE GET-A-BEER WORKOUT

The clicker put-down: 4 sets (20, 20, 20, 20)

The key to building defined, lean muscle on your triceps is low-weight, high-rep exercise. Sit in front of the TV, with a pretty good show on. Use the remote control to change the channel to ESPN. With your elbow tucked against your side, put the clicker down on the coffee table. This should be a smooth motion; don't rely on momentum. When ESPN breaks for a commercial, pick up the clicker, feel the resistance in your arm, and search for *Simpsons* reruns. Again, put the clicker back down on the table. Repeat every 15 seconds.

GLUTES AND THIGHS

THE GET-HUGE WORKOUT

Lunge: 3 sets (12, 10, 8)
 Leg press: 3 sets (10, 8, 6)
 Leg extension: 2 sets (10, 8)
 Leg curl: 3 sets (12, 10, 8)

THE GET-FIT WORKOUT

Split lunge: 2 sets (10, 8)
 Leg press: 2 sets (10, 8)
 Leg curl: 2 sets (10, 8)

When you have a hefty, chiseled upper body but don't do any leg work, you look like an ostrich. Fortunately, it takes less than 10 minutes to do a decent butt-and-thigh workout. The split lunge targets your butt, quads, and hamstrings—with the emphasis on your butt—and takes less coordination than the traditional lunge. Holding a barbell across your shoulders and behind your neck, stand with one leg a stride's

length in front of the other. Bend both knees and lower your body so that your front thigh is parallel to the floor and your back heel is lifted. Now press back up, straightening your legs.

The leg press machine hits the same muscles as the split lunge but emphasizes the quads. Set the machine so your knees are bent at 90 degrees. Pressing through your heels, raise your torso, pushing the platform until your legs are straight but not locked. Bend your knees and slowly lower the weight—but not so far that your knees shoot in front of your toes.

Kicking yourself in the ass may not be your favorite activity, but it's one helluva good way to shape the backs of your legs. The leg curl machine is also the *only* way to isolate your hamstrings. Lie face down on the bench. Grasp the handles, flex your feet, and lift the ankle bar until your calves are perpendicular to the floor.

Then slowly lower it until your legs are straight.

THE GET-A-BEER WORKOUT

The big-snack lunge: 2 sets (3, 3)



The quads, hams, and glutes are among the body's largest muscles. They need serious, undivided attention. The big-snack lunge works all three simultaneously and gives you a cardio pump as well. Stand in front of an open refrigerator. Squat down. Reach in, and with palms facing inward, pull out ingredients to make the biggest sandwich of your life: jars of mustard and mayo, a loaf of bread, roast beef, an onion, tomato, pickles, two kinds of cheese, oil, and vinegar. Cradling all of it in one arm, reach for a knife and plate with the other. Stand up. When the jar of mayo falls toward the floor, lunge quickly—right leg out in front, right arm extended over it—and attempt a save.

CARDIO

THE GET-HUGE WORKOUT

5 days: 30–45 minutes each day

Day 1: Stairclimber, 45 minutes

Day 2: Treadmill, 30 minutes

Day 3: Stationary bike, 45 minutes

Day 4: Stairclimber, 30 minutes

Day 5: Treadmill, 30 minutes

THE GET-FIT WORKOUT

3 days: 30 minutes each day

Day 1: Stairclimber, 15 minutes; stationary bike, 15 minutes

Day 2: 30 minutes on your favorite machine (broken up as follows: 5 minutes warm-up; 20 minutes of intervals—2 minutes hard, 3 minutes moderate to easy; 5 minutes cooldown) ▷

ANATOMY OF PAIN

"A lot of guys spend the holidays in bars, and then in January they go back to the gym balls-out and injure themselves," says Benjamin Gelfand, a physical therapist at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City and author, with Morton Dean, of the sports-injury manual *The Return to Glory Days*. Below, a head-to-toe rundown of common workout injuries, along with Gelfand's advice on how to prevent them.

NECK

► Injury: muscle strain, from improper form during shoulder and back exercises
► Prevention tip: When lifting, don't stress your neck by gritting your teeth or tightening your neck. Also, don't look up; keep your eyes focused straight ahead.

LOWER BACK

► Injury: muscle strain, usually due to improper weightlifting form or weak abs
► Prevention tip: When lifting, bend from your knees, tighten your abs, and hug the object to your body.

SHOULDERS

► Injury: rotator-cuff tendinitis, often the result of too many bench or military presses
► Prevention tip: Avoid heavy overhead lifting. Also, protect yourself by doing shoulder exercises.

HAMSTRINGS

► Injury: muscle strain, from running without stretching
► Prevention tip: Hamstring stretches. Sit with your back against a wall; straighten your left leg; bend your right leg so the sole of your right foot rests against your left thigh, making a figure 4. Now reach for your left leg.

CALVES

► Injury: muscle strain, from exercising without stretching
► Prevention tip: Warm up with a jog, then stretch your calves—step up on a curb and let your heels hang down.

KNEES

► Injury: cartilage degeneration, after low squats or lunges
► Prevention tip: When you do squats, don't let your knees shoot out in front of your toes and don't lower your butt to the floor.

ANKLES

► Injury: sprain, from jumping and landing with your ankle turned out
► Prevention tip: Wear high-top sneakers. Also, improve your balance: Stand on one leg for 60 seconds. Then do it with your eyes closed.

Day 3: Treadmill, 10 minutes; rower or Nordic Track 10 minutes; bike, 10 minutes

OK, so stepping, running, rowing, and pedaling in place aren't as thrilling as sprinting up the steps of the Philadelphia City Hall. But using cardio machines need not bore you out of your skull either. The secret is to cardio cross-train, which is a highfalutin way of saying: Use a couple of machines in a single workout. Why? Because switching from machine to machine will prevent you from getting bored, which will increase the chances that you'll work harder, which will lead to better results. And, after all, this whole workout thing is about getting better

results. Another trick is to change the intensity of your workout: Row like a loon for two minutes, then cruise along for three, then go back to loon mode. This keeps your heart in a constant state of challenge. Use the incline on the treadmill. Alter your cadence on the stationary bike. Pedal backward and forward on the elliptical trainer. Go for a slow workout one day, kick butt the next.

THE GET-A-BEER WORKOUT

CouchMaster: 3 sets (10, 8, 6)

Cardio cross-training is all the rage these days. And with good reason: Switching off between exercises keeps your heart pumping, boosts VO2 Max,

and prevents the dreaded

boredom from setting in.

To do the CouchMaster properly, you'll need equipment: a couch and an EZ chair.

To start, sit down on the couch, with your back perfectly slouched, and begin thumbing through the sports pages. Hold the pose for 15 minutes. Without taking a break, move to the chair and pick up the comics page. Read them at a moderate pace, letting your pulse rate return to normal. Repeat the routine. Remember: It's crucial to cool down and stretch when you're done with any rigorous exercise. And the CouchMaster is no exception. ▀

CALORIE KILLERS

FOOD	DIET VERSION
Froot Loops (1 cup), 110 calories	Puffed Wheat (1 cup), 50 calories
VS.	
Beer (12 oz.), 145 calories	Light beer (12 oz.), 100 calories
VS.	
T-bone steak (3 oz.), 275 calories	Slab of tofu (4 oz.), 95 calories
VS.	
Graham cracker, 60 calories	Chocolate-chip cookie, 45 calories
VS.	
Onion rings, 260 calories	French fries, 230 calories

YOU SAVE: 60 calories
BUT ... it tastes like Styrofoam and looks like soggy hamster droppings.

YOU SAVE: 45 calories
BUT ... you'll need 200 calories' worth of pretzels to make it go down easy.

YOU SAVE: 180 calories
BUT ... dinner with vegetarians will bore you into a coma.

YOU SAVE: 15 calories
BUT ... No buts about it. This is a great deal. Make the switch.

YOU SAVE: 30 calories
BUT ... how many kinky games can you play with french fries?



TRAINERS TELL ALL

Every job has its perks, but personal trainers are particularly lucky bastards—free gym memberships, free staff T-shirts, and plenty of sweaty female clients who are "into" their bodies. Below, five Manhattan trainers recall their most memorable moments on the job.

Now That's What We Call a Love Handle

"I was helping a woman once—she was on the incline bench—and I was behind her with my privates level with her head. She reached up to grab the bar and wasn't watching what she was doing. She grabbed me instead. I'm not sure she knew what she had, but she didn't let go. At least, not for a while, anyway."

There's the Rub

"I train some of my clients in their homes, and one client was under the impression that I would be giving her a massage before her stretch. She came out of her bedroom nude, walked up to a table, and said 'What position shall I assume?' Needless to say, I'm now a few classes away from becoming a certified masseur."

I've Seen Sharon Stone, and You're No Sharon Stone

"Women often strip down and point to the body parts that they want to change. Once, a woman stripped down to her pantyhose—and she wasn't wearing



Get a jump on it!

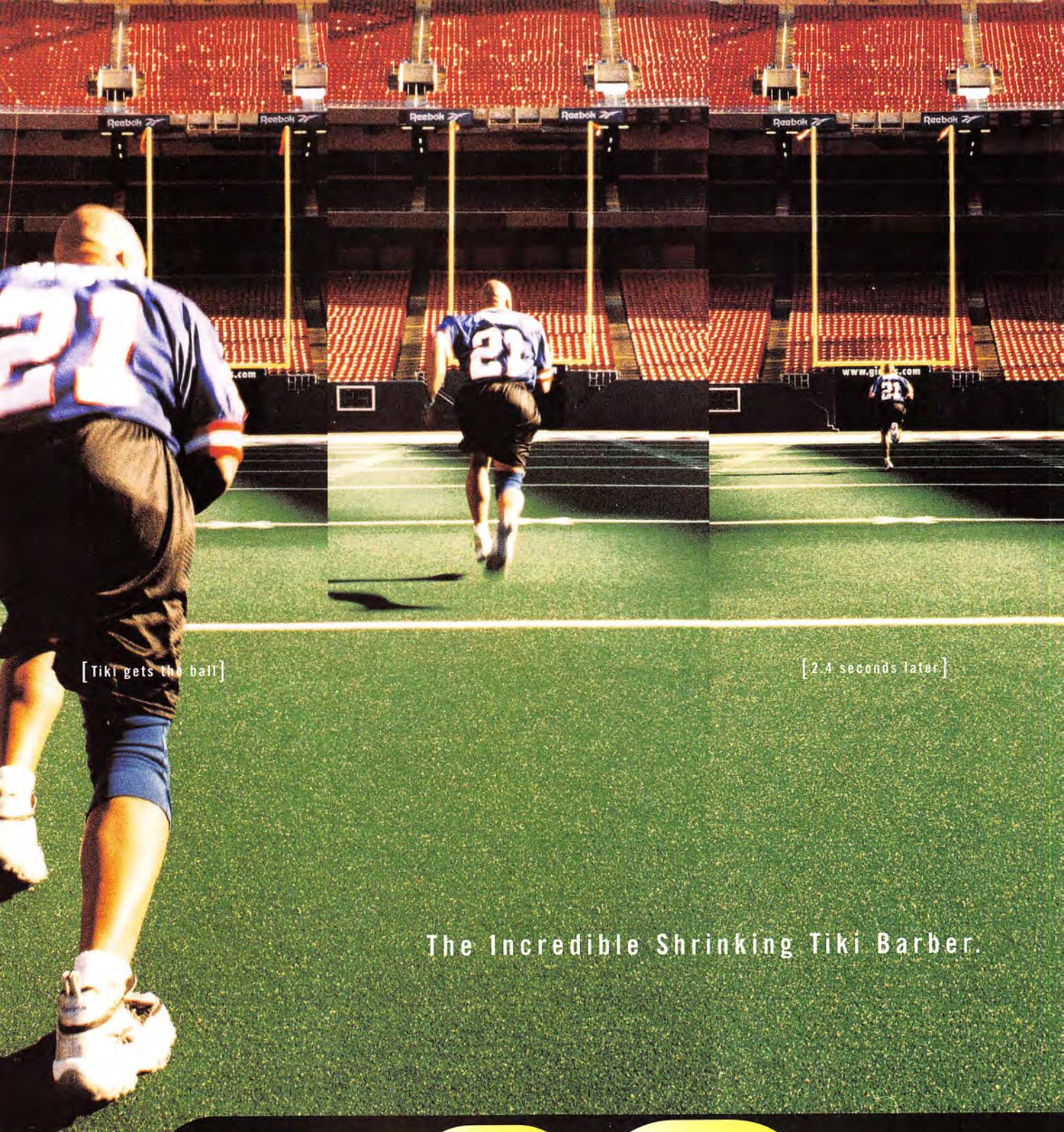
underwear. That was cool with me. But then she grabbed her thigh, jiggled it around, and said 'Can we fix this?' It was gross."

A Table Dance to Remember

"I was stretching one gorgeous woman who was visiting from Switzerland and she was asking me if I date any of my clients. The gym was pretty empty, and the next thing I know, she climbs up on a table and starts dancing to the music playing over the gym stereo. Then she hopped down and started dancing with me, coming very close to my you-know-what. And she said, 'If my boyfriend wasn't here I'd be taking you back to my hotel tonight.' She was killing me!"

Thanks, but Next Time We'll Try the Sauna

"One time I was at the gym early in the morning, before my shift began. I walked into the steam room and there were two men in there...together...quite coupled, if you know what I mean. I didn't know what to do. Hose them down? Pull the fire alarm? Call for backup?"

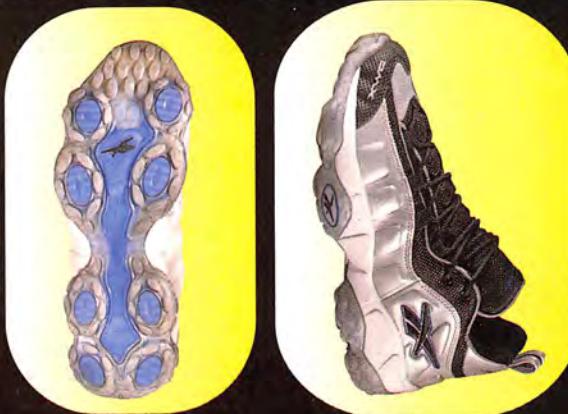


[Tiki gets the ball]

[2.4 seconds later]

The Incredible Shrinking Tiki Barber.

Tiki practices his disappearing act in The Drive DMX¹⁰ cross trainer. The Drive has ten interconnected air chambers – five in the forefoot, five in the heel – that cushion precisely where and when you need it most. It works the way you work.



DRIVE DMX¹⁰

COL
SLVR BLK
BLU

OUT
JAN 1
NINE
EIGHT



SUPPLEMENTS

EAT, DRINK, AND BE SWEaty

Q: Powerade, Gatorade, Ripped Fuel—there seems to be more gas in these sports drinks than in Dale Earnhardt's Chevy. Do regular guys need this stuff?

A: That depends. "If you're going to exercise for more than 90 minutes, especially if it's warm, sports drinks are the best way to get fluid and minerals into your body," says Dr. Robert Robergs, director of the Center for Exercise and Applied Human Physiology at the University of New Mexico. You may last longer and feel better at the end of your workout if you drink eight to 16 ounces of a sports drink every 30 minutes, Robergs says. If you work out for less than 90 minutes (some experts say 60 minutes), plain water will do the job. You won't be losing enough sodium or potassium to warrant its immediate replacement, and your blood glucose won't drop to where you need a carbohydrate boost.

Q: What's the deal with protein powders?

A: "They're a total waste of money," says Geza Bruckner, clinical nutrition professor at the University of Kentucky. Serious weight lifters do need more protein than most of us: A regular, 180-pound guy needs about 65 grams of protein a day, compared to 98 to 123 grams for a bodybuilder. But most Americans already get more protein than they need. One Burger King Whopper with cheese, for instance, contains 33 grams of protein.

Q: Creatine powder is all the rage in gyms these days. Will it help you "kick some mass," as one brand claims?

A: Looks that way so far. Creatine, a substance found in meat and other protein sources, gives you a boost for activities that require short bursts of energy, like sprinting and lifting weights. "With creatine, you can recover faster and exercise at a slightly higher intensity," Robergs says. "This means that over months, you can do better-quality training." If you start to gain body mass right away, it isn't because you've packed on more muscle. "It's probably an increase in fluid inside the muscles," Robergs says. Just remember that creatine won't do any good if you don't stick to a weight-lifting program.

Q: Is there any value in sports bars?

A: Sports bars are a convenient form of energy: They're going to hold up a lot better in your gym bag than a banana. On the other hand, a lot of 'em taste like your gym bag. Plus, they're not cheap. "You'd probably get as much energy from a candy bar, and that will cost you a lot less," Bruckner says.

A: Sports bars are a convenient form of energy: They're going to hold up a lot better in your gym bag than a banana. On the other hand, a lot of 'em taste like your gym bag. Plus, they're not cheap. "You'd probably get as much energy from a candy bar, and that will cost you a lot less," Bruckner says.



GEAR GUIDE



WILL IT HELP YOUR WORKOUT?

Weight belt

Price: \$20

Pro: The belt does some of your body's stabilizing work, so you'll probably be able to lift more weight.

Con: A belt can give you a false sense of security: You may end up hoisting more weight than you can handle safely. (Even if you can lift 20 percent more weight with a belt, research suggests, your back may not get 20 percent more protection.) Best advice: Use a belt only for heavy-duty lifts, like squats and dead lifts.



Ab roller

Price: \$60

Pro: A well-designed ab roller supports your head during sit-ups so you don't strain your neck. Also, having it around may remind you to do crunches. **Con:** If you learn to do a crunch properly—and it's not hard—you won't strain your neck anyway. A crunch performed with an ab roller is no more effective than a crunch performed on the floor, which, at press time, cost nothing. If you're going to buy a roller, at least look for one with a wide neck pad or a neck pad that swivels. And be careful about buying this or any fitness gadget off the TV; it's always best to try it first.



Weightlifting gloves

Price: \$20

Pro: Gloves give you a more solid, comfortable grip when you lift. You may even be able to hoist more poundage or eke out extra pull-ups, since you'll be putting your strength and energy toward the exercise rather than into your grip. Plus, you'll look like you know what you're doing. **Con:** You won't get tough-guy calluses on your hands. But you'll be so huge that nobody will mention it.



Door Gym
Price: \$40 (available from Creative Fitness: 800-318-9917)

Pro: This clever gadget hooks snugly over a door frame and lets the surrounding walls support your weight. Unlike with the doorjam pull-up bars of yore, you won't destroy your doorway—or fall on your ass. Door Gym snaps on and off easily, so you don't have to leave it up and risk lawsuits from tall friends.

Con: Because it doesn't fit on every door, you'll need to check with the company before you slap your plastic down.

Heart-rate monitor

Price: \$80 and up, depending on the number of fancy doodads you want

Pro: A monitor is a lot more accurate than taking your pulse. Why bother with these numbers in the first place? Because your heart rate gives you important insight into how hard you're working. If the number is too low, you're not getting the workout you think you are.

Con: Some people rely so much on the numbers that flash on their monitors that they lose touch with how they're feeling. No need to use the thing every time you hit the treadmill.



Ab Isolator

Price: \$30 (available from Fitness Quest: 800-321-9236)

Pro: Not much—unless you find some merit in lining the pockets of Tony Little, the buff, blond, pony-tailed trainer who looks like the love child of Farrah Fawcett and Sly Stallone.

Con: Plenty. Using the gadget can be problematic. It's intended to hold your feet and knees the perfect distance apart, thereby ensuring the perfect crunch. But even if your feet and knees are in the ideal position, it's still possible to have atrocious form. That's because most crunch mistakes tend to come from the upper body, not the legs.

Losing Hair?

New Hair Institute (NHI) pioneered the Fast Track® method of Follicular Transplantation™ — a new method of hair restoration surgery which uses the natural hair groupings of the patient. It is based upon the fact that hair emerges from the scalp in naturally occurring groups called follicular units which are comprised of one to four hairs. Using the follicular unit as the basic element of the transplant allows the surgeon to move hair the way it grows in nature, producing the most aesthetically balanced result.

Recognizing and using these natural groupings, the transplant surgeon can transplant more hair and less of the surrounding skin. More hair in less surgeries makes sense.

As in any field of medicine, your choice of physician is critical to your procedure's success. The experience, training, and judgment of the physician, as well as the skill of the surgical team, can have a profound impact on the end result. New Hair Institute physicians pay meticulous attention to detail and quality control. They pride themselves on their understanding of the complexities and subtle nuances of hair transplantation. And the Fast Track® method of Follicular Transplantation™ allows it to be done in one or two sessions.

Call NHI at 800-NEW-HAIR (800-639-4247) or 310-553-6790 for a free information kit that explains male pattern baldness and what options are available to remedy it. ▲

Venice Beach artist, Philip Hitchcock before and after 1,745 grafts in one NHI Fast Track® session. Individual results may vary.



Fill In The Blanks

LMany men who are just beginning to experience hair loss go into a state of denial. They look into the mirror and say, "that's not me", knowing full well that many "bad hair days" are in store.

by William R. Rassman, M.D.

There are many options from which to choose. You can put your hair on drugs with Rogaine®; you can tape on a toupee or glue on a rug; or you can let your own hair grow naturally and permanently by opting for a hair transplant from the physicians at the New Hair Institute (NHI).

DRUGS Rogaine® (minoxidil) has been approved for use only in androgenetic alopecia (inherited male and female pattern baldness). It has not proven to be useful in any other type of hair loss.

Rogaine® cannot move a hairline forward nor restore hair to a shiny crown, but it may help to slow down hair loss.

Although it would be nice not to have to bother using Rogaine® in the morning and again at bedtime, the use of Rogaine® once a day may be in-effective.

Rogaine® is a lifelong commitment, if you stop using it regularly, all new hair growth will disappear.



RUGS George Washington may have crossed the Delaware wearing a wig, but can you imagine John F. Kennedy, Jr. jogging through Central Park in one?

Wigs just have too many accessories — the tape, the glue, the clips, and all those strips. There is also the cost of monthly maintenance and frequent repairs. What do you do if your piece is in the shop? Call in sick with a head cold?

PLUGS The next time someone tells you that you look like a living doll, hope they're not talking about your hair transplant. For, unlike drugs and rugs, a bad hair transplant is forever.

NHI To avoid making a costly and irreversible mistake it is imperative to become a knowledgeable buyer. The New Hair Institute says, "See it before you believe it," and NHI invites the public to meet their patients at seminars and open houses held nationwide. ▲

SEMINARS AND OPEN HOUSES:

- Atherton, CA
- San Francisco, CA
- Dallas, TX
- Fort Lee, NJ
- Los Angeles, CA
- Irvine, CA
- New York, NY
- Philadelphia, PA
- Sacramento, CA
- Chicago, IL
- Washington, DC (Tysons Corner, WA)

CALL FOR FUTURE DATES & TIMES

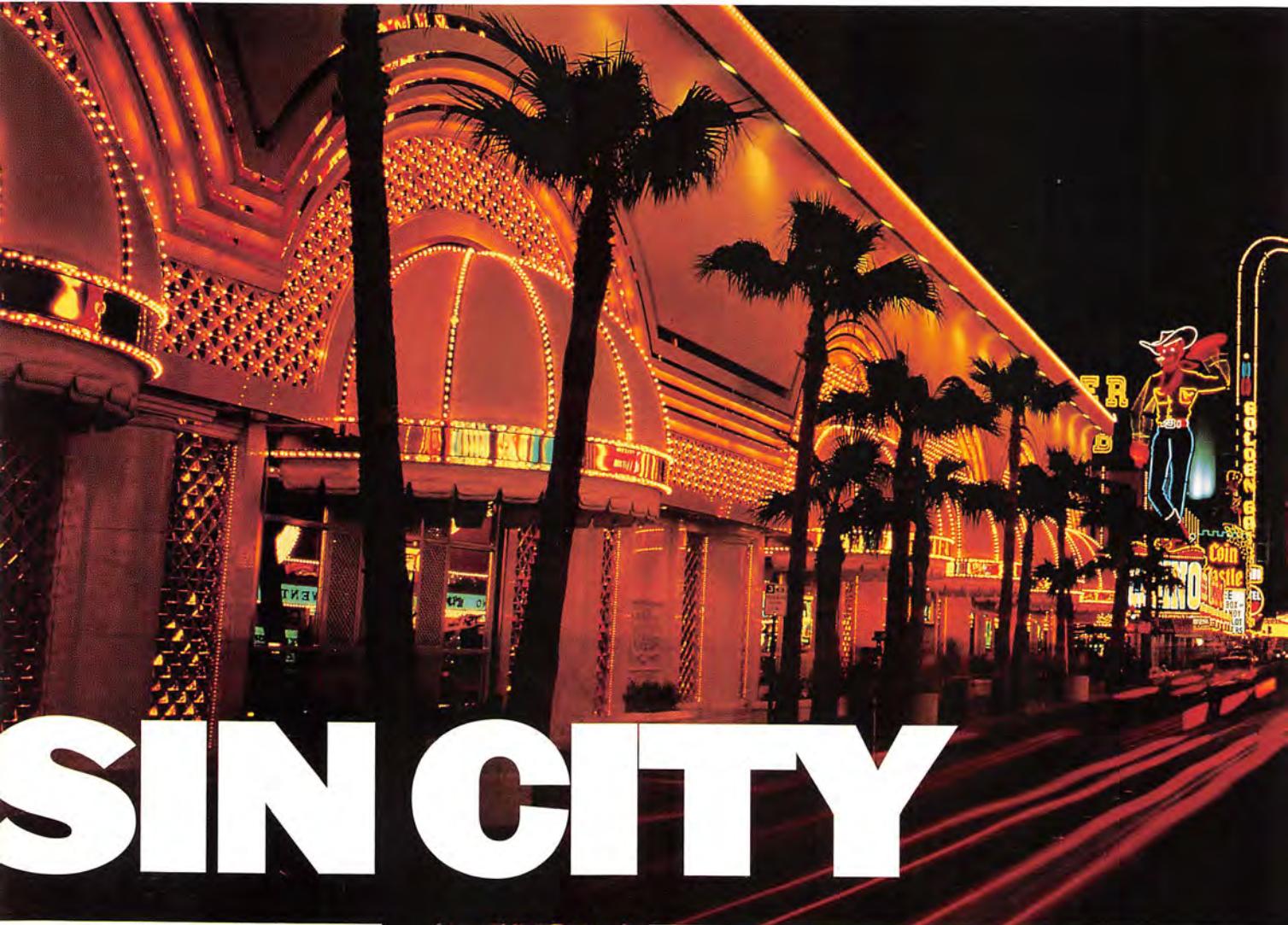
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SIN CITY

Like a mirage, Las Vegas rises out of the desert: a fabulous oasis where the money is free, the girls are stunning, and drinks are always on the house. Keith Blanchard takes in a *Maxim* paradise.



"Do you wash your clothes in Windex? Because I can see myself in your pants."



So there I was, eating the best \$2.99 breakfast of my life at Binion's Horseshoe casino with Joe, my Las Vegas friend. Joe's a fine artist who creates the facades of new casinos, which means he has steady work here through the next three or four Ice Ages. As we tucked into juicy, side-of-a-pig-sized ham steaks—\$2.99, I'm telling you—I noticed a fat stack of blank keno sheets anchoring our table. "Jesus," I said. "They'll sell you keno while you're eating breakfast?"

Joe smiled. "In this town," he assured me without an inkling of irony, "they will sell you anything you want, anywhere, at any time."

Well, viva Las Vegas.

LOST WAGES

Las Vegas is this kind of town: I spent three bucks on breakfast, another five or six on lunch, maybe 10 on dinner. Parking was free; drinks were free; shows and attractions, sights and sounds: free, free, free. Yet somehow, at the end of Day One, I was down over a hundred bucks.

Oh, yeah...the gambling. If you could just keep your mitts off the slots, the cards, and the dice, Vegas on 20 bucks a day would be a no-brainer. But that isn't why you came here, is it? This city knows not only that you've brought a bunch of money with you, but that you fully expect to lose it.



Over my four-day stay, my fortunes rose and fell like a hooker's head in the back of Hugh Grant's limo. I'd lose \$20 at slots, then win \$40 at blackjack, then lose \$20 at roulette, \$20 at the sports book, \$40 at...oh, hell, *you* do the math. I'm too depressed.

You expect gambling to be pervasive here, but not so damned *compelling*. Those breathtaking stacks of chips everywhere you look. That constant *ching, ching, ching* of coins plunking into slot trays. Only in Vegas does a handful of change—your own money, mind you—seem not worth the trouble of carrying around. *What the hell am I going to do with a buck seventy-five in quarters? May as well pop it in this here one-armed bandit...*

But if Las Vegas is a complex, diabolical, reverse ATM machine, plying you with free booze and showgirls with one hand while it picks your pocket with the other, you do get compensation for your losses. No town on Earth tries so earnestly to entertain you: pirate battles, albino tigers, exploding volcanos, Elvis impersonators, jousting knights, cocktail waitresses wearing little more than cocktail napkins. Everywhere you look, there's something going on to engage your eyes, ears, and various other organs, and virtually all of it's free.

And best of all, wherever you go and whatever you do, there's always the possibility that maybe, just maybe, you'll be the lucky sap who hits that unthinkable jackpot.

STARTING SMALL

Even if you go bust early, Las Vegas is a furious smorgasbord of entertainment options. Thrill seekers can take a roller-coaster ride atop the Stratosphere, the tallest free-standing observation tower in the U.S., or attempt a high-altitude bungee nightmare called The Skyscreamer at the MGM Grand Adventures Theme Park (bring a change of underwear). Adventurers can take day trips to Lake Mead, Hoover Dam, the Grand Canyon, or even Death Valley. Interested in UFOs? The military's top-secret Area 51 is just a half hour away. Wanna meet some women who always say yes? Stop in at one of Nevada's legal brothels, just outside the city. At least one, the Chicken Ranch, has its own airport runway.

In the spirit of well-roundedness, Joe and I decided to check out the Fremont Street historical area, where a handful of yesterday's casinos—the Golden Nugget, Lady Luck—still hold court. This once-stately district has morphed into a sad and boardwalky conglomerate of tacky gift shops and penny-ante casinos, with annoying barkers desperately trying to drag passersby into their dens. But if the steak is weak, the sizzle is spectacular: The Fremont Street Experience, a two-million light show extravaganza that spans the rooftops overhead for four blocks, puts on blockbuster nightly light shows, which alone make the downtown area worth a peek. ▷





Nice tips at The Beach (left); deodorant testing at Drink!



The Hard Rock's Lea: Open it up, girl!

Rio Rita: She has a nice pear

But enough fun: It was time to let the gambling begin. We decided to hit one of the smaller, off-the-beaten-path casinos, having heard they offered more favorable games and lower table minimums than the high-roller-obsessed big boys. For obvious reasons we started at the Maxim, powerfully named but rather small potatoes, unlike its proudly dominant journalistic namesake. The Maxim did feature bare-bones \$2 and \$3 table minimums for craps and blackjack, and a few player-pleasing house rules, but I was unable to take fiscal advantage (i.e., I got shelled for another fifty bucks).

Tired of slumming, Joe and I made the jump to the big time and headed for the Rio, a relatively new Brazilian-themed supercasino. At this palace of typical Vegas subtlety and understatement, carbon-dioxide fog billows from fruity rum drinks, cocktail waitresses wear dizzyingly vertical thongs, and there's a full-blown, halftime-at-the-Orange-Bowl-style Mardi Gras every two hours on the dot. We checked out a pair of very cool bars at the casino: the VooDoo Cafe, where a team of "show bartenders" does synchronized liquor-bottle tosses à la *Cocktail*, and Club Rio, more or less the hottest dance club in town.

While we were still sober enough to drive, we decided to follow local advice and investigate Drink!, an awesome, open, vaulted nightclub with a catacomb of interlinked rooms off to

the sides, all of it looking as if it were carved out of an underground cave. Going to clubs and casinos, incidentally, is as user-friendly as everything else in this town: You just pull right up to the front door and leave your car with the valets. It's bizarre: What other city treats you so royally while escorting you to the poorhouse?

CASINO ROYALE

The next morning, Sunday, I checked into Caesars Palace. This was the big time: The place is truly impressive, with painted fresco ceilings and outlandish fountains and oversized faux-marble statues everywhere. And they do aim to please: No doubt awed by my impressive *Maxim* press credentials, the concierge bumped me up to a nicer room with a Jacuzzi.

Feeling that luck was with me, I decided to start erasing my losses. Heading for the tables at Caesars, I caught sight of

the sports book and was instantly enchanted. This majestic room may just be my favorite place in Vegas. Towering gargantuan-screen TVs, a two-story wall of neon updates for every game of any kind played anywhere on Earth, and scantily clad cocktail babes dousing you with

free booze as you watch the action from a comfy chair: I could easily spend a whole weekend here in this room, leaving only for occasional trips to the ATM. But I was there to sample the whole town, so, reluctantly, I put \$20 on Drew and the Pats to dust the local-favorite Broncos on *Monday Night Football* and jetted over to meet Joe at the Hard Rock.

In any other major city, the Hard Rock Cafe would be the tacky tourist trap. In Vegas, where tacky's been elevated to high art, the Hard Rock is one of the coolest spots in town. Half of it's the crowd. No fogeys in walkers, no loudmouthed, big-hatted Texan high rollers, just young guys and chicks drinking and gambling to boozing classic rock (a refreshing change from the ambient crap piped into the typical casino). The Hard Rock is small—by Vegas standards, anyway—and intimate, a round-



ROLLING IN? READ THIS FIRST

The inside line for Las Vegas-bound travelers.



► **FIND THE LOWEST** hotel and airfare rates by calling Las Vegas Travel, at (800) 286-9195, or visit www.lvtravel.com, which has links to all the major casinos and resorts. Casino/travel package deals can save you big time (though they'll get all your money eventually anyway).

► **TO SURF BEFORE YOU FLY**, try the Las Vegas Online Entertainment Guide, at www.lvvol.com—they'll give you the lowdown on what'll be going on in town. Or call the experts at the Las Vegas new Insider, a smart underground newsletter covering the Vegas scene, (520) 636-1649.

► **FOR THE SKINNY** on a particular casino, strip club, show, etc., check in with John Cadenhead's Las Vegas Travel Journal, at www.geocities.com/Hollywood/5570/travel/list.html.

► **TO GET A HOTEL UPGRADE**, act like a high roller—dress nice for the concierge and inquire where the baccarat tables are—THEN ask if any better rooms are available. If the guy helps you out, serve him a side of \$5 chips.



"Why not just hand over all your chips now, sir?"

house with a meat-market bar at the hub and cashiers and various gift-shop crap out on the rim. The whole place, including the gaming tables, is emblazoned with appropriate rock-and-roll lyrics.

We wandered out back to see the Hard Rock's Club Med-like pool complex and cabana area. The pool is overshadowed by the hotel itself, a tall, concave curve of balconied rooms, and supremo cocktail gal Lea revealed that Friday and Saturday nights devolve into an orgy of flashing the poolside from the balconies. After observing the local fauna, we wandered back inside, where I tried my luck at roulette for the first time. I couldn't have bet more conservatively—I only made the even-money bets, one \$2 chip at a time—yet still managed to blow \$20 in straight sets. If I bet odd, it was even; if I bet red, it came up black. The statistical improbability of my meteoric plunge, unfortunately, didn't earn me a rebate.

Over dinner at the food-only Harley-Davidson Cafe, we were met by Joe's sorta girlfriend, Denise, a busty local stripper with a quick wit and a silver bar through her tongue, who led us on a tour of—ironically enough—the Strip. We caught a few of the big outdoor tourist attractions—the Mirage's exploding volcano, the Treasure Island pirate battle—from the road, then dove into New York-New York. I didn't find it very authentic: Nothing smelled like piss and there were no homeless people to be found anywhere. We hung out at a piano bar for a while, and when the corn content got too high (drunken Aussies singing along to "Piano Man"—you get the picture), we ditched the Big Apple and headed to Denise's fave hangout, a club called The Beach.

The Beach was a refreshing change from the prefab, overly clean casino atmosphere. Here waitresses in bikinis and shorts writhed on top of speakers to painfully throbbing techno. We ▷

BREAK THE BANK, NOW!

Tips for bumping up your odds. (Some information comes courtesy of *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Gambling Like a Pro*, Alpha Books, \$16.95.)

BLACKJACK

GOOD BETS: Look for favorable games: ones that pay 2-1 for blackjack, allow doubling after a split, or require dealers to stand on all 17's (better for you than when he must hit soft 17's). Also: Fewer decks means better odds for you, even if you're not card-counting (see box, next page).

BAD BETS: Insurance. You'll win 4 percent more money in the long run by not insuring.

ROULETTE

GOOD BETS: All roulette bets—single numbers, combos, black or red, etc.—yield the house an identical 5.26% edge. Sucks for you. (If you don't like it, try Monte Carlo: European wheels have only one zero instead of two, halving the house edge.)

BAD BETS: The one exception to the 5.26% edge rule is the five number combo 0, 00, 1, 2, and 3, which gives the house a 7.29% edge. A famous sucker bet.

SLOTS

GOOD BETS: Look for machines with guaranteed high payoffs (e.g., "97.4% Payout!"). Also, popular machines and higher-denomination machines (e.g., \$5 slots) are often set to pay out slightly better, since they cover their costs more easily.

BAD BETS: Slots in general; the house edge can be 20% or more



Looks like roulette; feels like craps

and is based on the whim of the casino. Keep the change.

CRAPS

GOOD BETS: The Pass and Don't Pass lines. (Not at the same time, Einstein.) Back up one of these even-money bets by "taking odds" (ask dealer for details) and you drop the house edge to less than 1%.

BAD BETS: Stay away from the "field" (which yields a house edge from 2.8 to 5.5 percent), "big 6" and "big 8" (9%), and especially the hard ways (9%-11%).

BACCARAT

GOOD BETS: Betting on either the banker or the player's a good deal: The house edge is wafer thin in both cases (1.17% on banker bets, 1.36% on player bets). By Vegas standards, this is as good as it gets.

BAD BETS: The "tie" bet—for all-day suckers only. Sure, it pays 8-1, but it almost never happens, so the house gets away with a felonious 18.5% edge.

threaded our way through the pulsing crowd and settled at one of the bars, where a 'keep named Clay poured us Purple Hooters by the stack and we all did body shots on the bar, again and again and again. Whenever the action seemed on the verge of slowing down, Denise—a professional stripper, remember—would flash her ta-tas and perk everybody up. At one point she climbed atop a lucky table and went into one of her striptease routines, mesmerizing the local boys. A girl at the bar, speaking for her silent but clearly impressed boyfriend, earnestly tried to talk Denise into joining them for some group action. The rest of the evening is a little blurry...

CATCHING THE WAVE

Monday I woke up buzzed and incoherent, with a massive headache and only rudimentary motor control. It was all I could do to order up room-service pizza and keep from drowning in my Jacuzzi. By the time I was able to rouse myself to go downstairs and start losing some money, dammit, I'd entered a zone of hangover high focus that helped my game immensely. I picked up a quick \$50 playing Spanish 21 (a variation with no 10's). Soon it was time to shower and rally: In the West, *Monday Night Football* starts at six o'clock sharp.

Joe and I had decided to return to the scene of the crime—The Beach—where the ever-resourceful Denise had promised that her bikini team, the Nevada Knockouts, would join us, in full two-piece regalia. (What a bikini team does, exactly, was never made clear.) A bar, *Monday Night Football*, and a bikini team...if it gets any better than this, I don't need to know. Unfortunately, the dream fell short when our gals were waylaid by local coppers, who stopped them for a traffic infraction, discovered an outstanding warrant, and dragged our lightly attired swimmer impersonators down to the station for—heh, heh—debriefing.

The game was fun anyway, if in a more conventional way. Cheap, too. We stuffed ourselves at the free buffet, and



Rio bartenders, throwing up their drinks

"Who ordered the cheesecake?"

downed dollar-drink specials throughout. Once again, if not for the \$20 I'd stupidly placed on the Pats, who were going down in flames by the end of the first quarter, I'd have called it an extraordinarily affordable night.

But the evening was still young: Confucius say, "the football game that starts at six ends at nine." This was my last night in town, after all, and no trip to Vegas is complete without a visit to the strip clubs. The word on the street was that of the city's three top topless joints, Club Paradise had the best-looking women, but they could be expensive and standoffish; Cheesecake featured low-pressure local gals not ashamed to make a

little more physical contact; and Olympic Garden came up somewhere in between. We decided to go with the eye candy.

Conveniently located across the street from the Hard Rock, Club Paradise, as promised, delivered truly stunning girls. A \$10 cover charge let us into a large smoky room with at least two stages; there may have been more, but the local fauna made it tough to focus on architecture. As a bonus, we were treated to—get this—happy-hour drink prices. (In a strip club? Did I mention that I love this town?)

When we'd enjoyed all the Paradise we could stand, Joe and I at last went our separate ways. He went home to crash, while

HOW TO COUNT CARDS



"Could I get you to deal a little slower?"

Master blackjack strategy and the house is still left with a 1% advantage. Learn to count cards, and you can actually swing the edge in your favor. Here's how.

CONTRARY TO what you may have heard, counting cards doesn't help you *win*

any more hands than you'd win otherwise. What it does do is tip you off when you're slightly more likely to win or slightly more likely to lose on the next round, so you can vary the amount of your bet accordingly. You'll still lose more games than you win, on average—there's no way to change that—but you'll win more money on your winning hands than you lose on your losing hands, and you'll slowly come out on top.

Here's how it works. Because the dealer has to hit everything short of a 17, the greater the ratio of high cards (10 through ace) to low cards (2 through 6) left in the deck, the more likely he is to go bust. Card counting is just a matter of keeping track of whether more high or more low cards have been played, so you know what's left in the deck and can bet higher when the cards are favorable.

Best of all, you only have to keep one number in your head. Count this way: Cards 2 through 6 are worth one point each; 10's, face cards, and aces are worth negative 1. (Ignore 7's, 8's, and 9's.) Start from a base of zero, and as each new card's flipped over, add or subtract from that base. At the end of each round, if the number in your head is positive, bet big (more low cards have been played, so the deck's rich in high cards and bad for the dealer). If it's negative, bet the table minimum, or even sit out a round. That number becomes the base for the next round, and so on until the cards are reshuffled, when you begin at zero again.

And that's all there is to it. Of course, if you haven't mastered basic blackjack strategy, card counting won't help you. Also, try to sit in the "first base" seat—the first hand the dealer distributes in each game—which'll give you a solid block of time after playing your hand to leisurely count cards before you have to place your next bet. One last tip: Don't vary your bets too much. A casino that catches you card counting will bust your thumbs (or at least kick you out).

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Fuzzy navels, Vegas style

Caesar and a squeezer

I headed across the street to the Hard Rock for some late-night, obsessive-compulsive-disorder blackjack. I plunked my last hundred dollars on the table, determined to ride it all the way to feast or famine. At first my inebriation level kept me below .500 ("You're *sure* you want to hit on 20, sir?"); but the tide turned, and I fell into a rhythm of alternating winning and losing streaks. It was more than four hours later, deep into the morning, when I emerged again. I'd finally worked my way back up to the break-even point, happy to have salvaged my original C-note.

It was exhilarating. For the first time ever, I felt like a real gambler, not just a tourist playing at gambling. The tables were sparsely populated, hardcore players only, and the speedy slap, slap, slap with which the hands were dealt and the quick decisions required, made me feel like one of the insiders. I became one with the rolling tide of rising and falling fortune, and it felt like a physical wave. At last I understood why this stuff is not just fun but addictive. True, winning a few hundred bucks wouldn't have hurt the experience, but I will say that even though on paper I'd just played with myself for four hours, I left completely satisfied. No fear, no loathing.

The next morning, as I bellied up to those infamous airport slot machines—Las Vegas's way of holding you upside down by your ankles and shaking the last change out of your pockets before kicking your ass back onto the plane—I felt satisfied. I've never been with a prostitute, but I imagine the experience is similar: You know you've paid for it and you probably ought to feel cheap, but God damn it, when it's good, it's good. **M**



MAXIM RECOMMENDS

We know, we know; the machine you're on's about to vomit up a king's ransom. If you can tear yourself away, check out *Maxim's* picks for some of the best Las Vegas has to offer.



Most impressive casino:

CAESARS PALACE. A feast of fountains, friezes, and statuary. 3570 Las Vegas Blvd. South, 800-634-6001

Best cocktail waitresses:

RIO SUITE HOTEL AND CASINO. Their infamous thongs do for the cutest asses in Vegas what Moses did for the Red Sea. 3700 W. Flamingo Rd., 800-752-9746

Best place to stay:

THE HARD ROCK HOTEL AND CASINO, 4475 Paradise Rd., 800-473-7625

Best sandwich:

HARLEY HOG SANDWICH. A delectable pulled-pork monstrosity at the Harley Davidson Café, 3725 Las Vegas Blvd. South, 702-740-4555

Best dance club:

DRINK!, 200 E. Harmon Ave., 702-796-5519

Best place to get a bar jammed through your tongue:

SWAG, the local hot spot for wild piercings and wicked tattoos. 516 Fremont St., 702-471-7924



"Had to order the house chili, didn't you?"

Best bartender:

CLAY, at The Beach. Mention that you read about him in *Maxim* magazine and he might just shoot you a free Purple Hooter. 365 Convention Center Drive, 702-735-1925

Best after-hours:

CLUB UTOPIA, a rave hall open right through breakfast. 3765 Las Vegas Blvd. South, 702-593-5935

Best strip club:

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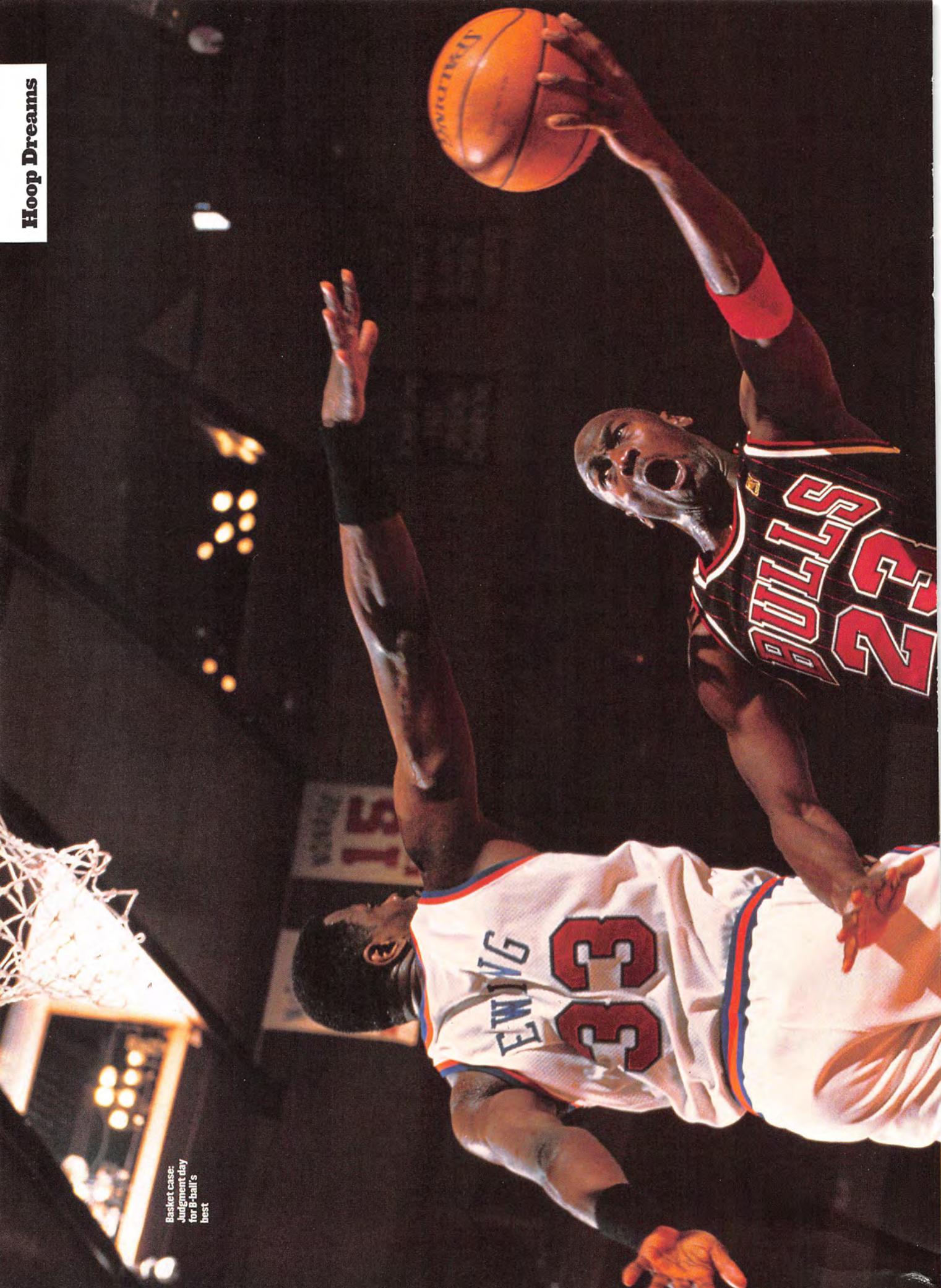
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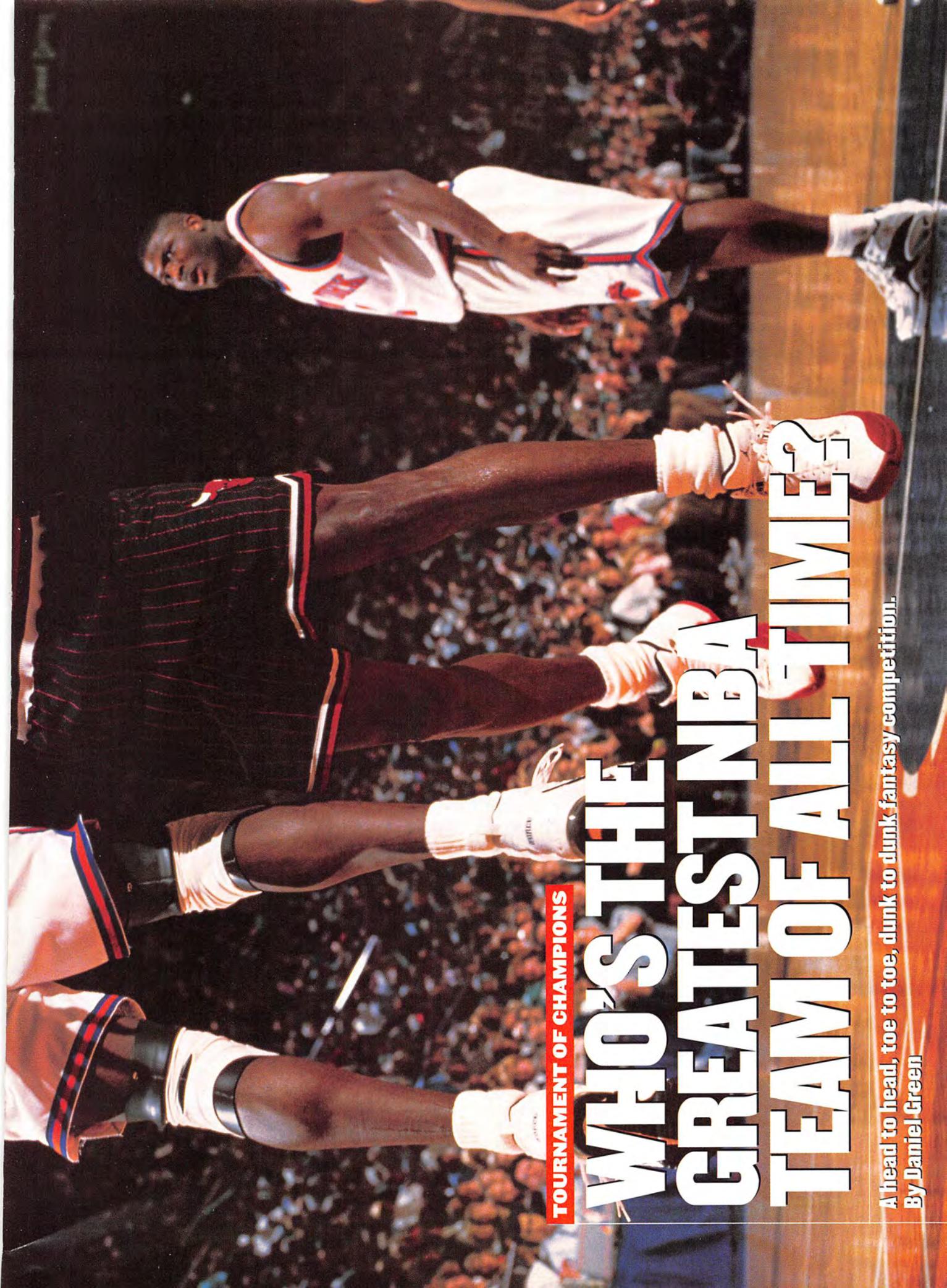
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TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS

WHO'S THE GREATEST NBA TEAM OF ALL TIME?

A head-to-head, toe-to-toe, dunk-to-dunk fantasy competition.
By Daniel Green



Reed to the rim

Too many sleepless nights. Too many bar-stool opinions that lead to bloody brawls. Too much time on our hands. Enough. The arguments end *here* with an eight-team, single-elimination tournament of great NBA champs to be played on the virtual hard court. Who's the best pro team of all time? We asked four of the biggest names in hoopdom to help us imagine how the games would unfold if these teams actually squared off against each other. Our experts also dish out plenty of pithy, perceptive commentary explaining their decisions. And those decisions may surprise you: Let's just say a guy named Jordan goes home early. And Sir Charles doesn't get a ring in the virtual world either.



Wilt goes full-tilt.

THE CONTENDERS



THE 1964-65 BOSTON CELTICS

Regular season: 62-18, .775; playoffs: 8-4

Coach: Red Auerbach. **Players:** Bill Russell, Sam Jones, Tom Heinsohn, Tom Sanders, K.C. Jones, John Havlicek, Willie Naulls, Mel Counts, Larry Siegfried, John Thompson (yes, that John Thompson), Ron Bonham

So Heinsohn's also on our panel. So what? You're going to argue with 11 championship titles in 13 seasons? Five-time MVP Russell was complemented by a two-Jones backcourt: Sam the shooter, K.C. the defender. And don't forget Havlicek, who's been known to steal the ball.



THE 1966-67 PHILADELPHIA 76ERS

Regular season: 68-13, .840; playoffs: 11-4

Coach: Alex Hannum. **Players:** Wilt Chamberlain, Hal Greer, Chet Walker, Billy Cunningham, Wali Jones, Lucious Jackson, Larry Costello, Matt Guokas, Bill Melchionni, Dave Gambee

With two Hall of Famers in the starting lineup (Chamberlain, Greer), and a third (Cunningham) coming off the bench, this club was *deep*. Wilt led the league in rebounds, was third in scoring, and won the MVP. The team's 68 wins were, at the time, a league record. In 1980, the NBA named this team the greatest in history.



THE 1982-83 PHILADELPHIA 76ERS

Regular season: 65-17, .793; playoffs: 12-1

Coach: Billy Cunningham. **Players:** Moses Malone, Julius Erving, Bobby Jones, Maurice Cheeks, Andrew Toney, Clint Richardson, Franklin Edwards, Marc Iavaroni, Clemon Johnson, Earl Cureton, Mark McNamara, Reggie Johnson

Bad-kneed Julius Erving was 33 and had lost a step (not to mention his tower o' hair), but he was still The Doctor. And Moses Malone, the league MVP, put these Sixers over the top. When Moses was asked for his postseason thoughts, he uttered what is perhaps the most famous prediction in sports history: "Fo', fo', fo'." (For the linguistically impaired, *fo* is Mosesese for "four".)



THE 1985-86 BOSTON CELTICS

Regular season: 67-15, .817; playoffs: 15-3

Coach: K.C. Jones. **Players:** Larry Bird, Robert Parish, Kevin McHale, Dennis Johnson, Danny Ainge, Bill Walton, Scott Wedman, Jerry Sichting, Greg Kite, David Thirdkill, Sam Vincent, Rick Carlise

With Bird, McHale, and Parish, these Celtics boasted the best frontcourt in history, yet never played like spoiled superstars. "They had a blue-collar attitude," says Worthy. "They'd push you in the back of the neck when you had your head turned." You say blue-collar, we say dirty. The best of them all, of course, was Bird, who was so serious about winning, he gave up beer for the season. And for the Hick from French Lick, that's about as serious as it gets.

MAXIM EXPERTS

TOM HEINSOHN

Played 758 games for the Boston Celtics, winning eight championships in nine seasons...Won two more as their coach...Hall of Famer...Currently broadcasts Celts games on SportsChannel New England and WSBK-TV.



Heinsohn or Heisman?

SPIKE LEE

Arguably the country's most rabid basketball fan...Sits courtside at Madison Square Garden and anywhere else that will have him...Author of *Best Seat in the House: A Basketball Memoir*...Now directing *He Got Game*. Guess what that's about?



Spike's gotta habit.

REGGIE THEUS

High-scoring guard for the Bulls, Kings, Hawks, Magic, and Nets from 1978 to 1991...Two-time All-Star...Studio and game analyst for TNT, TBS, and Fox Sports West...Also plays Coach Fuller on Saturday-morning TV show *Hang Time*, a '90s version of *The White Shadow*.



Reggie! Reggie! Reggie!

JAMES WORTHY

No. 1 pick in 1982 draft...Starred on three Laker championship teams and played in seven All-Star games...Part-time studio analyst...Current day job: president of Big Game James, a Los Angeles-based sports marketing firm.



Very, very Worthy



THE 1969-70 NEW YORK KNICKS

Regular season: 60-22, .732; playoffs: 12-7

Coach: Red Holzman. Players: Willis Reed, Walt Frazier, Dave DeBusschere, Bill Bradley, Dick Barnett, Cazzie Russell, Mike Riordan, Bill Hosket, Nate Bowman, Don May, John Warren, Phil Jackson (injured all season)

"Boy, they were good," says Heinsohn, who coached against them. No shit. This was team ball, baby. The extra pass. Constant movement. Swarming D. And, of course, the timeless moment: A hobbled Willis Reed limps out of the locker room for Game 7 of the finals and wills his team to victory.



THE 1986-87 LOS ANGELES LAKERS

Regular season: 65-17, .793; playoffs: 15-3

Coach: Pat Riley. Players: Magic Johnson, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, James Worthy, Byron Scott, A.C. Green, Michael Cooper, Mychal Thompson, Kurt Rambis, Billy Thompson, Wes Matthews, Adrian Branch, Michael Smerk

Showtime was simply the most athletic team ever to play pro hoops. Their defense had more weapons than you'd find in Barry Switzer's carry-on: Magic put up a career-best 23.9 points per game (and was rewarded with both the league and finals MVP); Abdul-Jabbar was 40, but so what? He still had the lethal sky hook. The Cooper-led D played you so tight you couldn't scratch yourself.

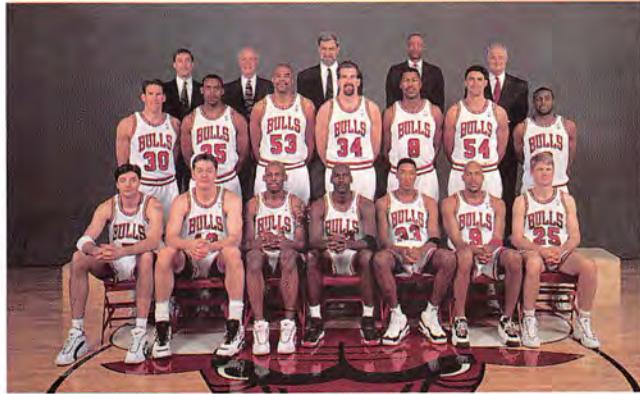


THE 1971-72 LOS ANGELES LAKERS

Regular season: 69-13, .841; playoffs: 12-3

Coach: Bill Sharman. Players: Wilt Chamberlain, Jerry West, Gail Goodrich, Happy Hairston, Jim McMillian, Pat Riley, Leroy Ellis, John Trapp, Jim Cleamons, Keith Erickson, Flynn Robinson

This team was Showtime before Showtime was Showtime, winning 33 straight games to claim a record that still stands. Chamberlain finally gave up the spotlight to become a consummate team player, while West and Goodrich formed the most prolific backcourt in history (averaging a combined 51.7 points per game). Pat Riley, though impeccably dressed, rode the pine.

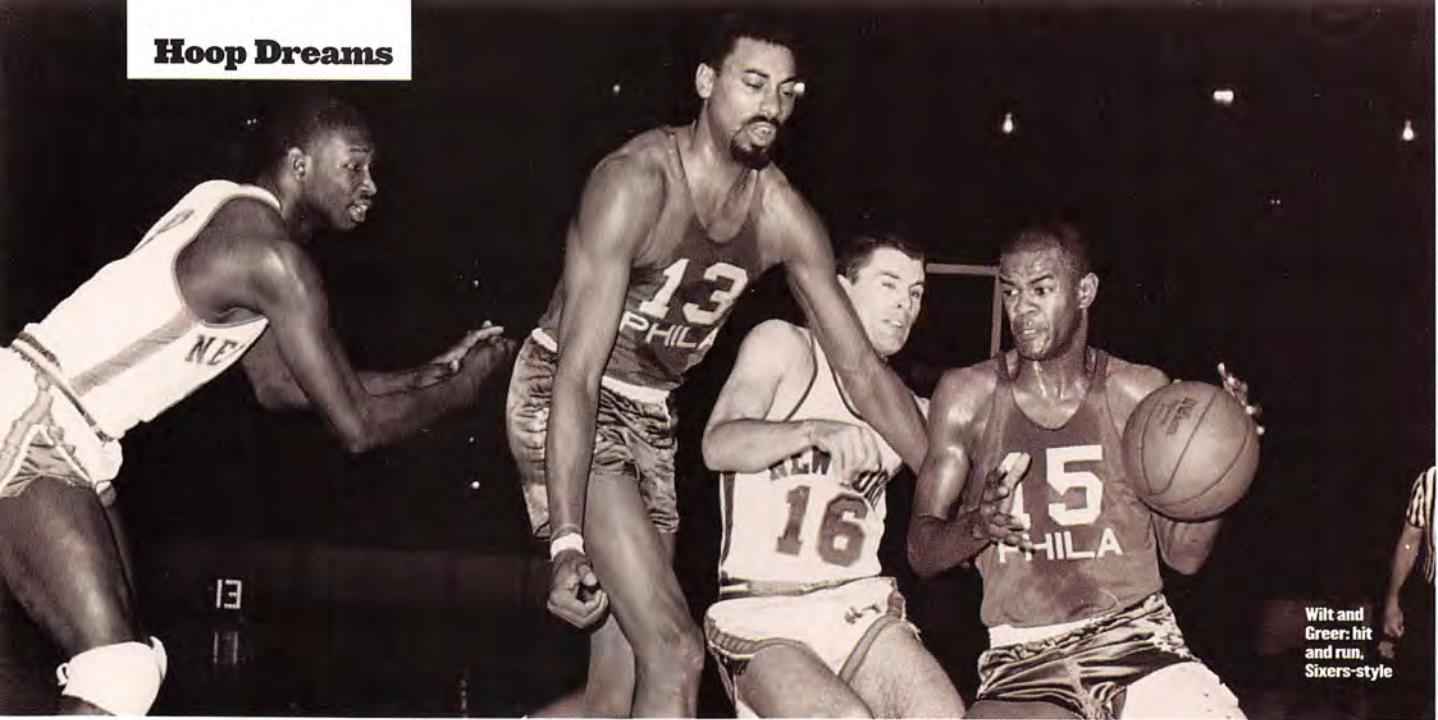


THE 1995-96 CHICAGO BULLS

Regular season: 72-10, .878; playoffs: 15-3

Coach: Phil Jackson. Players: Michael Jordan, Scottie Pippen, Dennis Rodman, Toni Kukoc, Steve Kerr, Ron Harper, Luc Longley, Bill Wennington, John Salley, Randy Brown, Dickey Simpkins, Jack Haley, Jud Buechler, Jason Caffey, James Edwards

His stint with the Birmingham Barons was less successful than the Arch Deluxe, but Jordan's first full season back on the court was awesome. (MJ got his fourth regular season and finals MVP awards.) Pippen just rocked. And when he wasn't cross-dressing, Rodman pulled down a busload of rebounds. The team racked up 72 wins; coach Phil Jackson broke a sweat during maybe five of them.



Wilt and Greer: hit and run, Sixers-style

...LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

GAME 1



JUST BEFORE TIP-OFF, Magic is rebuffed as he moves to give Wilt a friendly peck on the cheek. "Whoa there, cuz," Chamberlain says. "Ain't no way you're gonna be one of *my* 20,000." The smile vanishes from Magic's face.

The Sixers begin playing their rough, physical game. Lucious Jackson is a force below the basket, outmuscling the still-green A.C. Green. Chamberlain, 30 and in his prime, uses his superior strength to work Kareem over. And each time Magic drives past Hal Greer, someone on the "Anvil Chorus" defense gives him a good whack.

In the fourth quarter, when a frustrated Kurt Rambis hits Larry Costello with a hard foul, a scuffle ensues. Moments later, a fired-up Rambis makes a pretty little hook shot—well, *pretty* may be too strong a word. And just like that, the tide turns.

The Lakers pour it on. And finally, it's just too much Showtime. Speed usually beats muscle, and that's the case here. Hey, Wilt, guess who's smiling now.

FINAL SCORE:

LAKERS 111, SIXERS 104



Billy, don't be a hero.

GAME 2



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN is rocking. Courtside's bustling with celebs. There's Bill Cosby with a stogie, Elliott Gould signing autographs, and Woody—with a date his own age. At the mike, Marv Albert looks impartial in his gray suit; underneath, his orange-and-blue teddy's a dead giveaway.

The first half is tight, with the lead changing hands every few minutes. Dollar Bill gets the better of Bird, subtly hip-checking him off his mark. "Watch this guy," Bird yells to the ref. Bradley shrugs and pleads innocent, a skill that may someday serve him well in front of a House ethics committee.

At the end of regulation, with the score tied, Ainge grabs Frazier's jersey as he drives the lane. No foul. Overtime. But the no-call fires up the Knicks and they control the OT.

In the locker room afterward, as Walton slips on his favorite Grateful Dead tie-dyed tee, he sums up the night: "New York's got the ways and means but just won't let you be." Groovy, Bill. Totally groovy.

FINAL SCORE:

KNICKS 109, CELTICS 105



Bird watching

THE INSIDE GAME

Heinsohn: "Sure, Magic is a better player than Greer. But Greer was a terrific scorer. Chet Walker's better than James Worthy. For the Lakers to win, their guards would have to score 30 apiece." Heinsohn is partial to this Sixer team. His early line has them beating the Lakers handily.

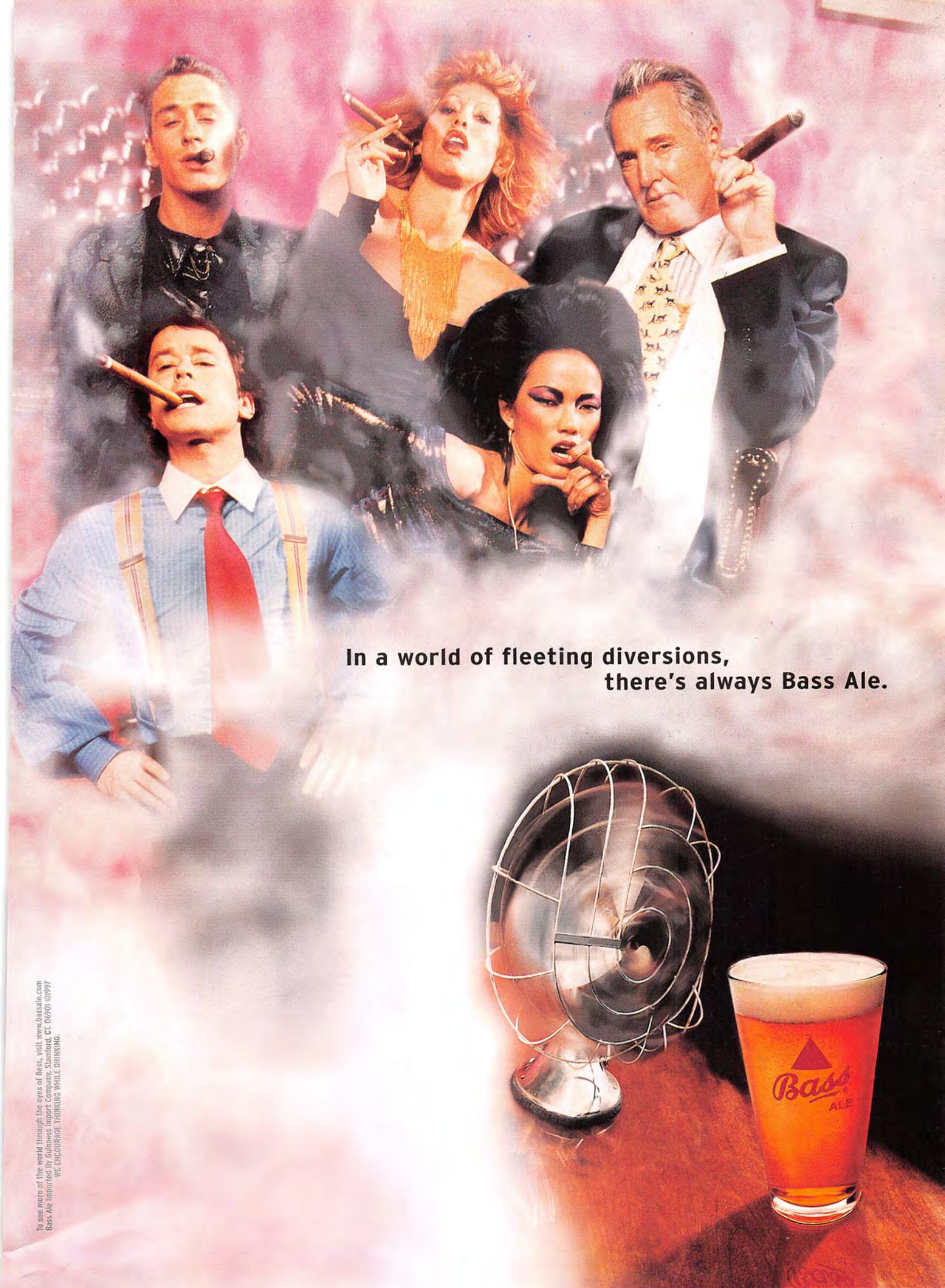
Worthy: But Big Game James isn't convinced. "Our game was about vision. We were so focused when we were on the floor. I don't think Wilt and the others could have sustained that kind of intensity."

Theus: "Greer can't match up with Magic, who would literally shoot over him. Worthy would run by Cunningham and Walker. The Lakers are much too fast."

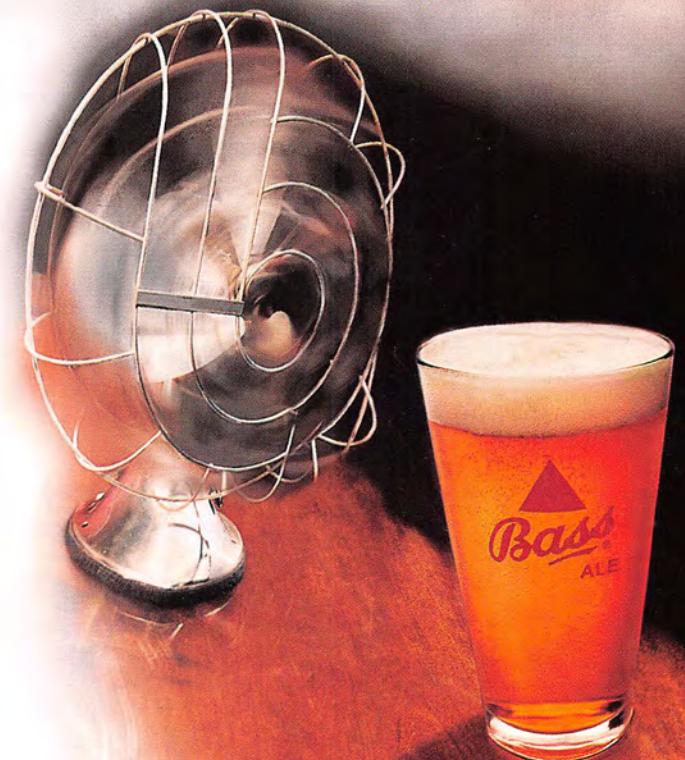
THE INSIDE GAME

Heinsohn: This one's tough to call for Boston man Heinsohn, because his head doesn't agree with his heart: "The Knicks were a mobile, passing team. They could all handle the ball." But what about Larry Bird? Heinsohn says Bradley could keep him in check. "Bradley was a good defender. He'd get in Larry's sneakers. He'd get in his jersey."

Lee: "[Celtic guard] Danny Ainge was a weak link. Who's he going to hold? The Knicks would kill him. And hell, we even have a better trainer." (Editors' note: We regret any semblance of boosterism in the comments of Mr. Lee.)



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Hoop Dreams



"Every time Pippen went to the basket," says Theus, "the Celtics would knock the shit out of him."

GAME 3

'65 CELTICS vs. '96 BULLS

IT IS MOMENTS like this, when the best of the '60s meet the best of the '90s, that make the heart soar. It's Celtic Sam Jones making a pair of lay-ups just before the player intros. It's Michael Jordan dipping his hands in resin, then clapping them in front of announcer Johnny Kerr. Let's hear it for traditions.

When the game starts, Jordan seems intimidated as five Hall of Famers have their way with him. K.C. Jones sticks to him, and Jordan's jump shots clank off the rim. When he drives past Jones, he's met by Russell.

At the end of the third quarter, Boston's opened up an 83-73 lead, and it looks like they'll coast. Not so fast. Suddenly K.C. Jones is looking for his jock. It's Jordan right, Jordan left, Jordan down the lane. Pippen finally finds his jumper, too, and the Celtic lead is down to one. But, as usual, Rodman's called for a foul underneath. And then, also as usual, he's quickly whistled for two T's and gets the heave-ho. Leaving the court,

Dennis rips off his jersey and throws it to a Boston youth. "Hey, Worm," the kid says. "Where's your wedding dress?" Rodman just smiles his I-did-Madonna smile.

Two seconds left. Bulls still down by one. Jordan tries to deke K.C. Jones. The defender, though, wisely overplays him left. Jordan throws a jumper from the top of the key and...nothing but rim. Take a seat, Gatorade boy.

FINAL SCORE:

CELTICS 105, BULLS 104

THE INSIDE GAME

Theus: "Inspirational play is critical to the Bulls; the one-handed stretch, the tomahawk dunk. It puts a lot of pressure on the other team. If you can limit that, you're in the game." He thinks Boston can.

Heinsohn: "The Celtics were a better running team, all the players could score and rebound." And what about stopping the best player ever to hit the hardwood? "The Celtics had a strategy of letting one guy score and shutting down the others. It worked against Wilt; it worked against Elgin Baylor. It would work against Jordan. I know it's heresy, but we'd beat the Bulls by 15 to 30." Heresy? No, Tommy, that's called *insanity*.



Russell's farewell to arms

GAME 4

'83 76ERS vs. '72 LAKERS

MOSES MALONE WAS BILLED as the Anti-Wilt, the guy who sacrifices for the team. But early in this Laker season, coach Bill Sharman convinced Chamberlain, in the twilight of his career, of the value of team play. Wilt had another thing over Moses: You could understand what he was saying.

From the start, West and Goodrich come out shooting—and scoring. But Julius Erving puts on one of his air shows, streaking into the lane and laying in one finger roll after another. Coach Sharman puts West on Erving. West's quick feet keep Doc from driving; instead, Erving uses his four-inch height advantage to shoot over his opponent. But that's not his game, and the Sixers' potent offensive weapon is weakened.

The Sixers begin cutting into a 10-point lead as the second half begins. Chamberlain is used to ruling down low, but Moses isn't giving an inch. Fact is, Wilt feels like he's slow dancing with George Foreman.

But Wilt is still plenty tough—and taller than Malone. At the end, Wilt's won the rebounding match 17-14. As goes rebounding, so goes the game.

FINAL SCORE:
LAKERS 100, SIXERS 94

THE INSIDE GAME

Theus: "That Laker team had great chemistry. I went to high school just down the street from the Forum and used to watch them all the time. And I played against that 76er team [as a Bull]. The Lakers' depth is superior."

Worthy: "To tell you the truth, people were just a little afraid of Moses. He was a bruiser, like a tow truck rolling down a hill. He'd beat you down, all game long. He'd go up for rebounds knowing he'd miss, just so he could hit you on purpose. You'd start to feel like you're in a boxing match."

Lee: When Spike discusses the matchup, he initially favors the Lakers. But reminded of Pat Riley's 1995 departure from the Knicks, Spike quickly changes his mind. "Pfft," he says. "Sixers win."



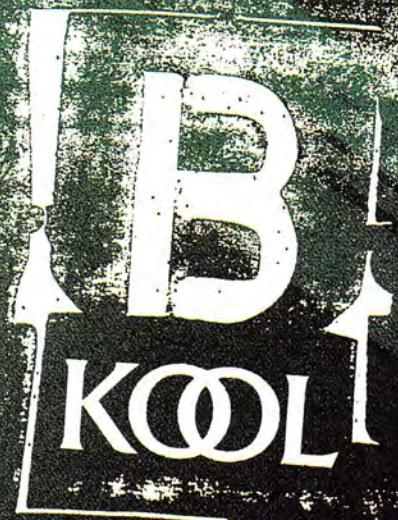
How the West was won.

TOP: PIPPEN: BILL BAPTIST, NBA; RUSSELL: NBA; WILT: SCOTT CUNNINGHAM/NA
ROBERTS/NBA; CHEEKS: SCOTT CUNNINGHAM/NA



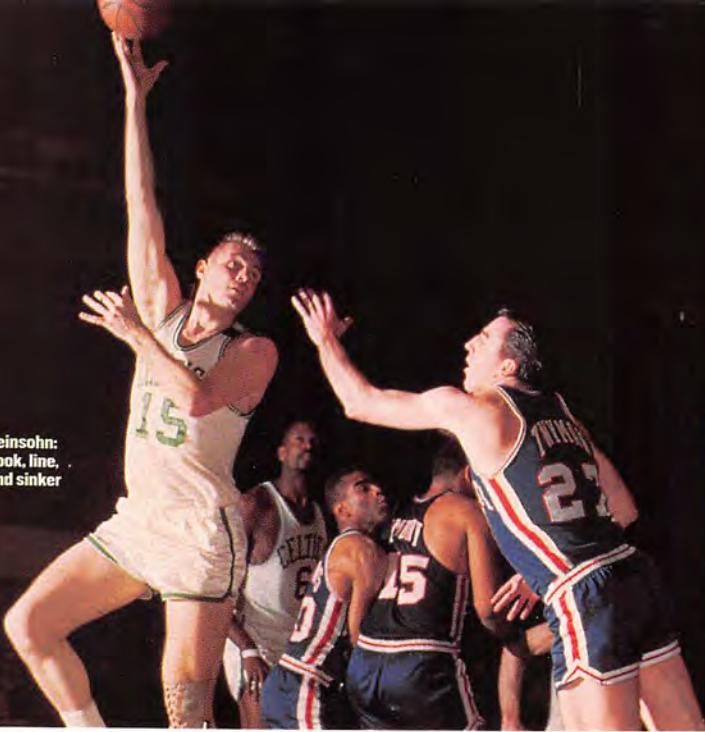
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Heinsohn:
hook, line,
and sinker



SEMIFINAL 1

'87 LAKERS vs. '70 KNICKS

IN THE SHOOT-AROUND before the game, the Lakers size up the Knicks: smaller, slower, whiter. No problem.

And in the first half, that's the way it goes. Showtime has the fastest fast break in the biz, and after every rebound, a purple jersey streaks downcourt. If it's not Worthy, it's Coop. If it's not Coop, it's Green. The options seem endless: Magic finds the cutter with a no-look or takes it himself. And there's always Kareem. When the Laker Girls take the court, it's L.A. by 14.

The second half is a different story. The Knicks slow the fast break by getting physical. Very physical. Reed hammers Kareem down low. DeBusschere roughs up Green. Knick

picks free up Bradley and he starts hitting his J. When Scott moves to double-team Dollar Bill, Frazier's open at the free-throw line. To top it off, Barnett starts popping, big time.

But just as the Knicks narrow the Laker lead, their fouls start to add up. With two minutes left, DeBusschere fouls out. Thirty seconds later, Mike Riordon waves bye-bye. When Bradley takes a seat in the last minute, it's game over.



Home, James

FINAL SCORE:
LAKERS 114, KNICKS 105

THE INSIDE GAME

Theus: "Bradley may have been a great shooter, but Worthy would have posted him up all day. The Lakers just had too many ways to attack you. I really like this Knicks team, but they're not as mobile as L.A."

Heinsohn: "The Knicks had better defense, passing, and rebounding. Kareem would need to score big points, but the Knicks—especially Reed—would make him work for them."

Worthy: "I've seen Kareem destroy a few great centers, from Ralph Sampson to Robert Parish. His sky-hook and his passing ability were impeccable. The only thing the Knicks could hope for was that he got a migraine."

SEMIFINAL 2

'72 LAKERS vs. '65 CELTICS

BEFORE THE LAKERS' GAME against the Celts in old Boston Garden, their locker room is a veritable sick building all by itself. There's no air-conditioning, the tap water is Bass Ale brown, the pregame buffet looks like an M.I.T. salmonella project. But this veteran Laker team expects as much from Auerbach.

From the get-go, the quick, nimble Russell beats Chamberlain to the spot, forcing Wilt to take a lower-percentage fade-away. West and Goodrich try to pick up the slack.

Although Sharman has Chamberlain playing within a team context, with the Lakers down seven and five minutes to play, the Big Dipper decides to make it Wilt Time.

Chamberlain scores on a hook and, next time down, executes a thunderous dunk. The Celtics respond by having Sanders and Heinsohn foul Chamberlain the second he gets the ball, forcing him to the line, where he shot a piss-poor .422 that season. Wilt isn't much better this night, and Boston's strategy pays off. With Boston up by four, and 50 seconds left, Red Auerbach lights up his traditional victory cigar.

FINAL SCORE:
CELTICS 111, LAKERS 107

THE INSIDE GAME

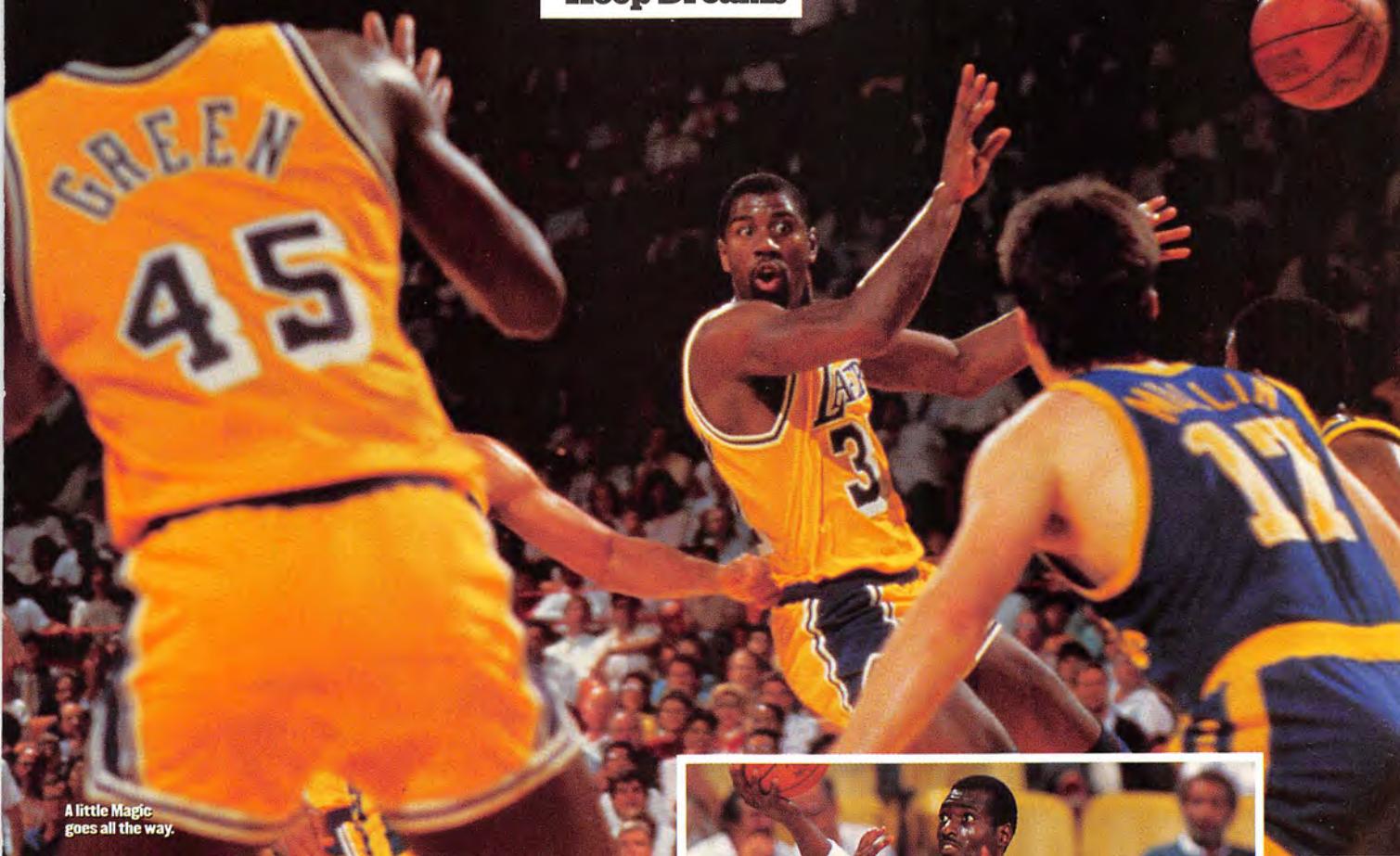
Heinsohn: "It's our fast break versus their fast break, and the Celtics have more depth, more speed, and better passing. The Celtic forwards easily outdo the Lakers. We'd have dramatically better rebounding. Maybe the Celtic guards lose the battle, but only barely."

Theus: "You can't bogart Wilt. He was, without question, the strongest man in basketball. Great hands. Even led the league in assists one year [1968]. Had several great moves. Good at blocking shots. Had a little nasty in him."

Worthy: "You gotta go with the Celtics," he says haltingly. "They always seemed to be able to pull it off."



Jonesing for a hoop

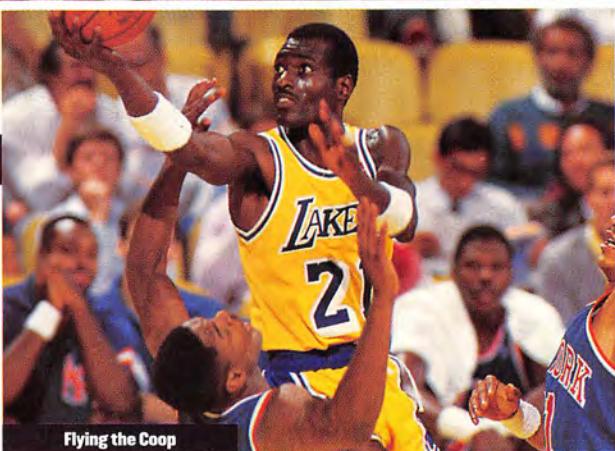


A little Magic goes all the way.

TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS FINALS

 **'65 CELTICS**
vs.
'87 LAKERS





Flying the Coop



Kurt collects for his Lakers.

LAKERS vs. CELTICS. The only way a tournament of champions should end. These two teams have played in 43 NBA finals between them (going all the way back to the days when the Lakers called Minneapolis home), 10 of them against each other. But it was never, ever like this.

Coach Auerbach tries to wreak havoc with the Lakers' half-court offense. The biggest assignment falls to Bill Russell. He has to stop Abdul-Jabbar, who ended his career having scored more points than any player in NBA history. But Russell is probably the best defensive center the sport has ever known and, in 1965, was nine years younger than the 40-year-old Kareem was in '87. By handling the Big Fella one-on-one, he allows the other Celtic defenders to stay with their men, negating Abdul-Jabbar's uncanny ability to pass to the open man.

Boston tries everything to stop Magic and the fast break. They force him to fight through picks and tease him about those sucky Converse ads. He still manages to rebound and find Worthy, Coop, or Scott.

Yes, the Celts are smaller and slower than the Lakers. But they also won

11 championships in 13 years, and you don't have that kind of success without knowing how to defeat teams more athletic than you.

All the Celtic experience pays off, and with three seconds left, they're up 100-99. But Showtime has the ball. Byron Scott throws it in low to Worthy, who kicks it out to Magic. Johnson fakes the J, gets K.C. Jones in the popcorn machine, and drives. He throws up his "junior-junior-junior" sky hook, and the ball floats toward the basket. It hits the rim, bounces up...

...and drops in. The '87 Lakers win it all! Magic smiles and throws his arms around Kareem.



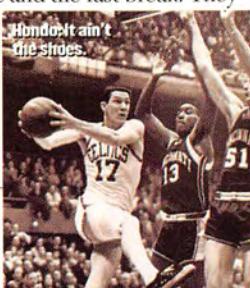
FINAL SCORE:
LAKERS 101, CELTICS 100

THE INSIDE GAME

Heinsohn: A firm believer in the Celtics, Heinsohn says, "I think we had more talent than they did. We had the speed advantage. We'd have been perfectly willing to run with them for 48 minutes. I could stay with Magic; he wouldn't outrun me or Sanders or Naulls. Plus, the Lakers only had two great passers—Magic and Kareem. Everybody on Boston was a good passer."

Worthy: "With all due respect to Tom, we had a transition game they couldn't take away. And with all due respect to K.C. Jones, keeping up with Magic would have been very difficult for him."

Theus: "Yes, Kareem was 40, but Russell wasn't a good enough offensive player to make that a big issue." Theus says. "I don't think anyone on Boston could have kept up with Magic. Ultimately the Lakers are too big and too quick."



**Somebody's Gotta Do It**

NASCAR Driver

170 mph, and not a cop in sight:

Brett Bodine tells *Maxim* about his career in the fast lane.

**"Gotta pit,
Don—my fuzzy
dice fell off and
rolled under
the seat."**

BRETT BODINE, 39, has been putting his pedal to the metal professionally as a NASCAR driver for 18 years. He had his first Winston Cup win in 1990, and finished second at the inaugural Brickyard 400 in 1994.

How did it all start?

My father owned a racetrack, so I raced my first car at 16. I was hooked: The adrenaline rush behind the wheel beats sitting in the grandstand hands-down. When I graduated from college in 1979, I gave myself five years to make it as a professional race-car champion. Less than a year later, I had my first win, on a Florida racetrack.

Any nerve-wracking episodes?

My worst accident was at a 1993 Delaware practice run. My car had an engine failure, and I lost control and hit the wall at 170 miles an hour. I broke my arm and hand and hit my head so hard, two spots on my brain were left damaged and bleeding. Still, I was racing again after a week: A successful driver has to get back on his feet. If you can move, you can race.

Your funniest moment?

I fell asleep once on the racetrack. It was early in my career, when I'd been putting in 15-hour days plus racing at night. A red-flag condition came up during the race, and while the cars were stopped, exhaustion hit and I was out like a light. Luckily, I woke up when all the cars revved up again, and no one noticed.

THE DETAILS

HOURS 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., plus nighttime personal appearances and autograph sessions

SALARY More than \$500,000

PERKS Fantastic travel, great money, babes galore; speed limit imposed by physics, not cops

DOWNSIDES No free time; constant risk of incredibly gnarly death

How fierce is the driver rat race?

You're competitors: You're paid to get out there and race. It's tricky, because if an opponent bumps into you, he actually may profit by knocking you out of the race. It's hard to tell if another driver calculated crashing into you, but when you race against the same people 32 times a year, you begin to recognize who to look out for.

Does the pressure ever get too much?

No, but that's because I'm always on a fairly level keel: I'm not the sort of person who gets really excited or really down in the dumps. One moment you're winning a race, and the next thing you know, you're literally crashing into a wall. So it's important to learn how to deal with everything thrown at you.

Any sibling rivalry? (Brothers Geoff and Todd also race NASCAR)

Geoff and I have had run-ins on the racetrack which he's taken personally. Once he bumped into me in a way I felt was uncalled for, so I bumped him back and he crashed. He was furious, but we're paid professionals, and unfortunately it's my job to beat my brothers. But if I'm not in a competitive situation, I'll help them out: If one of them is winning, I'll block a car for a little while to give him an added edge.

Are you a speed demon off the course?

I tend to tailgate and speed—I'm the type of guy who wants to get where he's going as fast as possible. But who doesn't? **M**

WANNA GET LUCKY?



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Sign up now and we'll credit your account with a 10% sign-up bonus.

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Or call

800-372-0333

We're always open.

"Does that old lady really think she can run a red light and get away with it?"

**It's Great to Be a Guy!
To Prove It, Here Are**

100 REASONS

NO OFFENSE INTENDED OR IMPLIED. LIST TO BE USED FOR HUMOROUS PURPOSES ONLY.

- 1 Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat.
- 2 Movie nudity is virtually always female.
- 3 You know stuff about tanks.
- 4 A five-day vacation requires only one suitcase.
- 5 *Monday Night Football*.
- 6 You don't have to monitor your friends' sex lives.
- 7 Your bathroom lines are 80 percent shorter.
- 8 You can open all your own jars.
- 9 Old friends don't give a crap whether you've lost or gained weight.
- 10 Dry cleaners and hair-cutters don't rob you blind.
- 11 When clicking through the channels, you don't have to stall at every shot of somebody crying.

- 12 Your ass is never a factor in job interviews.
- 13 All your orgasms are real.
- 14 A beer gut doesn't make you invisible to the opposite sex.
- 15 Guys in hockey masks don't attack you (unless you smash 'em into the boards).
- 16 You don't have to lug a bag of useful stuff around everywhere you go.
- 17 You understand why *Stripes* is funny.
- 18 You can go to the bathroom without a support group.
- 19 Your last name stays put.
- 20 You can leave the hotel bed unmade.

- 21 When your work is criticized, you don't have to panic that everyone secretly hates you.
- 22 You can kill your own food.
- 23 The garage is all yours.
- 24 You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness.
- 25 You see the humor in *Terms of Endearment*.
- 26 Nobody secretly wonders whether you swallow.
- 27 You never have to clean a toilet.
- 28 You can be showered and ready to go in 10 minutes.
- 29 Sex means never worrying about your reputation.
- 30 Wedding plans take care of themselves.

- 31 If someone forgets to invite you to something, he or she can still be your friend.

32 Your underwear is \$10 for a three-pack.

33 The National College Cheerleading Championship

34 You don't have to shave below your neck.

35 None of your coworkers has the power to make you cry.

36 You don't have to curl up next to a hairy ass every night.

37 If you're 34 and single, nobody even notices.

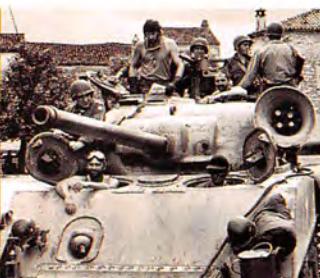
38 You can write your name in the snow.

39 You can get into a non-trivial pissing contest.

40 Everything on your face gets to stay its original color.



"And they think we're at the Promise Keepers."



"See that mailbox over there?"

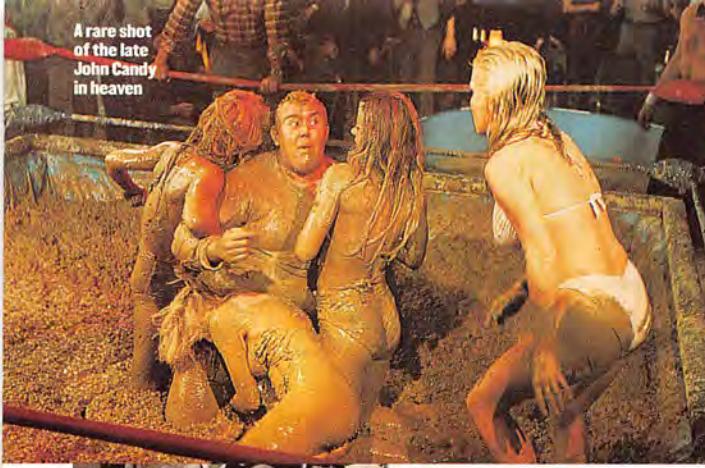


"Give me a H-E-R-O-I-N!"



"Hey, mister. Can we borrow your Maxim?"

A rare shot of the late John Candy in heaven



Thousands of individually bottled reasons



41 Chocolate is just another snack.

42 You can be president. (In this lifetime.)

43 You can quietly enjoy a car ride from the passenger's seat.

44 Flowers fix everything.

45 You never have to worry about other people's feelings.

46 You get to think about sex 90 percent of your waking hours.

47 You can wear a white shirt to a water park.

48 Three pairs of shoes is more than enough.

49 You can eat a banana in a hardware store.

50 You can say anything ("Wow, do my balls hurt!") and not worry about what people will think.

51 Foreplay is optional.

52 Michael Bolton doesn't live in your universe.

53 Nobody stops telling a good dirty joke when you walk into a room.

54 You can whip your shirt off on a hot day.

55 You don't have to clean your apartment if the meter reader's coming by.

56 You never feel compelled to stop a pal from getting laid.



57 Car mechanics tell you the truth.

58 You don't give a rat's ass if anyone notices your new haircut.

59 You can quietly watch a game with your buddy for hours without ever thinking *He must be mad at me.*

60 The world is your urinal.

61 You never misconstrue innocuous statements to mean your lover's about to leave you.

62 You get to jump up and slap stuff.

63 Hot wax never comes near your pubic area.

64 One mood, all the time!

65 You can admire Clint Eastwood without starving yourself to look like him.

66 You never have to drive on to another gas station because this one's *just too skeevy.*

67 You know at least 20 ways to open a beer bottle.

68 You can sit with your knees apart no matter what you're wearing.

69 Same work...more pay!

70 Gray hair and wrinkles only add character.

71 You don't have to leave the room to make an emergency crotch adjustment.

72 Wedding dress: \$2,000; tuxedo rental: \$75

73 You don't care if someone's talking about you behind your back.

74 With 400 million sperm per shot, you could double the Earth's population in 15 tries, at least in theory.

75 You don't mooch off others' desserts.

76 If you retain water, it's in a canteen.

"Anybody else think Eastwood's tougher?"

77 The remote control is yours and yours alone.

78 People never glance at your chest when you're talking to them.

79 ESPN's *SportsCenter*

80 You can drop by to see a friend without having to bring a little gift.

81 Bachelor parties whomp ass over bridal showers.

82 You have a normal and healthy relationship with your mother.

83 You can buy condoms without the shopkeeper imagining you naked.

84 You needn't pretend you're "freshening up" to go to the bathroom.

85 If you don't call your buddy when you say you will, he won't tell your other friend you've changed.

86 Someday you'll be a dirty old man.

87 You can rationalize any behavior with the handy phrase "Fuck it."

88 If another guy shows up at the party in the same outfit, you just might become lifelong buddies.

89 Princess Di's death was just another obituary.

90 The occasional well-rendered belch is practically expected.

"I can give you a few more reasons."

91 You never have to miss a sexual opportunity because you're not in the mood.

92 You think the idea of punting a small dog is funny.

93 If something mechanical doesn't work, you can bash it with a hammer or throw it across the room.

94 New shoes don't blister, cut, and mangle your feet.

95 Porn movies are designed with your mind in mind.

96 You don't have to remember everyone's birthdays and anniversaries.

97 Not liking a person doesn't preclude having great sex with them.

98 Your pals can be trusted never to trap you with: "So...notice anything different?"

99 *Baywatch*

100 There's always a game on somewhere.



10 THINGS THAT SUCK ABOUT BEING A GUY

You have to take out the garbage.

The Ferrari 550 Maranello lists for over \$200,000.

No sofas in your restrooms.

External genitalia are vulnerable to knees and fastballs.

Even if you get your head caught in an industrial wood chipper, you're not allowed to cry.

James Bond movies only come out every two years.

Ribbed for her pleasure—not yours.

You have to wear ties.

You can't flirt your way out of a jam.

"Women and children first"

Cover Babe



FAMKE VERY MUCH!

One thing to be thankful for: Dutch actress Famke Janssen, who's gone from Bond to beyond without losing a bit of cool. A gratifying *Maxim* exclusive.
By James Heidhenry

Photographs by Andrew Eccles
Styling by Karen Shapiro

Cover Babe

While some Bond Girls just fade away, a few—like slinky, savvy Famke Janssen—parlay their Bondness into post-007 success. The scene in 1995's *GoldenEye* in which Janssen (as ball-bustin' aviatrix Xenia Onatopp) wraps her mighty thighs around Bond and squeezes him to the brink of death is something most guys don't soon forget. But Janssen has brains and survival instincts to rival those thighs, which may be why her film career is booming, with four movies hitting theaters this year—notably *The Gingerbread Man*, *Noose* and the big-budget *Deep Rising*. Recently we sat down with the Dutch-born actress to bask in her still radiant Bondness and squeeze her for a few answers. Here's what we learned: 1) Never answer the door in a towel; 2) when Famke says no, she means no; 3) Famke says no a lot; and 4) we love her anyway.

Maxim: If I ask the wrong question during this interview, will you kill me?



FJ: That'd be a little extreme.

M: Are you tired of fielding stupid questions just because you're a former Bond Girl?

FJ: [It's annoying] when people go, "Oh, are you that Bond chick?" But most of the time I just think that *GoldenEye* has given me so many opportunities and roles like the one in *Noose*, where I play an Irish-American trash bag.

M: Sounds attractive. Did you consider your character's inability to kill Bond a personal failure?

FJ: It would be really sad if I took it that seriously, wouldn't it?

M: You once said that men are intimidated by you because they think that you'll get them into trouble. What kind?

FJ: They wouldn't even know what hit them. I'm nothing but trouble.

M: What kinds of men do you like?

FJ: I like very intelligent, funny men. If they're good-looking, that's a plus. If they're young, that's another.

M: And what repels you?

FJ: Idiots, playboys, and people who have no sense of humor and care too much about the way they look.

M: Do you carry cyanide capsules around in your purse?

FJ: No.

M: What was your worst dating experience?

FJ: I was living in Amsterdam. I couldn't have been more than 14, and he was much older. I went over to his apartment and he opened the door wearing a towel. I remember thinking, *Oh, that's gross*.

M: Why didn't your character, Xenia, run 007 off the road when she had the chance in *GoldenEye*?

FJ: Have you ever watched a cat play with a mouse? They'll play with it for a long time. It's not really about the killing; it's more about the playing. That's the way I felt.

M: As a model, you made \$10,000 a day. What was the most outrageously expensive thing you ever bought?

FJ: A cashmere blanket for my bed.

M: How much did you blow on that?

FJ: Thousands. [Laughs]

M: Do you know how much a quart of milk costs in the supermarket?

FJ: Like...89¢? Maybe 69¢.

M: You were a literature major at

Columbia. Do you write poetry?

FJ: Yes.

M: Would you agree to give \$5 to whichever one of our readers writes you the loveliest poem?

FJ: [repeats the question skeptically, then] OK, yes.

M: Can I have \$5?

FJ: Why? You didn't even write me a poem.

M: So I can go buy a beer with five bucks that was given to me by a Bond Girl.

FJ: [calculates, frowns] I'm already \$10 down.

M: Who do you find more annoying, Pauly Shore, Robin Williams, or Sally Field?

FJ: Pauly Shore. [Laughs]

M: If you ever achieve global domination, would you like to imprison Pauly Shore in a dungeon for life?

FJ: Well, I don't know that I'd have such a violent reaction... He's got a funny hairdo or something, right?

M: Let's play word association. I'm going to say a word.

FJ: OK.

M: Clambake.

FJ: Clambake? Nothing comes to mind.

M: If you didn't have a boyfriend and I asked you out on a date tonight, what would you say?

FJ: No.

M: Can I please have \$5?

FJ: I'll give you five bucks if you really want it.

M: Yeah, I do. I really want it.

FJ: OK. You've got your five bucks. I'll give you whatever I have. [Opens her purse] Look at that, \$5! **M**

FAMKE AT A GLANCE

Grew up in: Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

Unmistakable feature: Her strangely endless legs. At 5'11", she can resemble a skyscraper in a miniskirt. Puny Patrick Stewart, playing opposite her in a *Star Trek: TNG* episode, was forced to stand on a box.

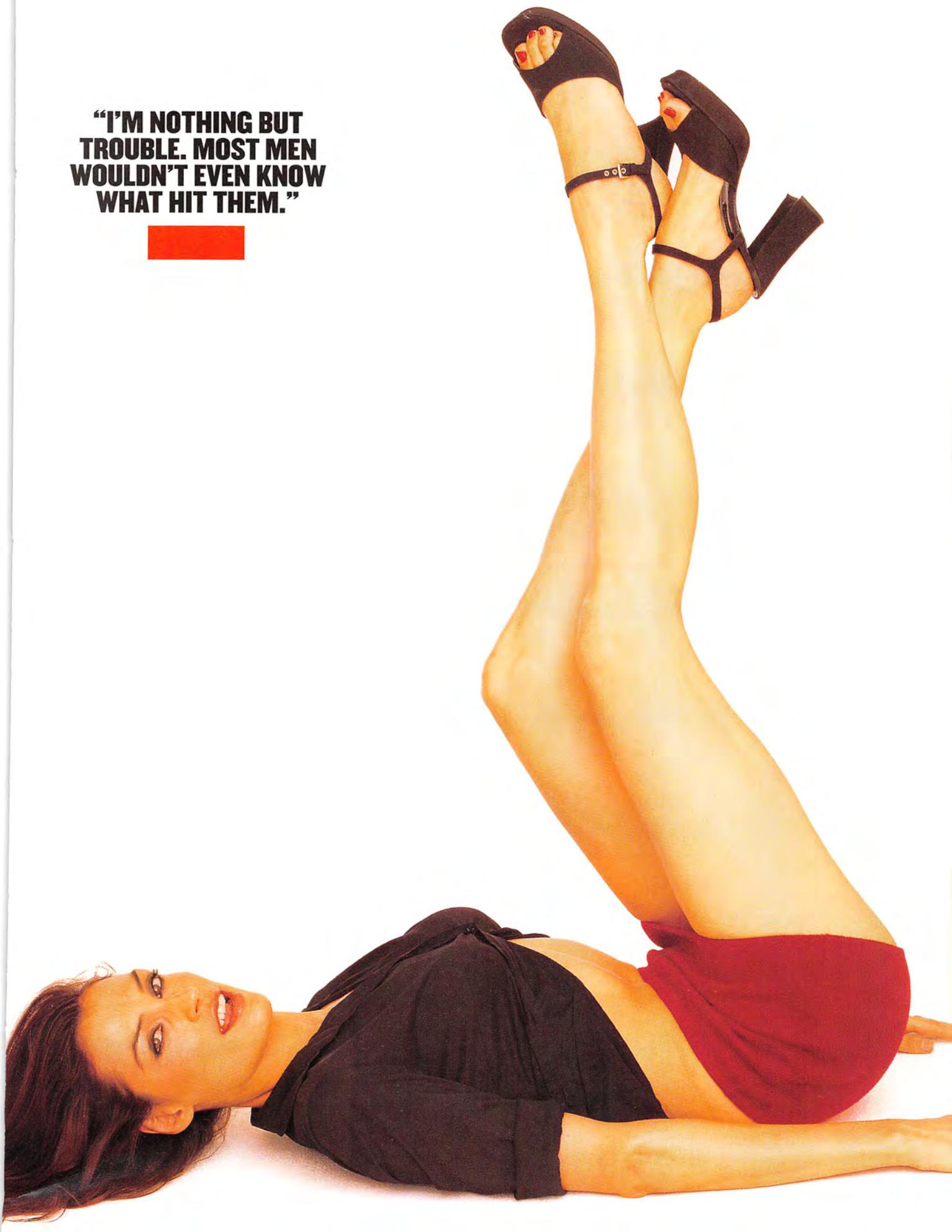
Current movie roles: Though allergic to booze in real life, she plays a boozehound in Robert Altman's *The Gingerbread Man* (based on a John Grisham thriller); and she's a jewel thief in the spooky underwater chiller *Deep Rising*.

Danger factor: Has been known to kick holes in walls. (Well, at least once, in Los Angeles, and for good reason.)

How to please her in bed, should you ever have the chance: Famke advises, "Don't fart."

PREVIOUS PAGE & THIS PAGE: HAIR & MAKEUP BY ROB VAN DORSEN FOR NUBEST AND CO., MANHASSET, NY; CLOTHES: AVAILABLE AT BARNEY'S NEW YORK; NEXT PAGE: HAIR BY SATO FOR FRAME REPRESENTATIVES INC.; MAKEUP BY FRAN COOPER FOR STEPHEN KNOLL SALON, NYC; RED MINISKIRT: MICHAEL KORS; SHIRT: DOLCE & GABBANA

**"I'M NOTHING BUT
TROUBLE. MOST MEN
WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW
WHAT HIT THEM."**

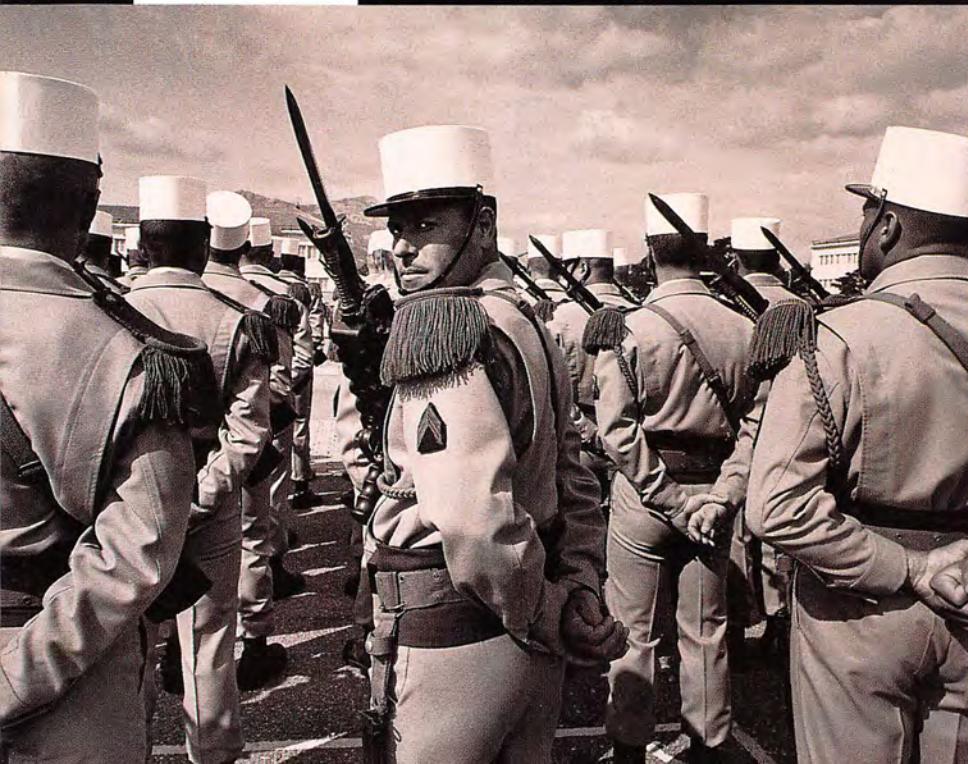


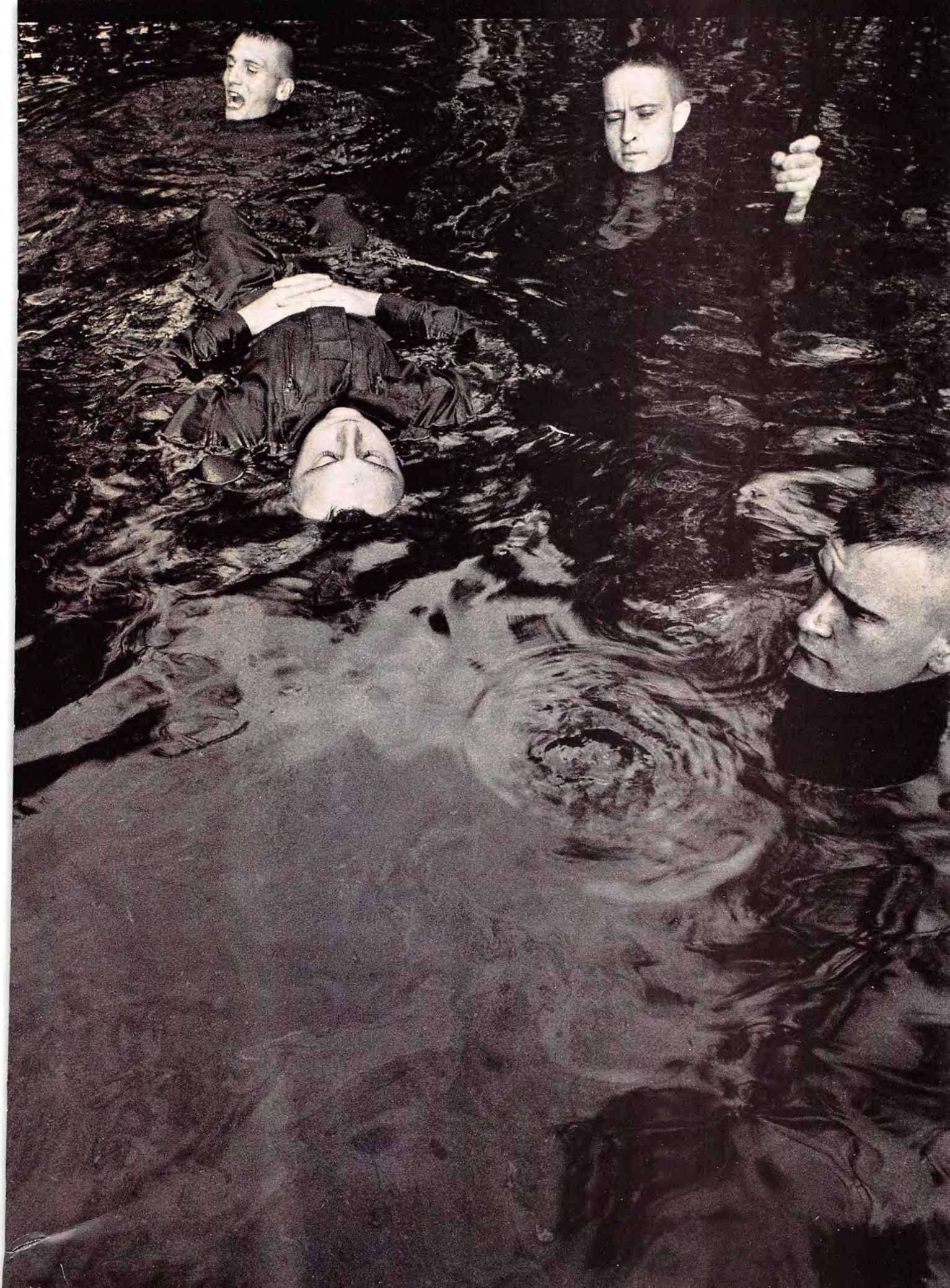
LEGION

Heartbroken? Wanted in five states? There's always the French Foreign Legion. But as Giorgia Fiorio's photographs show, this once stirring adventure has started to look an awful lot like basic training.

Photography by Giorgia Fiorio/Contact

Founded by France's King Louis Philippe in 1831 as a way of shipping undesirables out of France, the Legion still takes all comers, from all over the world. No proof of identity is required to join the 8,500-man fighting force; a recruit can sign up under any name. But the Legion has run Interpol photo checks on raw recruits to root out any murderers attempting to escape justice. (There's killing, see, and then there's *killing*.) Plus, a required pre-enlistment medical exam includes drug testing. But pass that and you'll be ready for the Legion's French Guianan jungle training course, pictured at right.

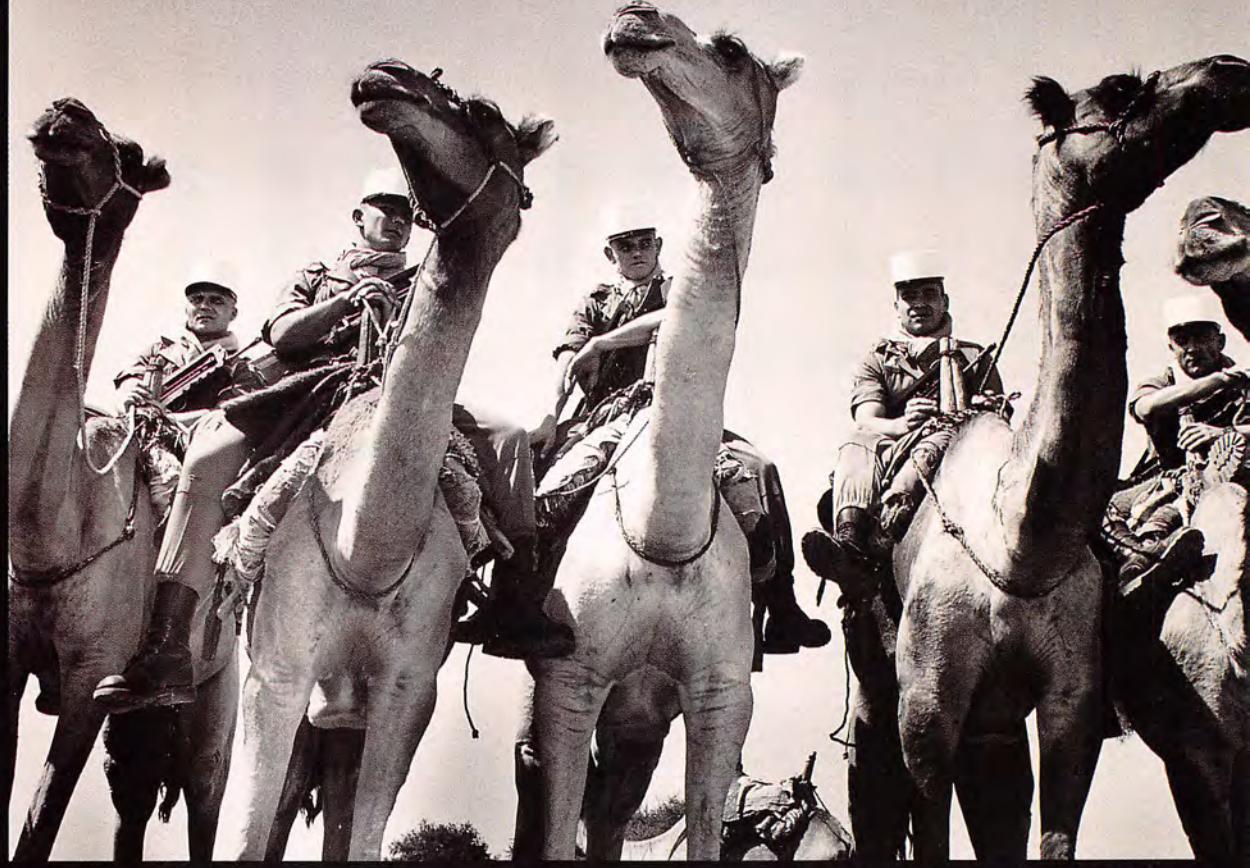




Foreign Legion

As appealing as ducking under barbed wire while trudging through a pool of fetid water up to your chin may be, it's not all there is to life in the Legion. After their grueling training, soldiers keep busy removing mines, supplying medicine to remote villages, and acting as "peacekeepers" in war-torn countries like Bosnia and Rwanda. And career opportunities abound: During their initial five-year contract, legionnaires can train as radio operators, diesel engine mechanics, plumbers, and even—no kidding—cartoonists.





The 17-week basic training course takes place in Castelnau-d'Orbieu, France, and culminates in a 60-mile, two-day "death hike," according to legend. Afterward, recruits ship out to one of 10 garrisons in French territories worldwide for specialized instruction in underwater combat, demolitions, jungle warfare, and other forms of mayhem. Camels, above, are enduring Legion icons (think Abbott and Costello), but of the 10 legionnaire garrisons, only the one in Djibouti in Africa involves actual desert duty.



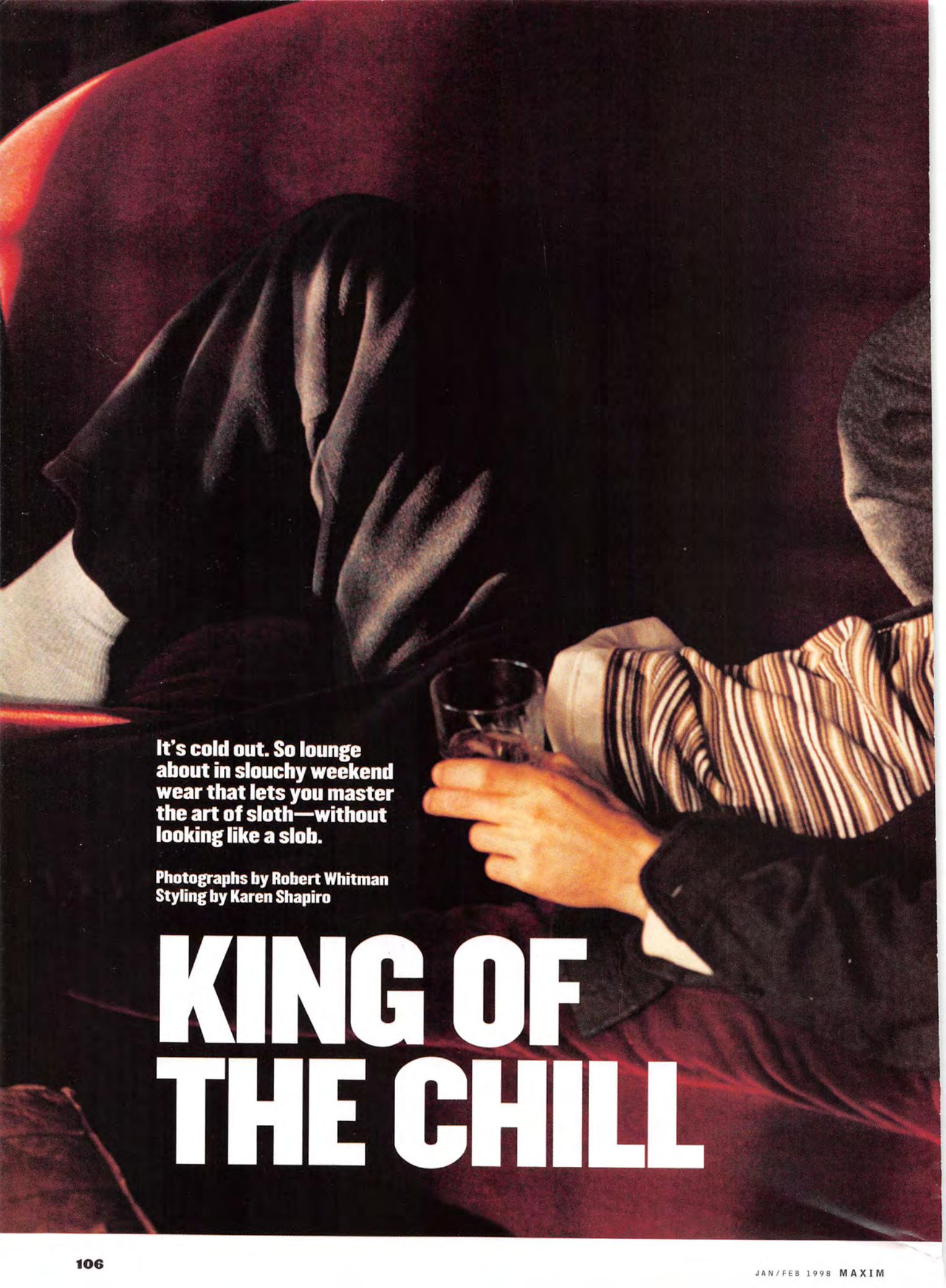


Sign up and you get free food, clothes, health care, French citizenship after 3 1/2 years (if you're crazy enough to want it), and a life-long pension after 15 years. And, of course, one of those nifty white hats. Marriage is a no-no, but perks include access to official Legion whorehouses, called BMCs (Bordels Militaires de Campagne). Staffed by disease-free, professional prostitutes, they're considered a cornerstone of good morale. ■



For more information about joining, contact the French Embassy in Washington at (202) 944-6000.

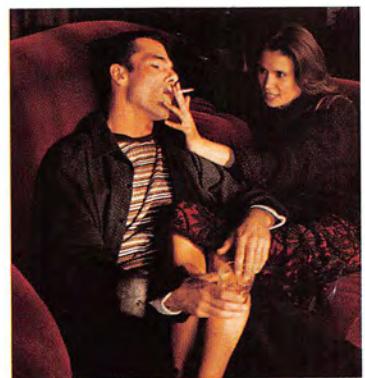


A close-up, low-angle photograph of a person's torso and arms. The person is wearing a dark, textured jacket over a light-colored shirt. They are holding a clear glass with a dark liquid in their right hand. The background is dark and out of focus.

It's cold out. So lounge about in slouchy weekend wear that lets you master the art of sloth—without looking like a slob.

Photographs by Robert Whitman
Styling by Karen Shapiro

KING OF THE CHILL



Suit up to win the battle for the sofa in loose-livin' fleece pants, \$68, thermal long-sleeved undershirt, \$42, and brown striped T-shirt, \$42—all by Guess?—bundled up in a flannel shirt by Sandy Dalal, \$180. On her: Skirt by Moschino Couture; sweater by Philosophy di Alberta Ferretti



STYLED BY KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY MICHELE GRAZIANO FOR JUDY CASEY

Even if you wake up feeling like crap, you don't have to look like it. Earn pre-coffee admiration in a classic plaid flannel bathrobe by Joe Boxer, \$38; boxers by Banana Republic, \$14.50; T-shirt by Tommy Hilfiger, \$22. On her: Bra and panties by Calvin Klein Underwear; waffle-weave bathrobe by Moschino

Deal with her strange ability to win at gin—is she using voodoo?—by dressing as if you don't give a damn. Laid-back flannel pajama pants by J.G. Hook, \$30; cotton T-shirt by Kenneth Cole, \$25; cotton sweatshirt by DKNY, \$42. On her: Sweatshirt by Nike; underwear by Champion

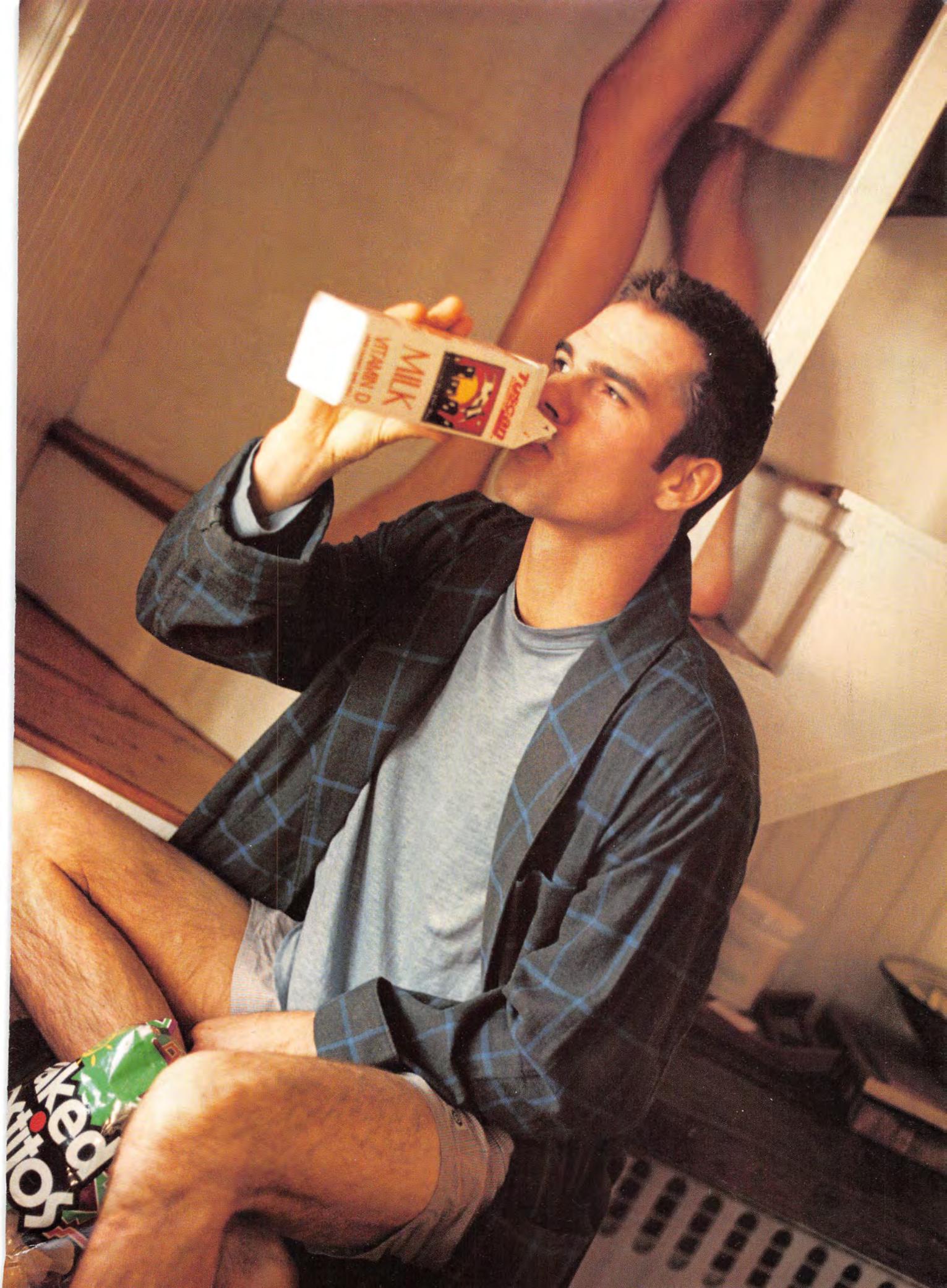


Clothes

Looks like snow? Make it a no-stress hibernation day in boxers by Tommy Hilfiger, \$18, and a silk-cashmere sweater by Paul Stuart, \$197. Ribbed T-shirt by Blue Marlin, \$28. On her: Slip dress by Alberta Ferretti



Couldn't find a glass? Big deal—on the weekend, rules are made to be broken...in clothes that aren't exactly binding: flannel bathrobe by Brooks Brothers, \$78; linen T-shirt by C.P. Company, \$165; and boxers by Banana Republic, \$14.50. On her: Cashmere bathrobe by Sanders Sanders

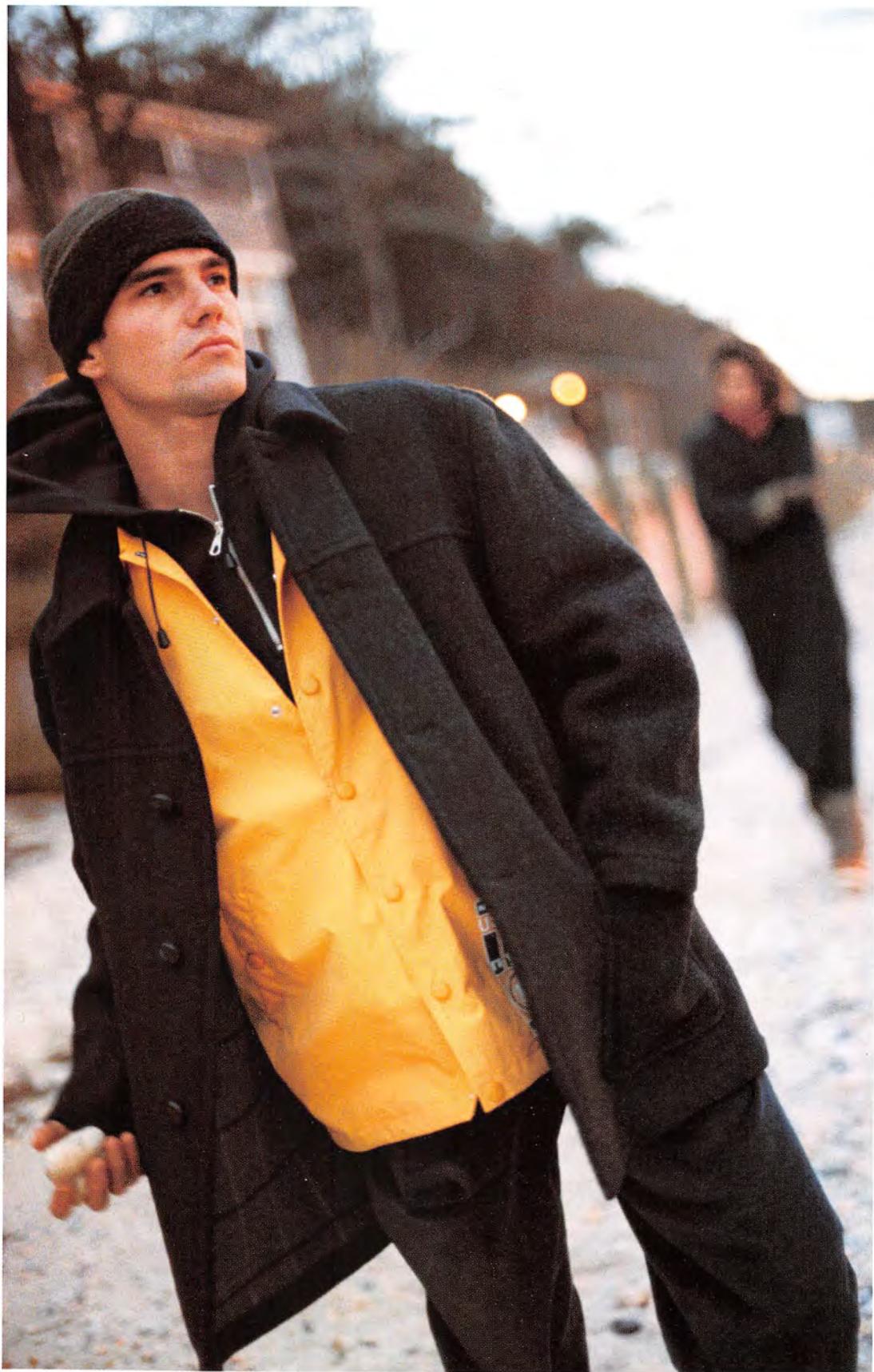






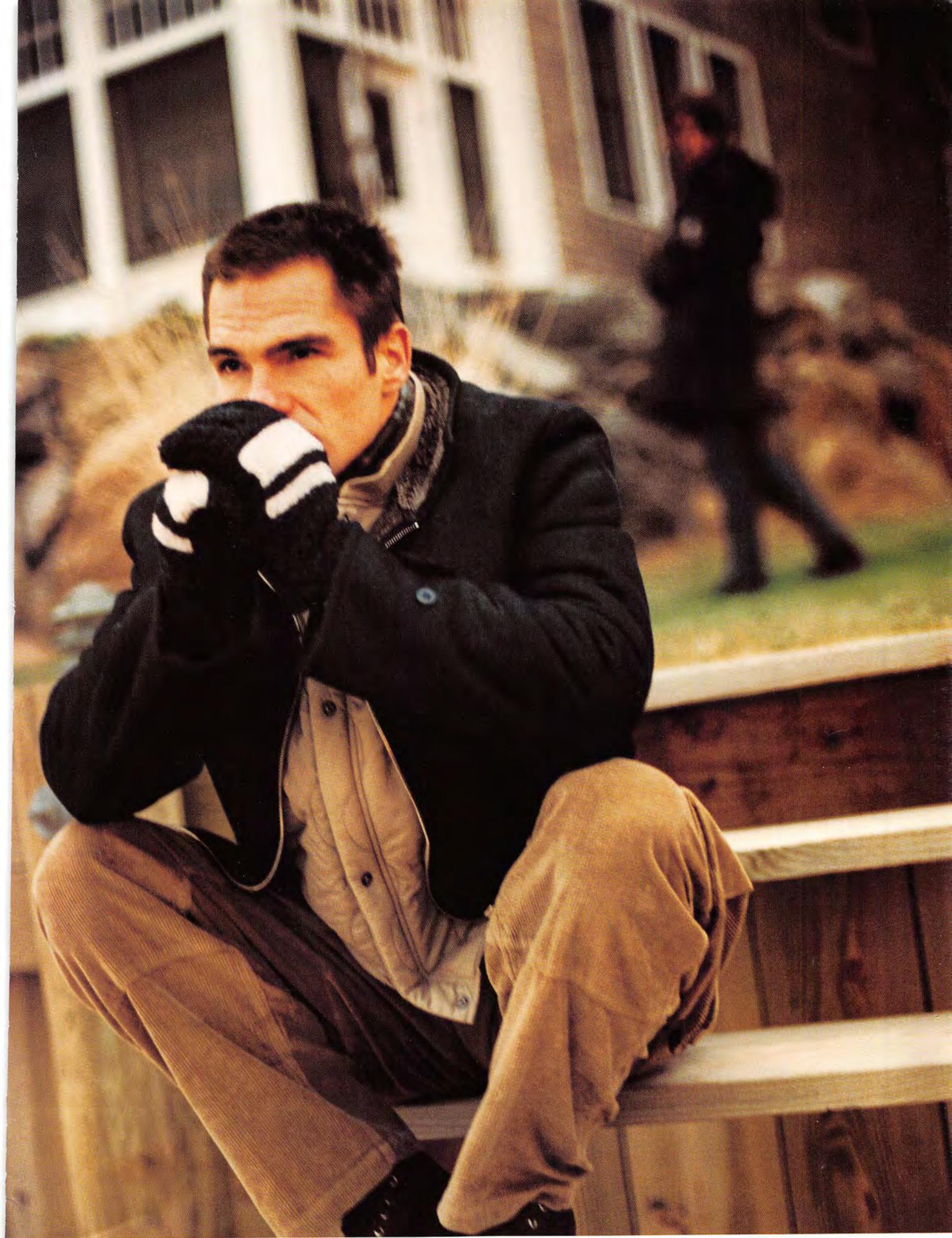
If you want her to ignore you, steer clear of this super-touchable cotton turtleneck sweater by Joseph Abboud, \$165. Fleecy drawstring pants by Eddie Bauer, \$36. Underwear by Jockey International Inc., \$6.50. On her: Long-sleeved shirt by agnès b.; slip by Only Hearts

You can handle the static, but who needs cling? Chill out while you fix the damned thing in wide-leg terry cotton pants by American Essentials Collection, \$70. Wool overshirt by Sandy Dalal, \$140; V-neck cotton sweater by C.P. Company, \$220



Layer up for winter
without looking like
a double-wide truck
in this wind-killin'
combo. Sweatshirt,
\$130, and yellow
nylon jacket, \$85—
both by DKNY—
topped off with an
overcoat by Brooks
Brothers, \$248;
cotton pants by
Joseph Abboud,
\$88; wool cap
by Bleeker Street
NY, \$20

Look at it this way:
Why choose
between style
and comfort when
you can have both
(not to mention an
amazing house by
the ocean and a
girlfriend that looks
a *great deal* like a
model)? Leather
jacket by agnès b.
HOMME, \$950;
quilted, nylon jacket
by Polo Ralph
Lauren, \$165; cord
cargo pants by
Level 7, \$55;
cashmere scarf
by Burberry of
London, \$170;
gloves by Bleeker
Street NY, \$25 ■



Your old standby shoes are fine—if you want to look like Mr. Rogers. Our advice: Chuck 'em and step into the here and now.

The new reliables

The Old Reliabes



The "Classy" Tasseled Loafer Guys rely on these fussy dress shoes just because everyone has a pair. Think twice, however, and you'll realize that tassels belong on strippers, not on you.

1998 Version (Under \$100)

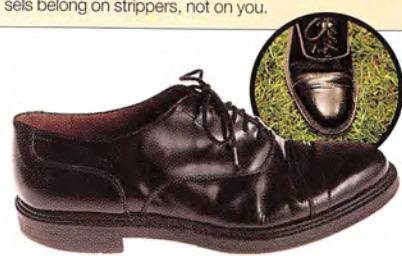


The Neoclassic Slip-On Trash the tassels and step into a simpler shoe—like this update of the cool bachelor loafer of the '70s, with a squarer toe, a higher heel, and a low-key strap (GBX, \$85).

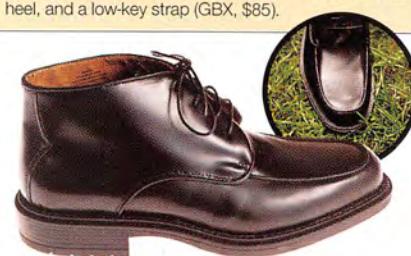
1998 Version (Over \$100)



The Less-Is-More Loafer Just say no for true sophistication. Kick the tassel habit *cold turkey* with a square-toed shoe stripped to essentials (Kenneth Cole, \$175).



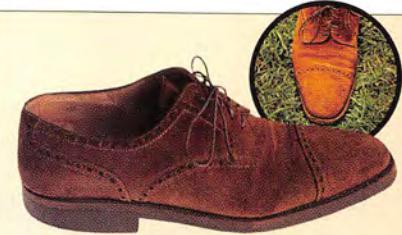
The Standard-Issue Work Shoe It's black, it's boring, it's about as safe as wearing three condoms. It's...oops: Sorry, guys, we drifted off there for a bit. Yawn.



The New Work Boot Stick to black (always wise for work) but up the ante. Discover how rad dress boots—like this lace-up with a stature-enhancing heel (Giorgio Brutini, \$80)—look with a suit.



The Hipper Work Boot If your sense of style—and your budget—is balsier, opt for a trendier model with a tailored elastic insert, like this sleek slip-on from Donna Karan, \$398.



The Casual-Friday Shoe This suede standby tries to be all things to all people—pairing "dressy" detailing with a schleppy foam sole. Safe, comfortable, and only slightly less bland than Velveeta.



The Truly Casual-Friday Shoe Stop hedging your bets, buddy. Skip the "elegance" of wing-tippy detailing and try a ruggedly stitched suede desert shoe (Clarks, \$90) that's still stylish enough for work.



The Luxuriously Casual Boot Swayed by suede? Take it all the way—in a sumptuous, updated desert boot that goes down easy if not cheap (BOSS Hugo Boss, \$350). Chinos never looked so damned good.



When used correctly,
can prevent pregnancy
up to 72 hours after sex.

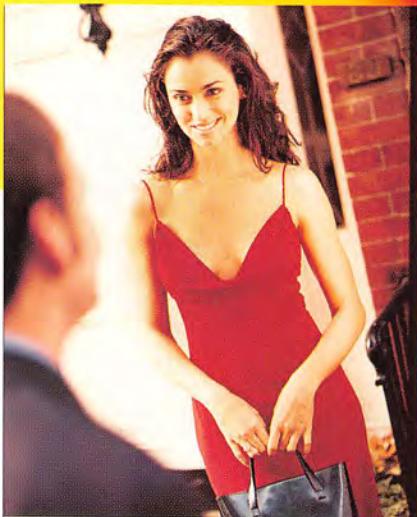
1-888-NOT-2-LATE

If your contraception fails, you can still prevent pregnancy. Used within 72 hours after sex, emergency contraception substantially reduces your risk of pregnancy. It is safe and easy to use. Ask your health care provider or call 1-888-NOT-2-LATE for information and a list of local providers.

Reproductive Health Technologies Project • <http://opr.princeton.edu/ec/>



Buzz the neck fuzz: another harmless trick to make her think you're civilized.



FIRST-DATE DETAILING

1. POWER SHOWER

Wash off and soften up at the same time. Fredric Brandt, dermatologist and clinical associate professor of dermatology at the University of Miami, suggests using a cleansing product with exfoliating grains on your face and hands to subdue the sharp edges of your he-man skin. Our rec: Polo Sport Scrub (\$12.50 for 2.5 oz.)

2. CLEAN UP DOWNSTAIRS

Sparkling-clean equipment is the mark of the professional, so remember to wash thoroughly (you know what we're talking about). Lather up with Claiborne's Curve Hair & Body Wash (\$17 for 6.7 oz.) and add a dash of talcum powder to deodorize the area and keep from getting funky.

Even for a clean-cut guy like you, there are special occasions—e.g., Jenny from the gym, at 7:30, Chez Fou-Fou—when "presentable" just won't cut it. Don't panic: Our 12 easy grooming tips will help you stand out from the pack. By Amy Spencer





Choose your weapons: Tweeze, clip, and brush yourself to first-date nirvana.

3. WASH UNDER YOUR NAILS

Leila Hoback, a technician at Nail Trend in Huntington Beach, California, and a consultant for Pro10 Nail Treatments, supplies this quickie manicure: First, hit that rugged ring of dirt under your nails right after you get out of the shower while the dirt's still damp. Second, clip your nails down to just above the pink. (A sharp pain followed by a tiny jet of blood indicates you've cut too far.) Third, check for hangnails—dry skin around the nails—that may snag her stockings. "But be cautious," Hoback warns: "Clip only what is loose and absolutely necessary, or you may harm your skin." Tweezerman's Men's Kit will give you everything you need. (\$33, www.tweezerman.com)

4. BATTLE THE BLEMISHES

If you must search out and destroy an offending pimple, Dr. Brandt reluctantly advises that you rinse your fingers and the affected skin with alcohol first, to prevent further damage or infection. He means rubbing alcohol, but hey, if the Jameson is right there.... If blackheads are your problem, wet one of Bioré's Pore Perfect Deep Cleansing Strips and slap it on your mug. As the gluey substance on the strip dries, it adheres to your blackheads. Peel it off and the blackheads come with it—it looks like a cute little cactus farm! (\$5.99 for 6 strips)

5. TURN OFF THE SHINING

That glint in her eye may have caught your attention, but if it's reflecting the greasy gleam of your forehead, it's time to apply some Stop Shine from Aramis Lab Series. (\$24.50 for 1.7 oz.)

6. EXCAVATE YOUR EARS

Lawsuit-wary cotton-swab companies warn you not to jam swabs into your ears, but use your best judgment—you might want to clear a path just in case some randy gal wants to go on a feeding frenzy. Finish with a dollop of Cetaphil Moisturizing Cream on your earlobes to protect 'em from the harsh winter air. (\$9.90 for 16 oz.)

7. DIVIDE AND CONQUER THAT UNIBROW

Remember when you thought your last date was gazing into your soul? She may have been marvelling at the thick, hairy groundhog trail fencing off your forehead. So pick up a pair of tweezers and start pulling (in the direction of the hair growth), at least until you have two eyebrows instead of one. Pressed for time? Just mow down the middle with Ligaya's Eyebrow Shaver. (\$5 for a two-pack, 561-393-1926)



8. TRIM YOUR SNOTLOCKER

Women are much more observant than men: If you look in the mirror and see stray hairs peeking out of your nostrils, you'd better believe it looks like old-growth forest to her. Trim it with Sunbeam's Personal Grooming Trimmer. (\$5)

9. SLAY THE DRAGON BREATH

A Los Angeles dentist and co-founder of Discus Dental Company, William Dorfman, says 90 percent of the bacteria that cause bad breath live on the back of the tongue. Just reach your toothbrush—or, better yet, a Breath Rx Gentle Tongue Scraper (\$6 for 3, www.discusdental.com)—far enough back on your tongue to trip the gag reflex, then brush all that dead skin etc. forward. And floss, while you're at it—after all, you did promise your dentist—and keep the freshness going with some sugar-free gum (Dentyne Ice is the ass-kicking favorite).

10. SCRAPE YOUR NAPE

Neck hair makes women question your evolutionary progress, so if the barber left you hanging, grab an electric shaver and a handheld mirror and



If you can't be like Mike, at least smell like Mike.

go to town. Kieran McKenna, assistant manager at the John Frieda Salon in New York, warns:

"Don't cut above the hairline—that's the biggest mistake men make." Braun's Shave & Shape 2540S lets you buzz your neck fuzz with one attachment and trim your goatee with another. (\$59.99, 800-BRAUN-11)

11. LIGHTEN YOUR DO

Don't use too much hair-styling product if there's the slightest chance someone will be running her fingers through your locks. Not only will a goospew give you hardhat hair, but as McKenna warns, "You'll end up with 'product dandruff': white flakes of hardened gel or hair spray." L'Oréal Studio Line makes it easy with The Shiny Look (\$6.99). A little dab'll do ya. (Hey, isn't that what Flintstone used to say?)

12. SMELL GOOD

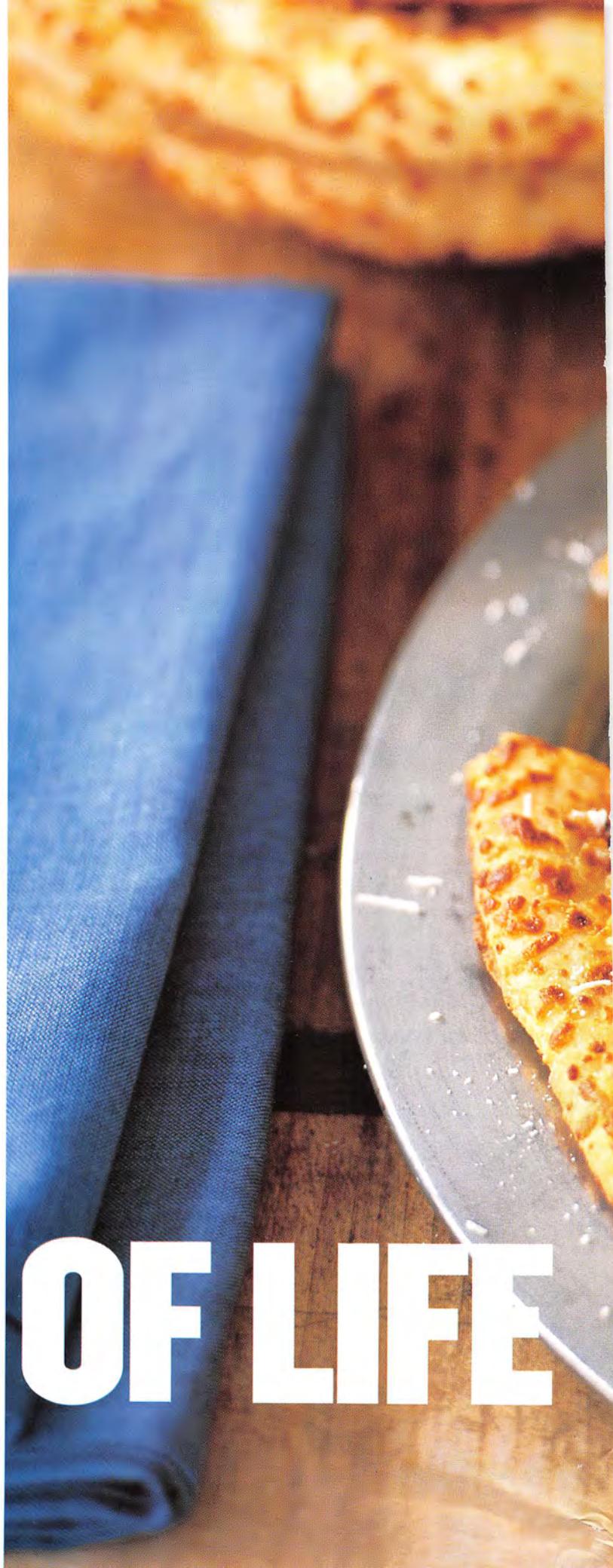
Go easy on the cologne: Why marinate yourself in a fragrance she may not even like? Apply one (suggestion: Michael Jordan cologne spray, \$23 for a 1.7 oz. bottle) lightly to your neck so she'll have to really nuzzle up to get the effect. ■

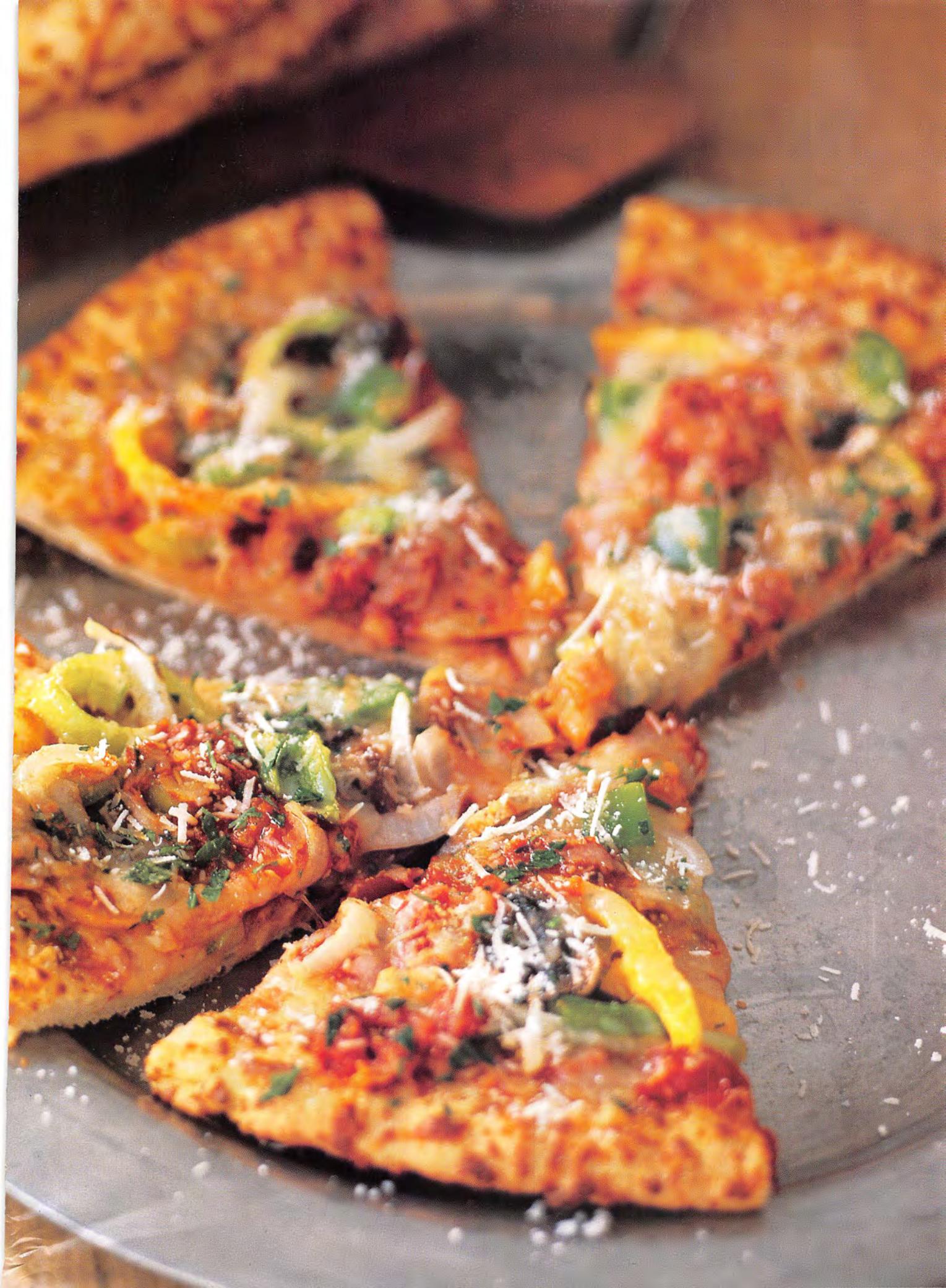


While hamburgers slumbered, snug in their buns, the humble pizza quietly mushroomed into a \$30 billion industry. Today, everybody loves the slice: thick or thin, red or white, plain or pepperonied, handmade or door-delivered. Whatever your commitment level, we've sniffed out the perfect pizza for you.

By Leslie Blanchard
Photography by Maura McEvoy ▶

SLICE OF LIFE





FOR MR. LEISURE:

THE REAL DEAL

Have a little time on your hands? Like to dabble in the kitchen and impress the guests? Titillated by the prospect of tossing floppy disks of dough in the air? Time to get busy. There's nothing like turning raw ingredients into a polished meal to give you a solid sense of creative accomplishment. Bonus: You control all the critical pizza dimensions (crust thickness, topping altitude, mean sauce-to-cheese ratio) as well as the freshness and quality of the ingredients.

Maxim's Perfect Pizza Recipe

Dough

1 1/2 tsp. dry yeast
1 cup warm water (not too hot—test on wrist)
1/2 tbsp. honey
1 1/2 tsp. salt
3 cups all-purpose flour

Sauce

2 tbsp. chopped garlic
1/4 cup chopped onion
1 tbsp. olive oil
2 tbsp. finely chopped mushrooms
1 28-ounce can crushed tomatoes
2 tbsp. dried oregano
2 tbsp. dried basil
2 tsp. salt

Cheese

1-1 1/2 cups shredded mozzarella

Mix yeast, warm water, and honey until all are dissolved together. Stir in salt and flour, mixing well into a gooey dough ball. Knead the dough for 5–10 minutes, adding more flour, one tablespoon at a time, if dough is too sticky. Place dough in glass bowl and drape a damp cloth over the top of the bowl. Place in a dry, warm spot (but not your sock drawer) for 1 hour to allow dough to double in size.

Sauté the garlic and onion in the olive oil over a medium flame for 3–4 minutes. Add the mushrooms and stir for an additional 3 minutes, then add the remaining ingredients, lower the flame, cover, and simmer the mix for 30–40 minutes.

Preheat oven to 450°F. With a paper towel, spread 2 tbsp. olive oil on the bottom and raised edges of a cookie sheet (also known as a jelly roll pan). Place the dough ball in the center of the sheet and flatten evenly so that dough spreads out to cover the sheet's bottom and sides. Ladle sauce evenly onto dough and sprinkle mozzarella on top of sauce. Bake 12–15 minutes or until cheese is melted and crust is light brown on the bottom. (To check, use X-ray vision or just pick up one corner of the pie with a spatula.) Allow to cool 3–5 minutes before slicing.



Perfect pizza (some assembly required)

FOR MR. DO-IT-YOURSELF:

THE FIXER-UPPER

If you're the kind of guy who's always tinkering and who wants credit for creativity without doing menial labor, start with a Boboli brand ready-made pizza shell. Assembling a pizza from prepared ingredients—crust, sauce, cheese—is the perfect strategy for those who hanker for a home-cooked meal but are short on time. This method allows you to focus your creativity on toppings strategies. An alternate plan: Cook up a batch of mini-Bobolis, and make your guests top their own pizzas, in a frenzied pizza orgy.

Recipe: Break Out the Boboli

1 thin-crust Boboli pizza shell
1 16-ounce jar marinara sauce
1 1-cup package shredded mozzarella
2 tbsp. dried basil

Preheat oven to 450°F. Pour 3/4 jar of sauce onto the Boboli. Spread shredded mozzarella on top, sprinkle dried basil on top of that, then go to town on your toppings. Pepperoni and mushrooms for traditionalists, pineapple and diced peppers for zany vegans, onions and garlic for hungry vampire-killers. (Sauté any raw, hard veggies in olive oil for 5 minutes before slapping them on.) Place in that preheated oven for 12 minutes, then allow tasty pie to cool on top of stove for another three minutes before jamming it in your face.



JAR WARS

What sauce should you use to slather your fixer-upper?
Maxim tasters rate the field.

The hearty boys: We reveal our sauces



Five Brothers Marinara with Burgundy Wine



Comments: "Very rich—tastes homemade."
"Chunky tomatoes and a touch of wine 'aftertaste.'"

Prego Marinara



Comments: "Too much sugar and additives."
"Looks good, but that's it."
"Corn syrup in tomato sauce? Yuck!"

Ragù Hearty Sautéed Onion and Garlic



Comments: "Foul!"
"Tastes dusty—made with soy bean oil, and it definitely tastes like it."
"Tastes like the onions and garlic were powdered."

Healthy Choice Roasted Garlic



Comments: "Great. Real vegetable flavor."
"A little sweet, but overall good flavor."
"Good—you taste onions, garlic, and oregano."

Classico Tomato & Pesto



Comments: "Good, but needs more garlic. Could be called Tomato with Basil."
"Has hunks of tomato, but otherwise kind of loose."
"A weird mouth feel."

Barilla Marinara



Comments: "Excellent oregano flavor."
"Complex, thick."
"Tastes homemade—like they used real tomatoes, onions, et cetera."

Aunt Millie's Marinara



Comments: "Oh, is that bad."
"Tastes like cafeteria spaghetti sauce—takes me right back to grammar school."
"Leaves a chalky aftertaste."

Sutter Home Sicilian Style



Comments: "OK, but not worth the premium price."
"Watery. Not enough tomato flavor."
"Vinegar in a tomato sauce? Yuck."

Progresso Marinara



Comments: "Tastes like raw tomatoes from a can."
"It needs spices."
"Too thick and tomato-pasty."

Newman's Own Venetian Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms



Comments: "It's too thin."
"A little sweet."
"Tastes like tomato juice with spices."

FOR MR. CONVENIENCE, THE BEST:

FROZEN PIZZA

At high noon or four in the morning, no matter how many beers you've had or how far off the delivery grid you live, open the freezer and there it is: a pizza. Lean into the frosty air and you can practically hear it singing. *Heat me, eat me, love me.* We rate the best.

Tree Tavern Cheese

★★★★★

Crust: Too chewy...like microwaved bread
Sauce: Beaucoup, but pas de flavour
Toppings: Cheese is excellent and plentiful

Stouffer's French Bread with Pepperoni

★★★★★

Crust: Flaky on outside, pillow-y on the inside
Sauce: Excellent: as rich and full-bodied as Pamela Lee
Toppings: Zesty 'roni; bland but inoffensive cheese

Celentano

★★★★★

Crust: Crisp on the bottom, but chewy on top
Sauce: Skimpy, but sprinkled with good oregano flavor
Toppings: Cheese is stunningly average

Celeste Pizza-for-One Vegetable

★★★★★

Crust: On the dry side, but agreeably crunchy
Sauce: Soulless
Toppings: Like old, dehydrated astronaut food. Plenty o' cheese, though

Celeste Cheese

★★★★★

Crust: Thin, crunchy, and biscuity
Sauce: Good for frozen
Toppings: Cheese is nice, without that typical frozen-pizza plasticity

Tombstone for One Vegetable

★★★★★

Crust: Good and crispy, with mild flavor
Sauce: Very mild tomato taste
Toppings: Tasty veggies with lots of gooey cheese

Ellio's Cheese

★★★★★

Crust: Chewy, bordering on doughy. Not bad for frozen
Sauce: Milder than Niles on *Frasier*
Toppings: Skimpy on the cheese. Strictly airplane-food quantities

Wolfgang Puck's Turkey Sausage

★★★★★

Crust: A little chewy, not as crisp as you'd expect a dry pie to be
Sauce: No sauce is a radical, bad idea
Toppings: Turkey chorizo mild to the point of hamburger

Tombstone French Bread Supreme

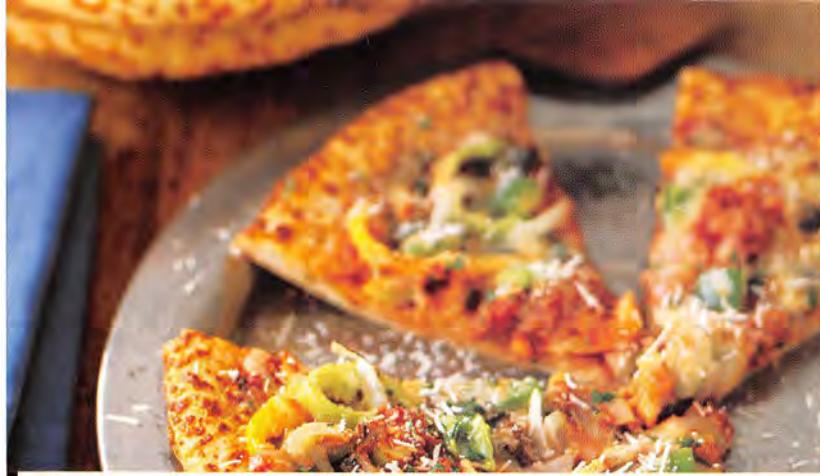
★★★★★

Crust: Very crisp on bottom and a little chewy on top
Sauce: Smooth, but mild and unspicy
Toppings: Fake cheese studded with bunny-dropping sausage

The Tower of Pizza:**Wolfgang Puck's Grilled Vegetable (Cheeseless)**

★★★★★

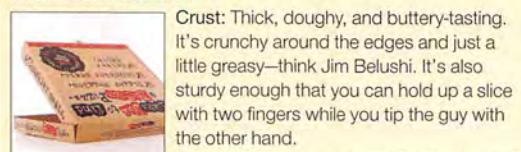
Crust: Slightly crispier than the turkey-sausage version
Sauce: Very flavorful
Toppings: Crunchy fresh vegetables look dry, but taste great. Still, broccoli is no substitute for cheese



FOR LAZY BASTARDS, THE BEST:

DELIVERY PIZZA

Everything tastes better when someone else cooks it, and why miss a minute of the game slaving in a hot kitchen when pimply high-schoolers could be slinging a hot pie right up to your door? If you've got 15 bucks and a half hour to spare, take advantage of one of the 20th century's greatest inventions: pizza delivery. We tried 'em all.

Pizza Hut ★★★★★

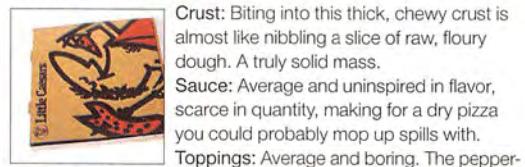
Crust: Thick, doughy, and buttery-tasting. It's crunchy around the edges and just a little greasy—think Jim Belushi. It's also sturdy enough that you can hold up a slice with two fingers while you tip the guy with the other hand.

Sauce: Excellent, thick and rich-tasting; the cheese grease mixes nicely with the sauce.

Toppings: The pepperoni has a nice zing, the vegetables snap,

and the cheese is delicious and browned perfectly on top. A work of art.

Little Caesar's ★★★★★



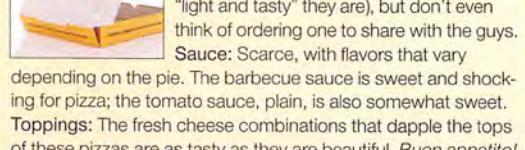
Crust: Biting into this thick, chewy crust is almost like nibbling a slice of raw, floury dough. A truly solid mass.

Sauce: Average and uninspired in flavor,

scarce in quantity, making for a dry pizza you could probably mop up spills with.

Toppings: Average and boring. The pepperoni, fresh and salty, is the strongest contender.

California Pizza Kitchen ★★★★★



Crust: Brick-oven baked crust is thin, doughy, and dusty, with not a drop of grease in sight (not a good thing). "Personal" size is great for a date (women love how "light and tasty" they are), but don't even think of ordering one to share with the guys.

Sauce: Scarce, with flavors that vary

depending on the pie. The barbecue sauce is sweet and shocking for pizza; the tomato sauce, plain, is also somewhat sweet.

Toppings: The fresh cheese combinations that dapple the tops of these pizzas are as tasty as they are beautiful. *Buon appetito!*

Domino's Pizza ★★★★★

Crust: The plain crust is too flimsy, the deep-dish (pan-cooked) too doughy; but the thin crust is a stroke of brilliance: It's like a slightly oven-charred flour tortilla that's light enough to devour at one sitting.

Sauce: Basic, thin tomato sauce with a slight wake-up kick. Falls within good-taste

guidelines for sauce-to-cheese ratio.

Toppings: Average, greasy, and plentiful, without overburdening the pie. Veggies are fresh, and meats seem safe

enough to gorge yourself.

IF YOU'VE GOT THE DOUGH, SPEND IT

Quarter Pounder

IF YOU LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL, SINK A COUPLE GRAND IN A JUKEBOX, BABY.

Any moron can buy a stereo and pile it high with a jumble of CDs and tapes. But there are few things in this life cooler than having your favorite music laid out before you—encased in glass and steel, chrome and flashing neon—with any song just a button-push away. Not one of those new Wurlitzers that looks like a classic but plays nothing but CDs. We're talking about an authentic juke that spins vinyl, baby, cool and crackly. We're talking a vintage model, like this 1959 Seeburg, that's been refinished, rewired, restored, and revamped to run like new.

SHOW ME THE MONEY

There's room for hundreds of quarters in the coin box of the Seeburg Model 222. Good thing, because this beaut, available from John T. Johnston's Jukebox Classics (718-833-8455), will set you back \$5,695. But with all your guests emptying their pockets to hear the tune du jour, you'll recoup your investment in just 150 years.

TAKING A SPIN

Better stock up on those old 45s, 'cause this monster doesn't play that wussy, geek-boy laser technology. With a capacity of 80 records, the Seeburg can crank out 160 tunes, from "Blue Suede Shoes" to "Black Hole Sun."

THE CURE FOR MONO

This puppy was the first jukebox on the market to offer stereo sound, through its Channel 1 and Channel 2 speakers. Just think: Once upon a time, there were so-called experts who predicted that stereo was "just a fad."

COOL STUFF

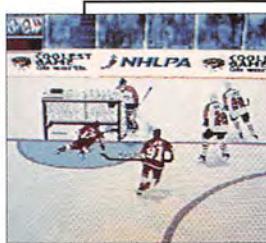
TOP GEAR

WE'VE COMBED THE CATALOGS, PLOWED THROUGH SKI SHOPS, AND HELD UP YOUR HARDWARE STORE TO BRING YOU THE COOLEST GEAR AVAILABLE THIS WINTER.



TAPE...RECORDER (\$29.99)

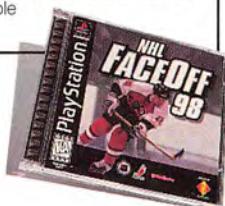
How many times have you forgotten part of a measurement—was that seven-eighths or seven-sixteenths?—on the way to the workbench? Use Zircon's Repeater tape measure/digital voice recorder to record important measurements as you make them. Bonus: You get to take that pencil out of your ear. (Available at Home Depot)



SLAP SHOTS

(\$45)

Sony Playstation has released 300 games in the past year; Face Off '98 is one of the best. The level of control is amazing: Wrist shots, wraparounds, butterfly saves, shoulder checks...you name it. Strategies and player strengths are based on real NHL stats, so hockey buffs will have a big leg up. And best of all, there's even a fully developed brawling mode for blowing off steam. (Available wherever video games are sold)



ICE SCREAM (\$4,399)

It's expensive to feed a team of dogs, and snow shoes make you look stupid. That's why, when you're dashing through the snow this winter, we recommend a beginner's model Ski-Doo Formula SL, complete with hydraulic disk brakes and a Rotax 503 engine. (Call 800-3-Ski-Doo)



SKY WRITER (\$18.85)

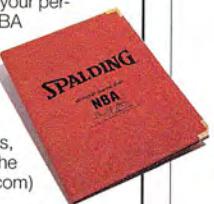
Designed for the space program, with pressurized ink for writing in the absence of gravity, the Fisher Space Pen is also good for landlubbers who do a lot of transcribing while upside down: plumbers, vampires, porn queens. (Call 800-SKY-MALL)



PALMABLE PORTFOLIO

(\$19.99)

An easy-to-palm pad for your personal X's and O's, the NBA Letter Size Portfolio is covered in Spalding's basketball leather substitute, so it bounces true when you hurl it at offending referees, clients, or bosses. (Available at the NBA store at www.nba.com)



COLOR LIQUID CRYSTAL TFT DISPLAY



VHF 2 4 5 6 7 9 11 13
UHF 14 25 35 45 55 65 69

AM/FM RADIO

CD CHANGER



WE CAN'T SHOW YOU HOW TO CARVE, FLY, OR CONVINCE BEAUTIFUL SNOWBOARD BABES TO JOIN YOU IN YOUR HOT TUB. BUT WE CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO BUY SO YOU DON'T LOOK STUPID ON THE SLOPES.

CHIRMAN OF THE BOARD

BY DANIEL GREEN AND DEVON ALEXANDER

Before you head to the top of a mountain and start shredding, you've got some serious decisions to make. No, not intermediate versus black diamond. Not halfpipe versus powder. All that comes later. Before you can do any of the cool stuff, you've got to select a board. There are three styles to choose from—free-ride, freestyle, and alpine—each with its own boot and binding requirements. Choose wisely, Grasshopper, and your days will overflow with perfect turns through the powder fields of life; screw up here and your runs will reek with shame and misery. Also, your ass will be unspeakably sore.

If you're a beginner, or just an average guy who likes to cut a wide swath, look to free-ride gear. The boards are long (and thus stable at fairly high speeds) but also have plenty of flex (which makes for easy turning). And free-ride boots tend to be very comfortable. The vast majority of boarders, from first-timers to pros, use free-ride setups. (We round up the best free-ride boards on p. 130.)

That said, if you firmly believe that to turn is to admit defeat, go with alpine gear. These stiff, narrow boards let you zip down the mountain as fast as gravity will permit. But with alpines, your footwear options are limited to hard plastic boots that offer all the precision of ski boots—and all the pain.

And now a question about fear: How do you feel about the prospect of attempting a back-flip 12 feet above the frozen ground? No sweat, you say? Then consider freestyle gear. The flexible freestyle boots and the soft, short board—

recognizable because its tip and its tail are the same shape—allow for smooth landings from absurd heights (making possible such insane tricks such as the "polly flip" and the "stale fish").

Once you've selected a board, it's time for bindings and boots.

JOIN THE SNOW-BOARDING CRAZE
AND EARN THE
RIGHT TO LOOK
DOWN YOUR
NOSE AT SKIERS

PHOTOGRAPHS: THIS PAGE: ANDRIUS SRUGINIS; INSET: MARK WEISS; BOTTOM: ANDRIUS SRUGINIS
NEXT PAGE: STILL LIFE: MARK WEISS; BOTTOM: ANDRIUS SRUGINIS



Step-in bindings: built for convenience.

In a bind

At about \$180, step-in bindings are the pricey new kid on the block. Are they worth it? They are much, much more convenient than strap-ins: You can snap yourself onto your board while you're standing, rather than having to contort yourself like some kind of freaky yoga master. The step-ins' stiffer platforms offer a tad more precision and stability as well. But shop carefully: Not all step-in bindings work with every boot and board.

The more traditional strap-in bindings (some manufacturers call these "freestyle bindings") cost about \$30 less than step-ins and allow you to mix and match different manufacturers' products: Burton bindings and Airwalk boots, for instance. And because they feature a high back-plate, which offers leverage that helps you steer, strap-ins let you get away with a softer, more comfortable boot. Which is nothing to sneeze at.



Strap-ins, the traditional option. (Relax, we said strap-in, not on.)



Bladerless boots do the trick for freestylers.



Full blader: a soft interior...

Booting up

When it comes to boots, alpiners have no choice: hard plastic. If you go the free-ride or freestyle route, you'll choose between blader and bladerless boots. (Obligatory urine joke omitted.)

Blader boots have a firm shell and a soft interior with a second inner liner. They tend to be firmer and warmer, and provide a snugger fit. Free-riders interested in speed, carving, or merely staying upright should opt for these. Because they're easily customized by most equipment shops, they're also the ideal choice if you have bone spurs, coms, or six toes.

Bladerless boots have only one lining. They're a little more flexible than their double-lined cousins, which makes them easier to slip into and use. The downside is you'll probably have to replace them sooner. Bladerless boots tend to be best for freestylers who are game for tricks and halfpipe riding.



...and precision to boot.



The tech look: warm but pricey



The grunge look: cool but damp

Function or fashion?

In the end, it all comes down to this: Will the snowboard grrrls be more impressed by your shreds or your threads?

Snowboarding, of course, sprang from an anti-skiing mindset. For serious boarders, the only sin greater than laying out big bucks for equipment and clothes is having a full-time job. Hence the prevailing dirtball look. If you show up in jeans, a flannel shirt, and a Cleveland Browns wool cap, all held together with duct tape, you'll look like you've been boarding since the days of the Brunswick Snurfer. (And should you ever get wet, you'll freeze your righteous ass off.)

If you decide to go the non-purist route, it's easy to spend more than \$500 to outfit yourself in the high-tech look, which in this crowd means a matching jacket and pants. Your five bills will buy you warmth and waterproofing, not to mention extras like Napoleon pockets (accessible pouches in the chest area of the jacket), and a detachable hood.

Even if you don't want to fork over serious money, there are a few features beginning boarders should look for in their clothes: boot cuffs to prevent snow from soaking your socks; a jacket made with a waterproof and breathable laminate, pit zips (vents to keep your armpits from overheating), and wind flaps that cover the jacket zipper so the arctic breezes don't freeze your chest hair.

Rocky mountain way too high



BOARD GAMES

SNOWBOARDERS ARE A LOUDMOUTHED, OPINIONATED LOT. BUT THEY AGREE ON ONE THING: FREE-RIDE BOARDS ARE THE BEGINNER'S BEST BET. A HARD LOOK AT THE SEVEN MOST POPULAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: JEFFREY KREIN

SCOTT RADIUS
(\$433) ★★★★

Strength: The board's hourglass shape makes for a real turning machine. You'll carve that mountain like it was a Thanksgiving turkey.

Weakness: Too narrow to cruise in deep powder

What it says about you: Obviously, precision is important to you. You want to be able to turn on a dime—or at the site of a mondo wipeout.

K2 ELDORADO
(\$400) ★★★★

Strength: The Eldo is one solid board, solid enough to spirit you along safely in any snow condition.

Weakness: Because of its heft, beginners may have some trouble pulling off smooth turns.

What it says about you: You avoid those pansy, groomed trails where the masses play. Built for the backcountry, this is the Range Rover of snowboards.

OXYGEN SUMMIT
(\$429) ★★★★

Strength: The Summit's rigid construction makes it very responsive.

Weakness: Rigidity has its trade-offs. Tops among them: Those bumps will chew up your knees.

What it says about you: You were swayed by the Summit's "wrap edge system" and "diamond disc edge finish." In short, you're a techie with a snowboard.

SALOMON DIRECTIONAL

(\$420) ★★★★

Strength: Provides an extremely smooth ride.

Weakness: Salomon, a trusted name in ski gear, only broke into the snowboard biz this year. It's been beta-tested, of course, but the Directional's track record is, well, nonexistent.

What it says about you: You're riding a board that's manufactured by a big, old-fashioned company that also makes—horror!—skis. You'd better be cocky enough to shrug off smirks from other snowboarders.

SANTA CRUZ H TYPE

(\$475) ★★★★

Strength: Although manufactured as a freestyle board, it rides somewhere between freestyle and free-ride. The H Type also comes in an extra-wide model, which is perfect for big feet.

Weakness: The wood core makes it a bit heavy.

What it says about you: Santa Cruz is a small company. You see yourself as a streetwise iconoclast who refuses to buy into corporate culture, man.

MORROW RAIL

(\$325) ★★★★

Strength: The Rail's designed to work well on any terrain and in all but the most brutal snow conditions.

Weakness: Uses a synthetic composite core, which can break down a little faster than the more prevalent wood cores.

What it says about you: You like to ride the coolest board on the mountain.

BURTON SUPERMODEL

(\$430) ★★★★

Strength: Light and easy to turn

Weakness: Chatters somewhat on hard snow.

What it says about you: You're serious about your boarding. (Burton is the preeminent name in the sport.) You don't loan *this* board to your younger brother.

THE BOARDIN' RULES PROTOCOL FOR HANGING WITH THE SNOWBOARDING CROWD

- 1 Always show up to the mountain with stubble on your chin and smelling of stale beer.
- 2 Cover all corporate logos with duct tape.
- 3 Practice saying *thrash, pow, and fakie*. Don't worry about what they mean. No one knows.
- 4 Bring your posse. Skiing is about sharing a moment with nature; boarding is about getting vertical with an entourage larger than Allen Iverson's.
- 5 When you fall, stand up, shake your fist, and shout, "Goddamn skiers!"

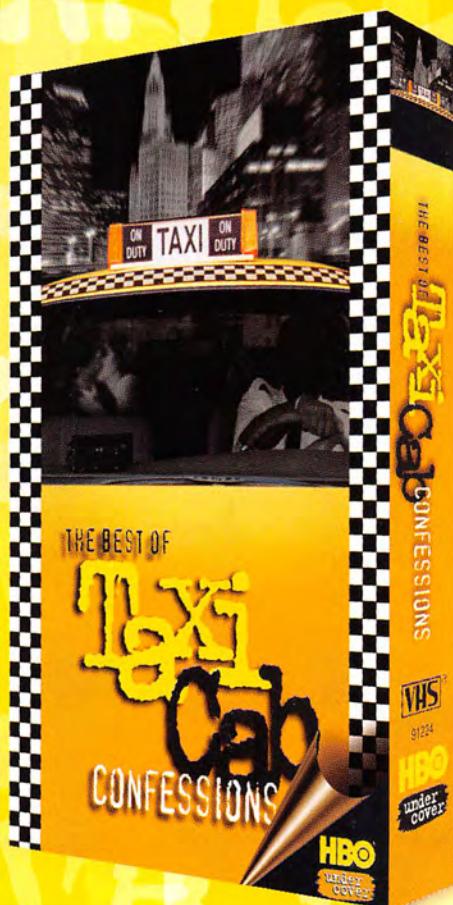


SEX

DRIVE

HBO UNDERCOVER presents the best of cutting edge late-night programs
 Real Sex, Sex Bytes and the award-winning Taxicab Confessions.

Compelling, surprising and often revealing, if you're looking for fun, go undercover - HBO UNDERCOVER wherever videos are sold.



\$14.95 EACH
 SRP

HBO
 under
 cover

Hang Time

ENTERTAINMENT MADE EASY



Wet Dream Drew Barrymore explores new comic depths in her latest film, *The Wedding Singer*. See the *Maxim* review on page 135.



Movies

Our shortcut guide to the latest Hollywood releases
Plus: The Spice Girls on film



Music

New albums we think you'll like. Others we definitely hate
Plus: Strategies for lazy lovers



Television

Tube tips to help you get the most out of the box this season
Plus: Beefing up the Olympics



Video

Current releases for those rare sexless nights at home
Plus: A fistful of Eastwood



Books

Novels good enough to eat (despite a papery aftertaste)
Plus: A book about scoring!



Movies

PREVIEWS, REVIEWS, AND NEW VIEWS OF THE CINEMA'S BIGGEST, BRIGHTEST, AND BALLSIEST COMING ATTRACTIONS

Previews

FILM

STARS

STORY

BZZ

**FALLEN**

(Warner Bros.)

Release Date: January 16

Denzel Washington, John "I Survived Roseanne" Goodman, Donald Sutherland



A heroic cop (Washington) chases a satanic serial killer. As the death toll rises, the main suspect becomes—all right!—Satan himself.

Good. Has been called Seven meets *The Exorcist*; and director Gregory Hoblit's most recent film, the thriller *Primal Fear*, wasn't half bad.**HARD RAIN**

(Paramount)

Release Date: January 16

Morgan Freeman, Christian Slater, Randy Quaid, Minnie Driver

When an Indiana town is evacuated during a flood, four guys seize the chance to hijack an armored car. Its freaked-out driver (Slater) flees with the dough, and the baddies give chase.



Promising. Not just another man-vs.-nature disaster movie—and Freeman, who's usually so damned noble, plays a villain for a change.

**GOOD WILL HUNTING**

(Miramax)

Release Date: January 23

Robin Williams, Matt Damon, Minnie Driver, Ben Affleck



Working-class dude (Damon) mops floors at MIT until a professor (Williams) discovers he's a math genius, a revelation that leaves him torn between his old friends and his new potential.

Strong. A feel-good flick that doesn't suck. And with producer Lawrence Bender (*Pulp Fiction*) and director Gus Van Sant (*To Die For*), it won't give in to Gumpish schmaltz.**DEEP RISING**

(Hollywood)

Release Date: January 30

Treat Williams, Famke Janssen

Aliens meets *The Poseidon Adventure*. Lethal squidlike creatures—pissed off by underwater nuclear blasts—attack a cruise ship in this big-budget chiller.Iffy. Without a Schwarzenegger or a Willis, the beasts had better be boffo. None too reassuring: Writer and director Stephen Sommers' last effort was *The Jungle Book*.**THE REPLACEMENT KILLERS**

(Columbia)

Release Date: February 6

Chow Yun-Fat, Mira Sorvino



To ensure his family's safety, a conscience-stricken Chinese assassin (Yun-Fat) must carry out one last hit, but he pulls a switcheroo and starts protecting his would-be victim—with help from shapely Sorvino.

Not so hot. Because Yun-Fat is a huge action star in Asia, movie execs are banking on international box office, which may explain why this flick has more pow than plot.

**BLUES BROTHERS 2000**

(Universal)

Release Date: February 6

Dan Aykroyd, John Goodman (again!)

The post-Belushi sequel finds Elwood Blues (Aykroyd) fresh out of jail and on another crazed mission from God, until his long-lost half-brother, a goody-goody cop, shows up.

A mild case of sequelitus. Won't top the original, but it should yield adequate yuks, with cameos and songs by James Brown, B.B. King, and Aretha Franklin.

**THE GINGERBREAD MAN**

(Polygram)

Release Date: February 27

Kenneth Branagh, Robert Duvall, Embeth Davidtz, Famke Janssen



In this adaptation of a John Grisham novel, a waitress (Davidtz) is stalked by her freaky fundamentalist father (Duvall). When attorney Branagh intervenes, he and Daddy come to blows in the middle of Hurricane Geraldo.

Plagued by infighting. After the studio rejected his edit, director Robert Altman (*Short Cuts*, *The Player*) tried to take his name off the movie. Polygram eventually caved.**SPHERE**

(Warner Bros.)

Release Date: February 13

Dustin Hoffman, Samuel L. Jackson, Sharon Stone, Peter Coyote, Queen Latifah

A team of experts investigate a possible UFO on the ocean floor. All hell breaks loose when they're trapped underwater and their subconscious fears come to life. *The Shining* meets *The Deep*.Mixed. Great actors stuck with a so-so script. Still, with a story based on the best-seller by Michael Crichton (*Jurassic Park*), it can't be total crap, right?**HOME GROWN**

(TriStar)

Release Date: February 27

Hank Azaria, Billy Bob Thornton, Ryan Phillippe, John Lithgow, Kelly Lynch

Three field hands on a California marijuana farm try to keep the biz going after their boss is murdered, but paranoia (and, presumably, the munchies) soon tears them apart.



Strangely smokin'. This black comedy's pot backdrop is refreshing after all those heroin-fueled films—and don't miss Ted Danson's uncredited cameo as a mafioso.

FALLEN: WARNER BROS.; (2); HARD RAIN: R. FOREMAN (2); GOOD WILL HUNTING: GEORGE KRAYCHYK/MIRAMAX FILMS (2); DEEP RISING: DOUG CURRAN/HOLLYWOOD PICTURES (2); THE REPLACEMENT KILLERS: FRANK MASTRO/ATR-STAR; BLUES BROS. 2000: KOBAL COLLECTION; THE GINGERBREAD MAN: JOYCE KRATCHYK/MIRAMAX FILMS (2); SPHERE: BRIAN HAMILL AND NATHAN O. JOHNSON/WARNER BROS.; SPHERE: BRIAN HAMILL AND NATHAN O. JOHNSON/WARNER BROS.; HOME GROWN: POLYGRAM; SPHERE: BRIAN HAMILL AND NATHAN O. JOHNSON/WARNER BROS.

MAXIM RECOMMENDS



"Aren't we @#*@ adorable?"

The Wedding Singer

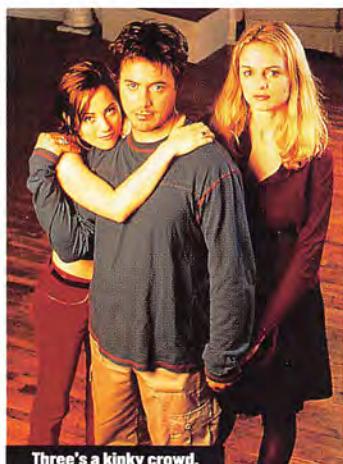
(New Line)

WHAT'S THIS—A SENSITIVE ADAM SANDLER FLICK?! In a move sure to nauseate his hardcore frat-boy fans, Sandler stars as Robbie Hart, an average Joe who serenades newlyweds for a living and actually believes in, ahem, commitment. Unfortunately, his fiancée doesn't, and when he's left standing at the altar, enter the always bodacious Drew Barrymore to help ease the pain. Though obviously destined to mate, this adorable but dopey couple take *forever* to realize they'd rather be boinking than consoling each other. (Note to producers: If you've got Drew to play with for two hours, why not give us a bit more action?) Set in 1985, when Michael Jackson and *Miami Vice* made the fashion rules (and you thought the '70s were ugly—damn), this romantic comedy is a hilarious reminder of our new-wave adolescence, but in the end it's so sugar-sweet that we actually began to yearn for Happy Gilmore to show up and start droolin'. —Claire Connors

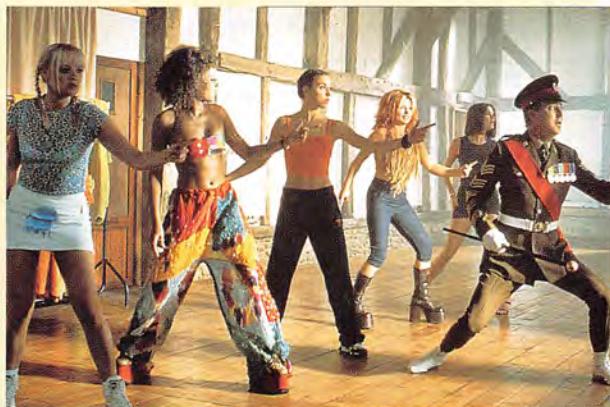
Two Girls and a Guy

(Fox Searchlight)

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN the two cool girls you're dating meet outside your building—and discover they're both waiting for you, their "monogamous" boyfriend? First the girls (Heather Graham and Natasha Gregson Wagner) hate each other; within 10 seconds, they realize they hate *you* more and stage a confrontation. If you're the guy caught in the middle (Robert Downey, Jr.), you take the high ground... total denial. As far as he's concerned, his biggest crime is that he's short. But you gotta hand it to him: Mid-showdown, he manages a major sex scene with Graham (where little is seen but much is groped) that has the movie headed for NC-17 Land. Bottom line: This film is no masterpiece, but guys should find its take on the relationship thing...intriguing. As Wagner gives up, she asks the ultimate what-the-hell-let's-chill question: Why be a couple when you can be a triple? —Kitty Bowe Hearty



Three's a kinky crowd.



SPICE 'N' DICE!

Just when you thought you'd had enough Spice to suffice, the Spice Girls strut into theaters with their first movie, *Spice World*. Though their collective Girl Power may be enough to make this quickie film a hit, we had to wonder: How would the world's most cartoony women fare in one-on-one catfights with their more established big-screen counterparts?

SEXY SPICE vs. JESSICA RABBIT

The top-heavy pop star and former game-show hostess

The top-heavy hop-star from 1988's *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*



Who would win in a catfight?

Jessica! After each fails to smother the other in her ample bosom, Jessica wins by bitch-slapping Sexy Spice while screeching: "I'll tell you what you want—what you really, really want!"

POSH SPICE vs. BELLE

The pouty, book-smart beauty who wears French-designer duds

The bookish French beauty in 1991's *Beauty and the Beast*



Who would win in a catfight?

A draw. Neither wants to break her nails or smudge her mascara, so this match devolves into a staring contest. It gets intense—until Posh is distracted by an offer to endorse pantyhose.

SCARY SPICE vs. CRUELLA DE VIL

The skinny, raspy-voiced Spice with hair out to there

The raspy-voiced puppy-skinner from 1961's *101 Dalmatians*



Who would win in a catfight?

Cruella! When Scary spits her tongue stud in Cruella's face, the old hag just laughs—then quickly scalps Scary to make a kinky fur throw pillow.

SPORTY SPICE vs. POCOHONTAS

The outdoorsy Spice with the biggest collection of track suits since Rocky

The lean, mean canoeing machine from 1995's *Pocahontas*



Who would win in a catfight?

Sporty Spice! The little squaw (despite her handiness with large wooden oars) is just too peace-loving. British imperialism triumphs in the form of a swift Nike to the headdress.

BABY SPICE vs. BO PEEP

The pony-tailed sweater girl with a limited range of emotion

The shepherdess with a limited range of motion from 1995's *Toy Story*



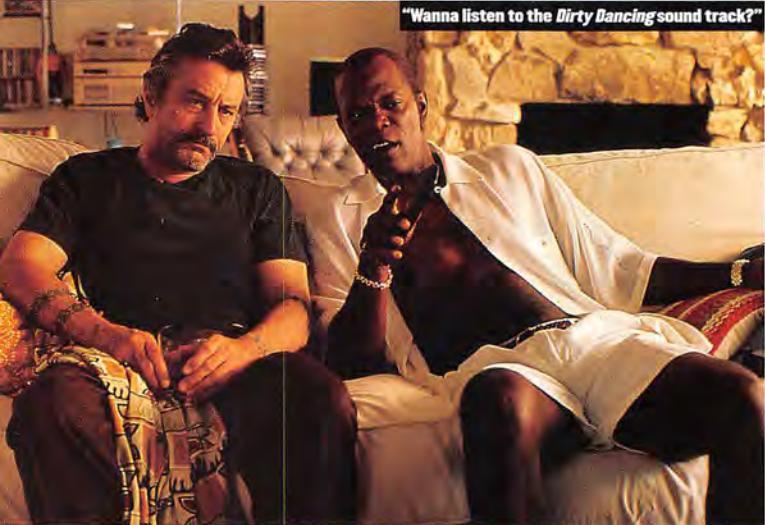
Who would win in a catfight?

Baby Spice! Though Bo tries to fend off Baby's attack with her staff, she ultimately proves too immobile and gets squeezed to death between Baby's chubby thighs. *If only we were so lucky.*



Music

**PRIME CUTS, BRATTY BRITS, AND A PERSONAL APOLOGY TO BRYAN ADAMS.
PLUS: MUSICAL MUSH SHE'LL EAT RIGHT UP**



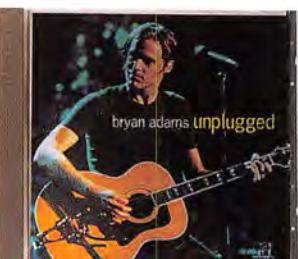
JACKIE BROWN ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK



(Maverick)

In its brief history, the movie soundtrack album has been reinvented not once, but twice. First in the mid-'80s, when the producers of films like *Top Gun* and *Dirty Dancing* transformed it from a score-oriented snoozer to a zillion-selling collection of oldies and Kenny Loggins album rejects.

The second change came with Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction* soundtracks. With hand-picked songs intercut with the movie dialogue, these albums captured the spirit of the films and effectively recreated them. With his latest flick, *Jackie Brown*—an adaptation of Elmore Leonard's novel *Rum Punch*, with a '70s action kick—Tarantino continues his winning streak. A surprisingly mellow yet seductive mix of blaxploitation themes (Bobby Womack's soulful "Across 110th Street"), forgotten classics (the Brothers Johnson's "Strawberry Letter 23"), and just plain weirdness (the Vampire Sound Inc.'s "The Lions and the Cucumber"), the funky *Brown* sound track delivers instant coolness. Tarantino may have his detractors, but, if his directorial career does the old crash-and-burn, he has a great future in FM radio.—Dan Catalano



BRYAN ADAMS UNPLUGGED

(A&M)

Call Bryan Adams what you will—arrested adolescent, VH-1 poster boy, wuss-rocker—but don't call him a has-been. While his hard-rocking Canadian peers have fallen into the musical ash bin (Loverboy, we

hardly knew ye!), Adams has persevered. Though you probably smashed your radio to plastic shards the millionth time you heard "(Everything I Do) I Do It for You," you can't deny that the guy writes a mean hook. It's this hummability—together with lush instrumentation—that makes Adams' inevitable *Unplugged* session such a guilty treat. He warps "Cuts Like a Knife" into a mandolin-fueled two-step and gives the silly "18 'Til I Die" a full string-section overhaul while skipping "I Do It for You" altogether. Lightweight and disposable? Yep. But what the hey—at least it tastes good going down.—D.C.



Snoop Doggy Dogg (Too Short's "Freaky Tales") provide covers so faithful to their sources that they end up sounding like hip-hop karaoke.

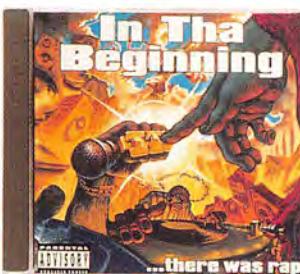
—Ethan Brown



SLEEPER PLEASED TO MEET YOU

(RCA)

Sleepers' Louise Wener is the kind of loud-mouthed native sexpot the British music press just can't get enough of. Luckily, between scandalous pronouncements (she once recommended the joys of watching "women shoot darts out of their fannies in Bangkok"), Wener's managed to record a slew of strong, guitar-driven Brit-pop. Sleepers' third release, *Pleased to Meet You*, finds the band stripped back to a three-piece, with a wider musical palette and a more languid pace than earlier releases—think Liz Phair with sharper guitar work. But Wener's catchy songwriting and biting anti-love lyrics ("Don't write, don't call," she sings fetchingly, "unless you're lying in a traffic accident") remain as alluring as ever. Believe us: This is one chick you'll be pleased to meet.—D.C.



VARIOUS ARTISTS IN THA BEGINNING... THERE WAS RAP

(Priority)

Are you tired of all those slick hip-hop remakes of '70s standards? Well, judging by *In Tha Beginning*—on which current rap stars cover hip-hop classics—so are the very performers putting the crap out. While it's cool that these guys want to tip their hats to the old school, they ain't up to the task. Only the illustriously foul-mouthed Wu-Tang Clan really succeed in re-imagining their subject, Run-D.M.C.'s "Sucker M.C.s." Trading rhymes over ghastly, Gravediggaz-esque beats, the Clan throw this quintessential rap track into big-beat overdrive. But elsewhere, the likes of Puff Daddy (on L.L. Cool J's "Big Ole Butt"), Cypress Hill (BDP's "I'm Still #1"), and



BLACK GRAPE STUPID, STUPID, STUPID

(Radioactive)

Black Grape called their storming debut album *It's Great When You're Straight... Yeah*. If that title seemed more than a tad ironic, the latest release from this ballsy British electro-rock

band erases all doubt. The hilarious opening number takes sound bites from Ron and Nancy Reagan, then cuts and pastes them so the presidential couple appear to be cheerfully extolling the virtues of drug use, their voices riding over a hallucinatory electronic fog. If Black Grape's first album was a modern masterwork, *Stupid, Stupid, Stupid* manages to transcend it. Who else would dare mesh Philly brass and rave-tinged melodies, rock-guitar licks, slinky Hammond organ, and a host of psychotic samples, then top it all off with lyrics so irreverent they make us here at *Maxim* blush like Japanese schoolgirls? If you thought the Brit invasion hit its peak with Oasis and the Prodigy, think twice. Black Grape are here to take it to the next level.

—June Joseph



GOLDIE SATURNZRETURN

(London/FFRR)

Back in 1994, a lot of rock critics flipped for Goldie's ambitious jungle opus *Timeless*. If you ask us, it was a sprawling, pretentious mess (the early stuff on Goldie's own Metalheadz label is way better). Now, four years later, here's proof that Goldie's pretensions are intact. *Saturnzreturn* opens with a 60-minute orchestral track called "Mother," all about Goldie's relationship with his mom. It opens with his patented ambient-synth waves, but soon degenerates into mush, with some guy repeatedly crooning, "Oh, Mother" (before long, you'll be crying, "Oh, brother!"). Bottom line: Jungle's overhyped first "star" has turned out to be just another dimly glowing planet in the electronic universe.—E.B.



MARK EITZEL CAUGHT IN A TRAP AND I CAN'T BACK OUT 'CAUSE I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH, BABY

(Matador)

As you may know, Mark Eitzel was once lead wailer in the beautifully depressing pop band American Music Club. When he went solo, however, he lost the edge that once gave his tortured tunes the kick in the ass they needed. On his new album (pricelessly named with a lyric from Elvis' "Suspicious Minds"), Eitzel recaptures his tears-in-your-beer glory days, crashing through the slick sheen of his previous one-man efforts. He rocks out with real passion, at least on three glorious songs—"Queen of No One," "Cold Light of Day," and "Go Away"—with help from slamming Sonic Youth drummer Steve Shelley, Yo La Tengo

bassist James McNew, and guitarist Kid Congo Powers. Unfortunately, the rest of the album is solo acoustic fare that, while sometimes impressive (you might choke up at "Sun Smog Sealhorse"), makes you wish Eitzel would pour more raw emotion into the mix.—Andrew Johnston



BEN FOLDS FIVE NAKED BABY PHOTOS

(Caroline)

A notorious live performer, Ben Folds—the punk-rock piano man from Chapel Hill, North Carolina—raises the art of tickling (or, in his case, criminally abusing) the ivories to spastic new heights, evoking a coked-up chimpanzee. Sadly, this album of live tracks, B-sides, and rarities largely fails to capture the Five's on-stage energy. So, unless you're a die-hard fan, do yourself a favor and catch his band live instead.—D.C.

VALENTINES: SAY IT WITH MUSIC!

For most guys, these are the cruelest months. Gone are the bared midriffs and thongs of summer. In their place are bulky, fur-lined parkas and shivering spouses who suddenly demand "cuddling" and—especially come Valentine's Day—actual declarations of love. Can't spit it out? Just slip in a disc, murmur, "This is for you," and let the music do the talkin'. Of course, certain tunes work better than others, so watch out! Our handy translation guide to some current releases:

WHAT YOU PLAY

Nat King Cole
The Very Thought of You
(DCC)

Moby
I Like to Score
(Elektra)

Harry Connick, Jr.
To See You
(Columbia)

Air Supply
Book of Love (Revolution)

Curtis Mayfield
Superfly Deluxe 25th Anniversary Edition (Rhino)



2 Live Crew
Goes to the Movies (Lil' Joe)

WHAT IT SAYS

"I'm a warm, misty-eyed romantic with an active love of the classics."

"Frankly, I'd like to score—by wowing you with my knowledge of hip movie sound tracks."

"I'm a suave, modern guy with retro tastes: Care for an olive with that martini?"

"I'm a sensitive fellow...who stopped listening to new music around 1985."

"I'm a private dick who's popular with the ladies."

"I'm a nasty little bugger with a poor vocabulary."



LIKELY RESULT

A warm night in front of the fire, which will segue (if you're lucky) to some classic action in the sack

Pop on Moby's high-intensity electronic re-mix of the James Bond theme and she'll be calling you *Dr. Yes!*

An entire album of "romantic mood music" by the '90s' Sinatra? Your girl is guaranteed to fall hard—for Harry.

All out of love, buddy: Unless she's culturally frozen, too, this Supply won't trigger demand.

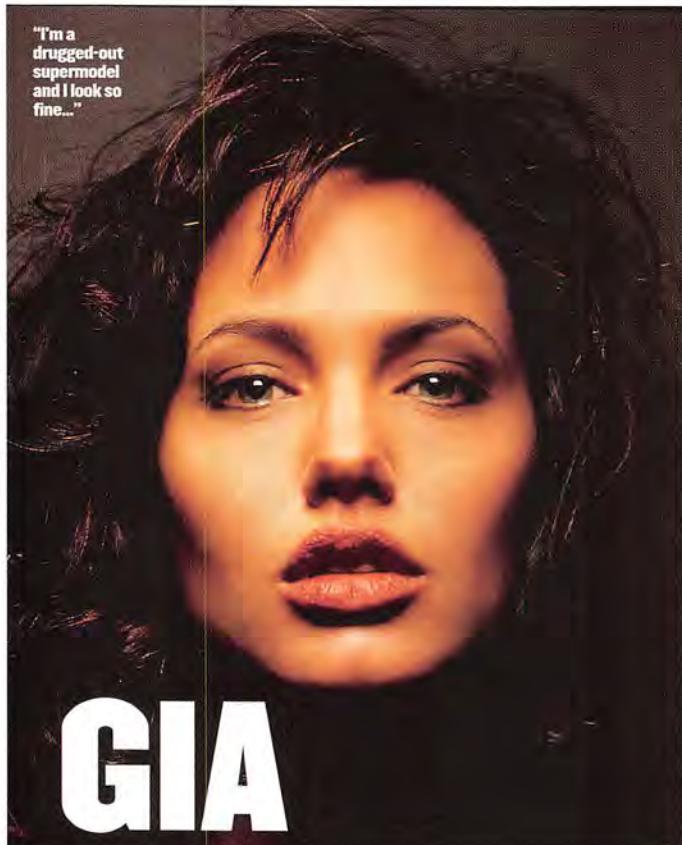
This new two-CD set—twice as long as the funky '70s original—will give you ample time to really shake your groove thang.

Disaster. If she hasn't fled screaming by the time Mötley Crüe make their horrific cameo on "Crew to Crüe," she's likely either unconscious or dead.



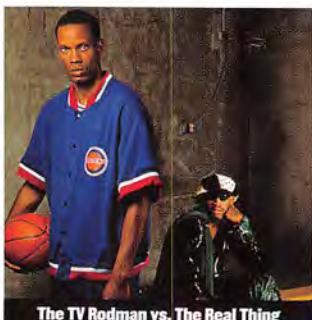
Television

SURFING SAFARI: YOUR TRUSTY GUIDE TO EVERYTHING WORTH WATCHING ON THE TUBE—FROM STEAMY BIOPICS TO THE WINTER OLYMPICS



(HBO, Jan.)

OK, imagine a movie with gorgeous supermodels. Now picture them swappin' sweat and spit in passionate lesbian love scenes. Finally, for the really tricky part, imagine that this compelling film could somehow not have a happy ending. Sad but true, the HBO biopic *GIA* chronicles the life of Gia Carangi, the late '70s fashion diva who parlayed fame, fortune, and a lot of serious sex into tragedy: a grotty heroin addiction and one of the first truly public AIDS-related deaths. *GIA* is miraculously resurrected by the ethereal actress Angelina Jolie (who single-handedly made TNT's *George Wallace* the sexiest movie ever filmed about segregation). Jolie also happens to be Jon Voight's daughter, and her gritty antics here suggest she was busy studying Dad in *Midnight Cowboy* when she shoulda been watching *Sesame Street*.



BAD AS I WANNA BE: THE DENNIS RODMAN STORY

(ABC, Jan.)

Having published a controversial autobiography detailing his keen interest in lingerie, Madonna, and *piercing innocent body parts with pointy jewelry*, Dennis the Menace has already been badder than we personally want him to be.

Now the RuPaul of basketball takes another shot at America's weary consciousness with a film based on the book. Between all-too-revealing looks at Rodman's extremely social life, *Bad As I Wanna Be* dramatizes his troubled childhood growing up in the Dallas projects and the success he's found on four NBA championship teams. One thing to be thankful for: Unlike Sophia Loren, who insisted on playing herself as a twenty-something in an '80s TV biopic, Rodman showed uncharacteristic restraint and let young look-alike Dwayne Adway (*Second Noah*) do the honors.

PETER BENCHLEY'S "CREATURE"

(ABC, Feb.)

The author of *Jaws* charts familiar waters with yet another miniseries pitting man (plus his ex-wife and kid) against a ravenous, Cuisinart-like monster from the deep with a bright future as a theme-park attraction.

In May of 1996, Benchley's *The Beast*, about a surly squid, made a ratings splash with viewers but drowned in negative press from critics. This time around, with Stan Winston (the special-effects guy from Steven Spielberg's *The Lost World* and *Jurassic Park*) on board, and a story based on Benchley's best-selling novel *White Shark*, smoother sailing—and slightly more meaningful mauling—is promised by the network.

TWO FOR TEXAS

(TNT, Jan.)

It's *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* meets *The Defiant Ones* when Kris Kristofferson and Scott Bakewell (looking like a pair of overused saddlebags) costar as cowboy convicts on the lam in the Old West. They join Sam Houston's volunteer army, but just when it seems



they're home free on the range, they're sent to avenge the Alamo against Santa Anna's Mexican army. Like *The Dirty Dozen*, more or less (well, less), it's only in the face of death that these wrinkly outlaws acquire the strength of character that transforms them into wrinkly heroes. Welcome to Hollywood. Also costarring is talented Irene Bedard, the Native American actress who provided the look and voice of *Pocahontas*, the animated Disney chick that guys found so unsettlingly attractive.

THE SAMMY GRAVANO STORY

(NBC, Feb.)

N.Y.P.D. Blue's Nick Turturro must have squealed with undisguised delight when he got the role of colorful mob rat Sammy "The Bull" Gravano. After all, Gravano, a confessed murderer (19 stiffs to date), now tops the Mafia hit list for providing the tattletale testimony that sent "Dapper Don" John Gotti to prison for life in 1992. Naturally, Sammy is currently working the talk-show circuit, attempting to prove that crime does pay—in book residuals and TV screen rights. This movie focuses on Gravano's deal with the feds to testify against his Mafia brethren in exchange for a laughably light sentence and the chance to make some big bucks off the "bull" he's peddling to the American public.



"Remember the...uh, that fort."



THE ESPYs

(ESPN, Feb.)

The Oscars? The Emmys? That stuff's for marys. ESPN's annual sports fest is the only awards show for real guys. No production numbers. No Joan Rivers. No B.S. Just cool awards for tough hombres like Evander Holyfield, hot models, and great footage of crunching tackles and hard hits. This year's show is being scripted by the writers of *Saturday Night Live*, so if the jokes the athletes "deliver" are as crappy as usual, at least they'll be *professionally* crappy.

Reviews by Mike Hammer



THE SPORTS TV TICKER

This time of year, with big games shoved into every available weekend (not to mention the Olympics), you may as well move your bed right in front of the TV. The seasonal sports highlights:

Jan. 3/4/11

The NFL playoffs: The new year's unrelenting tube action kicks off January 3 and 4 with the AFC divisional playoffs on NBC and the NFC divisional playoffs on the rival Fox network. A week later, catch the AFC championship game (NBC) and the NFC championship game (Fox), both on January 11.

Jan. 16/17

NHL All-Star Weekend (ESPN): This special package features current stars in stirring skills competitions, plus a Heroes of Hockey (a.k.a. Creaky Old Timers) Game.

Jan. 18

The NHL All-Star Game (Fox):

Essentially a tune-up for the Olympic hockey tournament (the first one open to active NHL players), this year's all-star game will pit the North American (Yankee and Canuck) stars against those icy villains from Europe (basically Sweden, Finland, and the former Soviet bloc countries).

Jan. 25

Super Bowl XXXII (NBC): It's more than a game: It's an advertising opportunity. Catch all the cool commercials and the special *Third Rock from the Sun* that follows. Oh yeah, and the game, live from San Diego.

Feb. 6/7

NBA All-Star Weekend (TNT): Highlights include the rookie game and the three-point shootout.

Feb. 8

The NBA All-Star Game (NBC): Could this be Michael's final all-star game? Will the NBA let Rodman wear high-heeled sneakers? Who'll make the first Marv Albert joke? Better tune in and see.



"The camera's over here, sucker!"



THE WIMPIER OLYMPICS?

Face it. For most serious sports fans, the Winter Olympics rank just behind *Falcon Crest* reruns in terms of required viewing. The only time it got a little intense was when Tonya got a goon to take a metal baton to that ice queen Kerrigan. But once you get past the ice dancers and the brats dressed up as adorable snowflakes, you can actually find some cool stuff in the cold wars. Here's *Maxim*'s guide to Winter Sports with Balls. *Plus:* some simple suggestions to make 'em even ballsier.



THE BIATHLON: A strange, mutant sport in which lonely cross-country skiers frequently pause to shoot at targets, for no apparent reason.

Why It's Cool: Weirdos with firearms: Something makes us want to be there when the judges dis a gun-totin' skier.

How to Make It Even Cooler: Speed it up! Put these guys on

snowmobiles, point them at each other, and make it a contact sport.

SKI JUMPING: Competitors hurl themselves down 90- and 120-meter ramps to see who can soar farthest before gracefully settling down at the base of a frigid mountain.

Why It's Cool: How often do you get a good look at a lunatic?

How to Make It Even Cooler: Move the event to summer! Let's see how tough these daredevils are without all that cushy snow to soften the landing.

ICE HOCKEY: A pure and simple concept: Beat the crap out of your opponent until he resembles a colorful backwoods character from *Deliverance*.

Why It's Cool: For the first time, they're letting the exceptionally gifted, seasoned veterans of the National Hockey League participate in the crap-beating.

How to Make It Even Cooler: Give us someone worth rooting against! In the regrettable absence of the former Soviet Union, introduce a team of Middle Eastern terrorists. (Exploding pucks optional)

THE LUGE: Guys in tight clothing—sometimes stacked on top of each other (not a concept we're particularly comfortable with)—ride teeny sleds down steep mountainsides at speeds exceeding 80 mph.

Why It's Cool: Any slight screwup on those Flexible Flyer-looking things and these guys are polar-bear meat.

How to Make It Even Cooler: Men clinging to each other in Lycra® leotards? Clearly this sport needs a dose of progressive thinking. Make it coed!

CBS and TNT Sports offer a combined 17 days (at least 178 hours) of coverage of the 1998 Olympic Winter Games from Nagano, Japan, beginning Friday, February 6, with the opening ceremony and concluding with the closing ceremony on Sunday, February 22.



"Gee, your helmet smells terrific!"



Videos

FLICKS YOU MISSED THE FIRST TIME AROUND—PLUS OUR PICKS OF THE BLOCKBUSTERS WORTH A SECOND VIEW



AIR FORCE ONE

(COLUMBIA TRI-STAR HOME VIDEO)

The Story: *Die Hard* on an airplane. When Air Force One is hijacked with

plucky U.S. Prez James Marshall (Harrison Ford)

and his family aboard, he must outwit the psychos and save the day.

The Scoop: A must-rent. This near-perfect thriller opens shakily, with dumb-as-dirt lines explaining what a *great, great man*

Marshall is—a non-waffling liberal, a great father, and (most important) a guy who can kick your butt while looking great in a suit. Once the bullets fly, however, the film soars—with plenty of comic-book chills and claustrophobic suspense. **Grade:** A

Release Date: Feb. 10



BLISS

(COLUMBIA TRI-STAR HOME VIDEO)

The Story: A troubled couple learns about the glories of tantric sex from a therapist.

The Scoop: A sexy movie that's frigid.

Though it deals with tantrism, an ancient Eastern philosophy that—what's this!—puts a woman's sexual pleasure before a man's, this arty movie's a little dull. (Don't expect money shots.) **Grade:** C

Release Date: Dec. 23



EVENT HORIZON

(PARAMOUNT HOME VIDEO)

The Story: In 2047, a spaceship captained by Laurence Fishburne flies into deep space in search of the *Event Horizon*, an exploratory

vessel that disappeared seven years before.

The Scoop: Very scary despite a derivative script. You probably skipped this movie the first time around because its title sounds like a senior citizens' fund-raiser in Florida. In fact, *Event Horizon* is your basic rip-off of *The Shining*. This haunted spaceship somehow knows the secrets of every poor cadet who enters it—and tortures him with hallucinations. **Grade:** B

Release Date: Jan. 20



A FISTFUL OF EASTWOOD

The original no name, bad-ass good guy is back in a newly restored, widescreen version of *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly* (\$24.98, MGM/UA Home Video). Why not make that the cornerstone of your personal Clint festival?

Unforgiven (1992 Warner Home Video)

Clint is a notorious-but-retired gunfighter turned peaceful pig farmer. Strapped for cash, he goes after two bad guys to collect a \$500 reward. Killer line: "Well, you sure killed the hell outta that guy."

A Fistful of Dollars (1964 MGM/UA)

Eastwood's peaceful-but-deadly Man With No Name rides in and plays two feuding families against one another to rake in the movie's title. Killer line: Walking toward a trio of mean hombres, Clint passes an undertaker and says, "Get three coffins ready."

The Outlaw Josey Wales (1976 Warner Home Video)

Again, Clint's a peaceful farmer. But the bullets start to fly when a hell-raising bunch of Union soldiers kill Eastwood's entire family in a move you just know they're gonna regret.

Killer line: "Don't piss down my back and tell me it's raining."

High Plains Drifter (1973 Universal Home Video)

In this surreal western, Eastwood's character literally paints a town red to make it clear to the doomed bad guys that they're stepping into hell. Killer line: On the verge of killin' the outlaws, a midget asks: "What do we do after we do it?" Clint replies: "You live with it."

Dirty Harry (1971 Warner Home Video)

Clint plays a not-very-peaceful cop out to catch a sniper. Available in a remastered wide-screen version, this film essentially invented the modern action hero. Killer line: "You've got to ask yourself one question: 'Do I feel lucky?'"

THE CREEPS

(FULL MOON PICTURES)

The Story: Dracula, Frankenstein's Monster, the Werewolf, and the Mummy are back, but this time... they're midgets!

The Scoop: Rent it for laughs. This film has plenty to recommend it: mini-monsters running amok in a library, a mad scientist with a seri-

ous sweat problem, a woman masturbating to a copy of *Jane Eyre*, not to mention dialogue like, "Get me off this table, you stupid, miserable pervert!" **Grade:** B-

Release Date: Dec. 16



THE GAME

(POLYGRAM HOME VIDEO)

The Story: Bored, out-of-touch millionaire Nicholas Van Orton (Michael Douglas) gets an odd birthday present: a ticket to play a mysterious game. Only prob: It may kill him.

The Scoop: Rent it now. The key joy of this ultra-paranoid movie is watching the annoying Douglas (busily sucking in his gut to look heroic) go through the wringer. The

newsman on his TV starts insulting him. He finds a surveillance camera in his house. Nothing is what it seems in this thriller from the director of *Seven*. **Grade:** A-

Release Date:

Jan. 20

HOODLUMS

(MGM/UA HOME VIDEO)

The Story: The true tale of Bumpy Johnson (Laurence Fishburne), a mobster at war with lowlife Dutch Schultz (Tim Roth).

The Scoop: Not as exciting as it sounds. Roth as loose-cannon Schultz keeps things hopping, but *Hoodlums* soon loses its way and gets all *moral*. Should we take its message to heart or just savor the frequent showy murders? **Grade:** C+

Release Date: Jan. 6



Reviews by Meakin Armstrong



Game Boy: Douglas on the run



Clint takes ring-around-the-collar to new levels.

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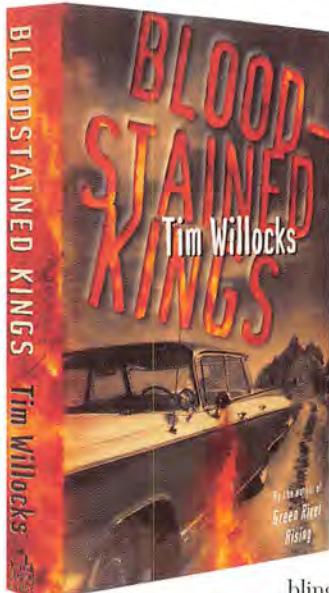
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Books

FROM VENOMOUS MYSTERIES TO KINKY BIOGRAPHIES, HERE ARE SOME OF THE BEST REASONS TO STAY INSIDE THIS WINTER.

BLOODSTAINED KINGS

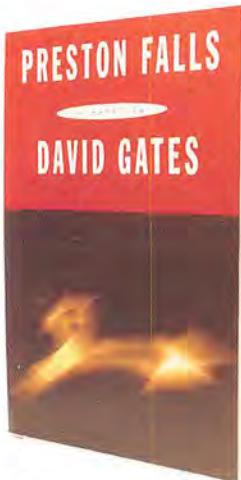


BY TIM WILLOCKS

What is it about the Deep South that mires writers in decay and malaise and rotting old family secrets? Tim Willocks gamely upholds the Faulknerian tradition in *Bloodstained Kings*, a novel about a super-wealthy, super-dysfunctional Louisiana couple who wreak murderous revenge on each other over decades. Willocks's prose, taut but evocative, is exotically flavored with pseudo-Biblical ramblings ("horizons blazed with fire

and cities cracked in sunder"). But this is Faulkner as told to Clive Cussler: Automatic weapons, Sikorsky choppers, and breakneck pacing give the porch-settin' genre a much-needed jolt of adrenaline. There's a plot, ya see, and while *Kings* is heaped high with the usual Southern-fried horrors—domestic violence, beautiful plantations rotten to the core, corpses that won't stay buried—there are also hardboiled heroes, damsels-in-distress, and a good one-man dog. There's even hidden treasure, in the form of a mysterious pair of suitcases stuffed with all the evidence an amateur blackmailer needs to bring the rich and powerful to their knees. Heady stuff...but as the various victims and victimizers converge separately on the trunks, it becomes clear what they're really playing for: A chance to redeem their own black, black souls. True grits from a young master.

(Random House, \$23)—Keith Blanchard



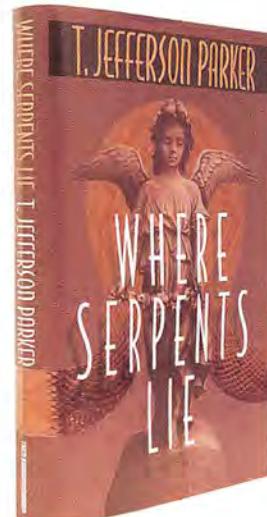
PRESTON FALLS

BY DAVID GATES

A few months in the country will do Doug Willis a world of good. A P.R. executive for Sportif ("the original caffeine-laced Gatorade knockoff, plus the line of flavored iced teas without all the minerals and shit"), Willis is looking forward to recharging his batteries before he reaches that deadly stretch known as middle age. A little strumming on his electric guitars, some time in his Dodge pickup truck, and a few househusbandly

projects at his weekend house in the woods of upstate New York ought to do it. His wife, Jean, and the kids may miss him; then again, they may not. Blunt, sarcastic, cynical, and bitter, Doug hasn't exactly been a loving husband and father (Take Our Daughters to Work Day, in his mind, should be called "Teach Our Daughters to Buy into the Shit Day"). But then he disappears and when Jean tries to find him, *Preston Falls* becomes a cliffhanger on several levels: Can Willis be found? Can this marriage be saved? David Gates, a writer for *Newsweek*, deftly sidesteps soap opera and melodrama and produces the funniest, sharpest, most strangely exciting novel about men and women in a long time. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$25)

—Tom Prince



WHERE SERPENTS LIE

BY T. JEFFERSON PARKER

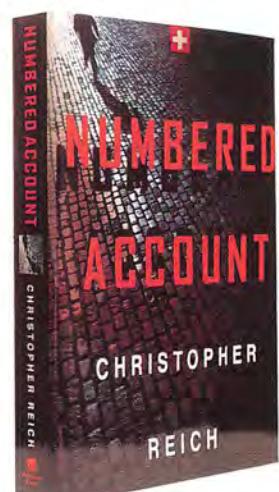
Hypok has problems: psoriasis, chronic halitosis, an abusive mother, sisters who took a hands-on interest in his sexual development. Then there's his proclivity for kiddie-porn, a

bizarre affinity for snakes, a taste for tequila, and a homicidal appetite for little girls.

Of course, he also has his nemesis, supercop Terry Naughton, of the Orange County Crimes Against Youth division. Naughton's got his own problems—haunting memories of his dead son, a string of failed relationships, and some internal investigators looking into his own involvement in the kiddie-porn industry. But Naughton's tough—he's Irish, as Parker can't stop reminding us—and he's got Hypok in his sights. Sounds canned? Perhaps a little too ready for the silver screen? It is. Parker's not subtle, and neither is his subject matter. But the nerve it took to set this outrageous plot to paper keeps you reading on to what is truly an exciting conclusion...so it works, somehow. Must be the luck o' the Irish. (Hyperion, \$23.95)—John Tessitore



A rattlin' good yarn!

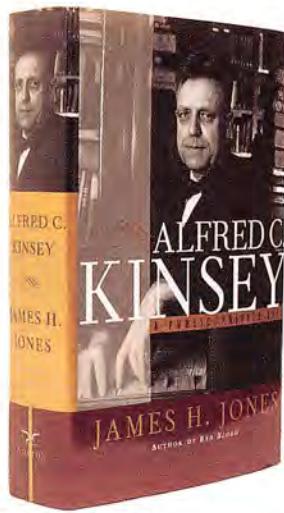


NUMBERED ACCOUNT

BY CHRISTOPHER REICH

Nicholas Neumann has the perfect life—he has a high-paying Wall Street job, and

he's about to merge with a stunningly beautiful woman. But the ex-Marine can't enjoy the fruits of his fortune—not until he avenges the unsolved murder of his father, who was killed seventeen years earlier under mysterious circumstances. Picking up a hint or two that the United Swiss Bank might have had a hand in offing his pop, Neumann abandons the posh life and takes off for Switzerland, hoping to infiltrate the system and figure out whodunit. He takes a job at the USB and starts nosing around. Before you can say, "Swiss Army Knife," he finds himself drawn deeper and deeper into a tricky world of deception and intrigue. *Numbered Account* is too formulaic to be truly surprising, but if you're suffering from insomnia, this compelling thriller from first-time author Christopher Reich will keep you flipping pages into the night. (Delacorte Press, \$24.95)—Charles Coxe



ALFRED C. KINSEY / A PUBLIC/PRIVATE LIFE BY JAMES H. JONES

In 1948, Alfred C. Kinsey published *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. Five years later, predictably enough, came the sequel, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. In both studies,

one of America's preeminent zoologists tried to apply the rigor of science to sex (Who did what to whom? How many times a week? Were farm animals involved?) This 937-page bio of Kinsey (with 2,941 often fascinating footnotes) reads like huge stretches of *Penthouse* interrupted by chunks of *Natural History* and slivers of *Scientific American*. Occasionally as awkward, gangly, and earnest as Kinsey himself, it's a page-turner nonetheless. Jones alleges that Kinsey was a gay man who, along with his wife, enjoyed ménages à trois. Kinsey was also a masochist: inserting toothbrushes where they most decidedly didn't belong (his urethra); and hanging himself by the testicles for kicks. The burden of proof does not always weigh heavily on Jones, who surmises a lot based on a little. Still, most of us will find solace in Kinsey's life and work: No matter what we do behind closed doors, thanks to him we're nothing if not "normal." (Norton, \$39.95)—T.P.



MAN IN SCORING POSITION

Who the hell knows what women want out of relationships? Greg Gutfeld, that's who—and he makes it easy for the rest of us in *The Scorecard* (Owl Books, \$9.95). At the start of a relationship, your gal assigns you a base of zero, then adds or subtracts points daily, based on the wonderfulness and heinousness of your behavior. Your job: Stay on her plus side. A few of Gutfeld's examples:

► When she wants to talk about a problem:

You listen intently. 0
You hold her hand throughout. +4

You try to change the subject by unbuttoning her blouse. -14
In Kmart. -47

► She asks you to give her your "honest opinion":

You lie through your teeth. 0
You give her your honest opinion. -15

You fake an aneurysm. -20

► When she says, "We don't communicate anymore":

You say, "You're right. I'm very, very sorry." +1

You say, "No, thanks, I'll grab something at work." -5

► When with your friends:

You aren't afraid to act romantic toward your mate. +5

You hug and kiss her in front of them. +6

You make goo-goo eyes. +15

You speak in baby talk. +20

And you wonder why they like to perform wheelies on your front lawn at

3 A.M. -25

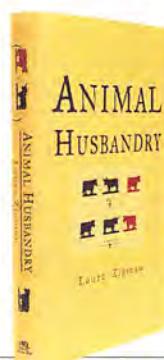
Never, ever changing your clothes -95 points



WHAT THE OPPOSITE SEX WILL BE READING THIS MONTH



REMEMBER *The Rules*? It's about to get worse. Wives and girlfriends everywhere will be rushing out to buy the new novel *Animal Husbandry* (The Dial Press, \$22.95), which contains previously classified guy secrets about sex and commitment. Whoever's spilling the beans must be rooted out and killed. Now author Laura Zigman has printed them all right here for women to read, and life will never be the same. According to Zigman, men are bulls and women are cows (we're with you so far, Laura!). But men, like bulls, prefer having sex with many cows—not with the same old cow every



time. That, apparently, is the crux of "the problem." Below, a sample of the deafening moos we're going to have to put up with this month:

► "[Men] want what they can't have, and as soon as they can have it, they don't want it anymore."

► "If you are lucky, a man will dump you. That is, he will take you somewhere, or call you on the phone, and tell you, straight out, in so many words, that it is over. More often than not, though, he will not be so direct.... More often than not, he will not bother to tell you."

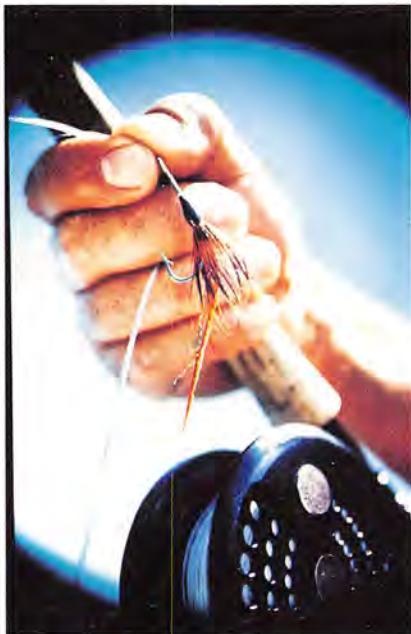
► "Rule Number One: There's no such thing as a man who doesn't have time to fuck around. They always have time for that. And Rule Number Two: If a man isn't sleeping with you, he's not sleeping alone."

► "There is a high-interest layaway payment plan for passion: one year of pain for every month of pleasure..."

► "Most of the things men say turn out to be lies, even if they don't mean them to be, and even if they never admit it."

► "It's the tomato-seed phase. That's what men turn into when they get too involved—slippery, evasive, impossible to pin down—tomato seeds on a cutting board."

Fly Fishing and Other Crocks



Some things don't deserve the hype they get. Check your list against ours. By Mark Lasswell

Is there anything more rewarding than striding into a pristine Montana stream, carrying a handcrafted Chinese bamboo rod and a handsomely tied Royal Wulff dry fly, to seek the elusive rainbow trout—that multi-hued prince of our inland waterways—and perchance to discover along the way the grace that comes from walking hand in hand with Mother Nature?

Oh, I can think of a couple of things. A bullet of grease shooting out of a frying pan right into the retina. A telemarketing call at 3 A.M. that

interrupts a dream involving Carmen Electra touring a Mazola factory. Watching Elton John perform at Weepalooza.

In fact, I can't think of anything that isn't preferable to fly fishing.

Not that I've ever done it. As with so much in life, I guess that if you took along enough beer, fly fishing would be enjoyable. Any kind of fishing would be. But no other kind of fishing is depicted by movies, books, and its practitioners as an intellec-

tual and spiritual journey instead of a pastime that can be performed while sitting in a lawn chair. On the chart of brain-busting activities, matching wits with a fish by imitating an insect is on a par with

Beavis battling Butt-Head on *Jeopardy!* ("Hey, Alex. Uh, so where's Vanna?")

It's the spiritual aura of fly fishing that explains why the sport's uniform is the chest-high wader: for all the bullshit you have to slog through. "In our family, there was no clear line between religion and fly fishing," begins Norman MacLean's book *A River Runs Through It*. Funny, in my family there was no clear line between our yard and the neighbors'. *A River Runs Through It*, the book and the major motion picture, as well as Howell Raines' *Fly Fishing Through the Midlife Crisis*, are responsible for the relegating of fly fishing to my List of Guy Crocks. Invariably, the crock is something that in itself might be tolerable but has been pumped so full of bogus

There's a male instinct for bullshittification that requires small pursuits to have larger meanings.

significance by the terminally self-absorbed that... Robert Redford hears about it and picks up the phone.

Women don't seem to have any trouble pursuing their enthusiasms without making them more important than they are. Oh, the Diana thing was pretty creepy, but that's the exception. Women do their step aerobics without starting a mini-industry of step memorabilia ("Jane Fonda used this wooden Tredarella in 1983. It's only 750 bucks!"). They go to the department store without founding fantasy shopping leagues and endlessly studying catalogues and drafting imaginary wardrobes. They get on with life. But there's a certain male instinct for bullshittification that requires small pursuits to have larger meanings. Ergo: crock.

Sports-fandom, of course, is a huge source of crockery. From collecting memorabilia to joining rotisserie leagues to thronging olde-fashioned baseball parks, there's no end to the opportunities to transform rooting for your team into joining a nebulous crusade to wrest control of the game from big, bad modernity. Go ahead, live or die for that Stan Musial rookie card—it's probably pretty cool—but spare me the gas about the wonders of the era before Astro-Turf and millionaire 10-14 pitchers. Baseball was better in the old days because outfielders could hit the cutoff man, not because some geezer put up the scoreboard numbers by hand.

But the crocks are everywhere. Cigar culture? Crock. (If you haven't been smoking stogies since you were 15, possession of a humidor today is called an affectation.) Buying a Land Rover so you can rove over flawless suburban streets and run in to the Qwik-Bye for a Pepsi? Crock. Major new crock on the horizon: the Promise Keepers. When the pray-boys gathered on the Mall last fall, the question shouldn't have been, "Is this a right-wing plot or a genuine religious movement of men renouncing wife-beating, adultery, etc., etc.?" but "When a guy lies in front of his bride, her parents, his parents, the preacher, the flower girl, the state, and, not incidentally, God, why would anyone believe he'd tell the truth while hanging out with a bunch of other guys in the world's largest outdoor locker room?" Their agenda sounded impressive but dubious. Kind of like a fish story. ▀

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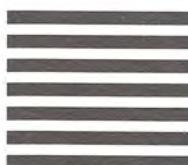
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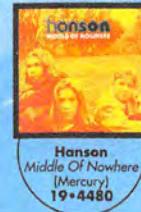
Third Eye Blind
(Elektra)
18-8151



Erykah Badu
Baduizm
(Kedar/Universal)
17-9606



Sublime
(Gasoline Alley/
MCA) ▲
16-8658



Hanson
Middle Of Nowhere
(Mercury)
19-4480



Fleetwood Mac
The Dance
(Reprise)
21-7869



Jewel
Pieces Of You
(Atlantic)
13-7463



Matchbox 20
Yourself Or Someone
Like You
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16-8161

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NEW & NOTEWORTHY

God's Property From Kirk Franklin's Nu Nation	(B-Rite Music)	21-1425
SWV—Release Some Tension	(RCA)	21-5210
Mr. President	(Warner Bros.)	21-6093
Rampage—Scouts Honor By Way Of Blood	(Elektra) ▲	21-6143
Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—Live At Carnegie Hall	(Epic)	21-7166
Pantera—Official Live	(Elektra) ▲	21-9287
dc Talk—Welcome To The Freak Show	(ForeFront)	22-0087
Bryan White—The Right Place	(Asylum)	22-0418
Busta Rhymes—When Disaster Strikes	(Elektra) ▲	22-0434
Adam Sandler—What's Your Name?	(Warner Bros.) ▲	22-0616
Jackson Browne—the Next Voice You Hear, The Best Of...	(Elektra)	22-1218
98 Degrees (Motown)		22-1259
Jars Of Clay—Much Afraid	(Silverstone/Essential)	22-1663
Jon B.—Cool Relax	(Yab Yum/550 Music)	22-1853
Usher—My Way	(LoFace)	22-4246
Bob Dylan—Time Out Of Mind	(Columbia)	22-4279
Diana King—Think Like A Girl	(Work)	22-4352

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FROM THE ARCHIVES

The Best Of Oldies But Goodies, Vol. 1—	47-8883
Various Artists (Original Sound)	46-8546
"Dazed And Confused"—Orig. Sndrk. (Giant)	
The Byrds—20 Essential Tracks From The Boxed Set '65-'90	42-6940
(Columbia/Legacy)	42-4358
Bee Gees—Best Of, Vol. 1 (Polydor)	
Righteous Brothers—The Very Best Of The Righteous	42-3772
Brothers—Unchained Melody (Verve)	
The Moody Blues—The Story Of... Legend Of A Band (Polydor)	42-3756
The Monkees—Greatest Hits (Rhino)	40-8203
Van Morrison—Moondance (Warner Bros.)	34-9803
Bad Company—10 From 6 (Atlantic)	34-1313
Bread—Anthology Of Bread (Elektra)	33-7972
Kansas—The Best Of Kansas (CBS Associated)	32-7742
Joe Cocker—Greatest Hits (A&M)	32-0911
Dr. Hook—Greatest Hits (Capitol)	31-7495
Grateful Dead—The Best Of The Grateful Dead—	
What A Long, Strange Trip It's Been (Warner Bros.)	29-1633/39-1631
America—History—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.)	29-1385
Supertramp—Breakfast In America (A&M)	29-1021
Steve Miller Band—Greatest Hits '74-'78 (Capitol)	29-0171
Boz Scaggs—My Time: A Boz Scaggs Anthology	22-5672/39-5673
(Columbia/Legacy)	19-6246
Sly & The Family Stone—Greatest Hits (Epic)	
The Fifth Dimension—Up And Away: The Definitive Collection	19-3409/39-3405
(Arista)	
Steely Dan—A Decade Of Steely Dan (MCA)	17-3443
Jim Croce—Photographs & Memories: Gr. Hits (Soda/Atlantic)	13-9006
Neil Young—Harvest (Reprise)	12-9189
The Guess Who—Track Records...Collection (RCA)	12-5070/39-5079
Jimi Hendrix—Band Of Gypsies (Capitol)	12-2598



Backstreet Boys
(Enhanced CD)
(Live)
21-7273



Aerosmith
Nine Lives
(Enhanced CD)
(Columbia)
18-3905



Sugar Ray
Floored
(Lava/Atlantic) ▲
21-2852



Fiona Apple
Tidal
(Work
Records/Columbia)
16-3584



Mary J. Blige
Share My World
(MCA)
19-4563



Collin Raye
The Best Of...
(Enhanced CD)
(Epic)
22-0988

ALTERNA - FAVES

Natalie Merchant—Tigerlily (Elektra)	13-0971
311 (Capricorn) ▲	13-5335
The Verve Pipe—Villains (RCA)	15-1472
Stone Temple Pilots—Tiny Music... (Atlantic)	15-3882
Hootie & The Blowfish—Fair Weather Johnson (Atlantic)	15-4229
Rage Against The Machine—Evil Empire (Epic) ▲	15-6695
Dave Matthews Band—Crash (RCA)	15-6703
the cranberries—To The Faithful Departed (Island)	15-6992
Alice In Chains—Unplugged (Columbia)	15-7008
No Doubt—Tragic Kingdom (Trauma Records)	16-3436
The Wallflowers—Bringing Down The Horse (Interscope) ▲	16-3477
Pearl Jam—No Code (Epic)	16-4707
Tonic—Lemon Parade (A&M/Polydor)	16-5654
Sheryl Crow (A&M)	16-5969
Shawn Colvin—A Few Small Repairs (Columbia)	16-7593
Paula Cole—This Fire (Imago/Warner Bros.)	17-0035
Phish—Billy Breathes (Elektra)	17-0076
"Romeo & Juliet"—Orig. Sndrk. (Enhanced CD) (Capitol)	17-0985
Barenaked Ladies—Rock Spectacle (Enhanced CD) (Reprise)	17-1397
Marilyn Manson—Antichrist Superstar (Nothing/Interscope) ▲	17-1579
Bush—Razorblade Suitcase (Trauma Records)	17-3518
Duncan Sheik (Atlantic)	17-7436
Luscious Jackson—Fever In Fever Out (Capitol/Grand Royal)	18-1503
The Mighty Mighty Bosstones—Let's Face It (Big Rig/Mercury)	18-4283
Ben Folds Five—Whatever And Ever Amen (550 Music)	18-5371
Third Eye Blind (Elektra)	18-8151
Depeche Mode—Ultra (Mute/Reprise)	18-9266
Indigo Girls—Shaming Of The Sun (Epic)	19-4555
toad the wet sprocket—Coil (Columbia)	21-1110
k.d. lang—Drag (Warner Bros.)	21-2423
Michael Penn—Resigned (57 Records/Epic)	21-2431
"Batman & Robin"—Orig. Sndrk. (Warner Bros.)	21-2886
Del Amitri—Some Other Sucker's Parade (A&M)	21-3538
Sister Hazel—Somewhere More Familiar (Universal)	21-5376
Artificial Joy Club—Meli (Crunchy/Interscope)	21-7463
Morrissey—Maladjusted (Mercury)	21-8198
Smash Mouth—Fool Ya (Interscope) ▲	21-8396
Dog's Eye View—Daisy (Enhanced CD) (Columbia)	21-9642
Björk—Homogenic (Elektra)	22-0426
Nine Inch Nails—The Downward Spiral (Interscope) ▲	47-6739

DANCIN' MACHINE

Janet Jackson—Design Of A Decade: '86-'96 (A&M)	13-9501
"Saturday Night Fever"—Orig. Sndrk. (Polydor)	14-8551
OMC—How Bizarre (Mercury)	18-1305
Real McCoy—One More Time (Arista)	18-4051
Savage Garden (Columbia)	18-6601
Michael Jackson—Blood On The Dance Floor (Epic)	21-1136
Robyn—Robyn Is Here (RCA)	21-3488
"Purple Rain"—Orig. Sndrk. (Warner Bros.) ▲	32-8435
K.C. & The Sunshine Band—The Best Of... (Rhino)	41-3419
Madonna—The Immaculate Collection (Sire/Warner Bros.)	41-4557

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Jimi Hendrix—Band Of Gypsies (Capitol)	12-2598

MORE ALTERNA - FAVES

Nirvana—Nevermind (DGC)	44-2046
Chumbawamba—Tubthumper (Universal)	22-7553
Pixies—Death To The Pixies (Elektra)	22-6274/39-6275
"Trainspotting" #2—Orig. Sndrk. (Capitol)	22-6167
Nirvana—From The Muddy Banks Of The Wishkah (DGC)	22-5144
Crystal Method—Vegas (Outpost Recordings)	22-5086
Beck—Odelay (DGC)	22-5029
The Sundays—Static & Silence (DGC)	22-5011
10,000 Maniacs—Love Among The Ruins (Geffen)	22-4931
Counting Crows—Recovering The Satellites (DGC)	22-4923
Cornershop—When I Was Born For The 7th Time	
(Lucky Bop/WB)	22-3370
The Dandy Warhols—The Dandy Warhols Come Down	
(Tim Ker/Capitol)	22-2869
Trio—Do Da Da (Mercury)	22-1416
Tanya Donelly—Lovesongs For Underdogs (Reprise)	22-0913
Olive—Extra Virgin (RCA)	21-9519
Teenage Fanclub—Songs From Northern Britain	
(Creation/Columbia)	21-7422
Abra Moore—Strangest Places (Arista Austin)	21-5350
Brad—Interiors (Epic)	21-5269
Manson—Attack Of The Grey Lantern (Epic)	21-5251
Echo And The Bunnymen—Evergreen (London)	21-4403
K's Choice—Paradise In Me (550 Music)	21-1409
Cowboy Mouth—Are You With Me? (MCA)	21-1268
"Grosse Point Blank"—Orig. Sndrk. (London)	21-0005
Faithless—Reverence (Arista)	18-9357
Elastica (DGC)	12-1699

KEEP ON ROCKIN'

R.E.M.— <i>Monster</i> (Warner Bros.)	10•3929
Elvis Costello & The Attractions— <i>The Very Best Of</i> [Rykodisc]	11•8968
AC/DC— <i>Back In Black</i> (Remastered) (ATCO)	12•0337
Bob Dylan— <i>Unplugged</i> (Columbia)	12•6037
Ozzy Osbourne— <i>Blizzard Of Ozz</i> (Epic)	13•6424
The Police— <i>Every Breath You Take, The Classics</i> (A&M)	13•9675
Eurythmics— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (Arista)	14•0160
Kenny Wayne Shepherd— <i>Ledbetter Heights</i> (Giant)	14•0442
Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble— <i>Grt. Hits</i> (Epic)	14•0939
Melissa Etheridge— <i>Your Little Secret</i> (Island)	14•0954
Pat Benatar— <i>Heartbreaker</i> (Chrysalis)	14•3865
John Mellencamp— <i>Mr. Happy Go Lucky</i> (Mercury)	16•5662
Korn— <i>Life Is Peachy</i> (Enhanced CD) (Immortal/Epic) ▲	16•7726
Huey Lewis And The News— <i>The Best</i> (Elektra)	17•0290
"Jerry Maguire"—Orig. Sndrk. (Epic Soundtrax)	17•5414
Howard Stern "Private Parts"—Orig. Sndrk. (WB) ▲	17•8624
Jonny Lang— <i>Lie To Me</i> (A&M)	17•9135
Collective Soul— <i>Disciplined Breakdown</i> (Atlantic)	18•3723
Kiss— <i>Greatest Kiss</i> (Mercury)	18•8110
Cinderella— <i>Looking Back</i> (Mercury)	21•0740
Suicidal Tendencies— <i>Prime Cuts</i> (Epic) ▲	21•1870
Faith No More— <i>Album Of The Year</i> (Reprise/Slash)	21•2050
Jon Bon Jovi— <i>Destination Anywhere</i> (Mercury)	21•2407
Neil Young & Crazy Horse— <i>Year Of The Horse</i> (Reprise)	21•2415
Megadeth— <i>Cryptic Writings</i> (Capitol)	21•2845
The Nixons (MCA)	21•3405
Mötley Crüe— <i>Generation Swine</i> (Elektra) ▲	21•4254
Bruce Springsteen— <i>Plugged</i> (Columbia)	21•9303
Van Halen (Warner Bros.)	28•6807
Pretenders— <i>The Singles</i> (Sire)	36•2541
Duran Duran— <i>Decade</i> (Capitol)	40•1869
Cheap Trick— <i>The Greatest Hits</i> (Epic)	42•8656
U2— <i>Achtung Baby</i> (Island)	43•1213
ZZ Top— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (Warner Bros.)	43•8010
Violent Femmes— <i>Add It Up</i> (81-'93) (Reprise/Slash) ▲	46•6656
Bryan Adams— <i>So Far So Good</i> (The Hits) (A&M)	46•7738
Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers— <i>Grt. Hits</i> (MCA)	47•4411

THE SOFT SPOT

"Pulp Fiction"—Orig. Sndrk. (MCA) ▲	10•7151
Sade— <i>The Best Of Sade</i> (Epic)	11•0379
String— <i>Fields Of Gold: The Best Of String</i> (A&M)	11•3355
Mariah Carey— <i>Daydream</i> (Columbia)	13•7786
Enya— <i>The Memory Of Trees</i> (Reprise)	14•3800
Kenny G— <i>The Moment</i> (Arista)	16•5704
Elton John— <i>Love Songs</i> (MCA)	16•8625
Phil Collins— <i>Dance Into The Light</i> (Atlantic)	16•9326
Simply Red— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (eastwest)	17•0100
Rod Stewart— <i>It Wasn't Love</i> (Warner Bros.)	17•1454
"Star Wars"™— <i>A New Hope</i> —Orig. Sndrk. (RCA Victor)	18•3509/39•3504
Kenny Loggins— <i>Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow</i> — <i>The Grt. Hits</i> (Columbia)	18•5819
Bee Gees— <i>Still Waters</i> (Polydor)	18•6619
James Taylor— <i>Hour Glass</i> (Columbia)	21•1128
Fourplay— <i>The Best Of Fourplay</i> (Warner Bros.)	21•4320
"My Best Friend's Wedding"—Orig. Sndrk. (Warner Bros.)	21•4759
Bob Carlisle— <i>Butterfly Kisses</i> (Shades Of Grace) (Diadem)	21•5442
Gipsy Kings— <i>Compas</i> (Non esclus)	21•8818
Billy Joel— <i>Greatest Hits Volume III</i> (Columbia)	21•9626
Paul McCartney— <i>All The Best</i> (Capitol)	45•9776

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Morning (A&M)
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Amy Grant
Behind The Eyes
(A&M)
22•1366



En Vogue
EV3
(eastwest)
21•2597

COUNTRY ROADS

Shania Twain— <i>The Woman In Me</i> (Mercury/Nashville)	11•9768
Garth Brooks— <i>Fresh Horses</i> (Capitol/Nashville)	14•1952
Mindy McCready— <i>Ten Thousand Angels</i> (BNA Records)	15•5473
Trace Adkins— <i>Dreamin' Out Loud</i> (Capitol/Nashville)	15•9582
Deana Carter— <i>Did I Shave My Legs For This?</i> (Capitol/Nashville)	16•6397
John Michael Montgomery— <i>What I Do The Best</i> (Atlantic/Nashville)	16•6603
Vince Gill— <i>High Lonesome Sound</i> (MCA/Nashville)	16•8567
Reba McEntire— <i>What If It's You</i> (MCA)	17•2973
Clay Walker— <i>Rumor Has It</i> (Giant)	18•6692
Alabama— <i>Dancin' On The Boulevard</i> (RCA/Nashville)	18•7153
Alison Krauss & Union Station— <i>So Long So Wrong</i> (Rounder)	18•8524
Pam Tillis— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (Arista/Nashville)	21•1441
Michael Peterson (Reprise)	21•4544
Toby Keith— <i>Dream Walkin'</i> (Mercury)	21•7950
Trisha Yearwood— <i>Songbook: A Collection Of Hits</i> (MCA/Nashville)	21•9436
Kenny Chesney— <i>I Will Stand</i> (BNA Records)	22•1267
Patsy Cline— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (MCA)	36•5924

LAUGH IN

Hanna-Barbera's <i>Cartoon Sound FX</i> —Var. Artists (Kid Rhino)	11•0544
Richard Pryor— <i>Is It Something I Said?</i> (Warner Archives/WB) ▲	11•8513
Gilda Radner— <i>Live From New York</i> (Warner Archives/WB)	11•8521
Steve Martin— <i>Let's Get Small</i> (Warner Archives/WB)	11•8547
Adam Sandler— <i>They're All Gonna Laugh At You</i> (Warner Bros.) ▲	12•1749
Adam Sandler— <i>What The Hell Happened To Me</i> (WB) ▲	14•7512
Bill Engvall— <i>Here's Your Sign</i> (Warner Bros.)	15•5945
George Carlin— <i>Back In Town</i> (Eardrum Records/Alt) ▲	16•5324
Ellen DeGeneres— <i>Taste This</i> (Enhanced CD) (Soda Jerk/Lava/Atlantic)	16•8179
Jeff Foxworthy— <i>You Might Be A Redneck If...</i> (Warner Bros.)	47•4833

MORE FROM THE ARCHIVES

Eric Clapton— <i>The Cream Of...</i> (Polydor)	12•1665
The Beach Boys— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (Capitol)	12•2903
Elvis Presley— <i>The Number One Hits</i> (RCA)	12•5591
Styx— <i>Greatest Hits: Time Stands Still</i> (A&M)	13•6721
War— <i>The Best Of War...And More</i> (Avenue Records)	15•8527
Joni Mitchell— <i>Hits</i> (Reprise)	16•9052
The Who— <i>My Generation—The Very Best Of...</i> (MCA)	17•4169
Simon & Garfunkel— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (Columbia)	21•9477
Janis Joplin— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (Columbia)	23•1670
Santana— <i>Santana's Greatest Hits</i> (Columbia)	24•4549
Boston (Epic)	26•9209
Meat Loaf— <i>Bat Out Of Hell</i> (Epic)	27•9133
Eagles— <i>Their Greatest Hits 1971-1975</i> (Asylum)	28•7003
Creedence Clearwater Revival— <i>Chronicle: The 20 Greatest Hits</i> (Fantasy)	30•8049
Jimmy Buffett— <i>Songs You Know By Heart</i> (MCA)	33•9911
The Doors— <i>The Best Of...</i> (Elektra)	35•7616/39•7612
Roy Orbison— <i>The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2</i> (CSP)	37•7945
John Lennon— <i>The John Lennon Collection</i> (Capitol)	40•5308
David Bowie— <i>Changesbowie</i> (Rykodisc)	41•2247
Bachman Turner Overdrive— <i>Grt. Hits</i> (Mercury)	42•3657
Bee Gees— <i>Greatest</i> (Polydor)	42•3665/39•3660
"Grease"—Orig. Sndrk. (Polydor)	42•4721
The Allman Brothers Band— <i>A Decade Of Hits '69-'79</i> (Polydor)	43•0439
ABBA— <i>Gold—Greatest Hits</i> (Polydor)	45•8406
Elton John— <i>Greatest Hits</i> (Polydor)	47•1011
"Forrest Gump"—Orig. Sndrk. (Epic Soundtrax)	48•7249/39•7240

URBAN JAMZ

Toni Braxton— <i>Secrets</i> (LaFace)	15•9202
112— <i>Bad Boy</i> (Arista)	16•5431
BLACKstreet— <i>Another Level</i> (Interscope)	16•5688
Ginuwine— <i>Ginuwine...The Bachelor</i> (550 Music)	16•7635
LL Cool J— <i>All World</i> (Def Jam)	16•8914
"Space Jam"—Orig. Sndrk. (Warner Sunset/Alt)	17•0142
Lil' Kim— <i>Hard Core</i> (Big Beat/Atlantic) ▲	17•0167
Tony! Toni! Toné!— <i>House Of Music</i> (Mercury)	17•3732
2PAC— <i>All Eyez On Me</i> (Interscope/Death Row) ▲	17•6651/39•6655
Snoop Doggy Dogg— <i>Tha Doggfather</i> (Death Row) ▲	17•6669
Janice— <i>Traveling Without Moving</i> (550 Music)	17•8400
Wu-Tang Clan— <i>Wu-Tang Forever</i> (RCA/Loud Records) ▲	19•3920/39•3926
Allure (Crave)	19•4514
Heavy D— <i>Waterbed Rev</i> (Uptown/Universal)	19•4571
Lost Boyz— <i>Love, Peace & Happiness</i> (Universal) ▲	21•3413
Wyclef Jean— <i>Refugee Allstars</i> — <i>The Carnival</i> (Ruffhouse/Columbia)	21•5244
Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott— <i>Supa Dupa Fly</i> (Gold Mind/eastwest) ▲	21•6119
Maxwell— <i>Unplugged</i> (Columbia)	21•6564
Joe— <i>All That I Am</i> (Jive)	21•6614
Vanessa Williams— <i>Next</i> (Mercury)	21•7919

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